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MAY 1982 $3.00

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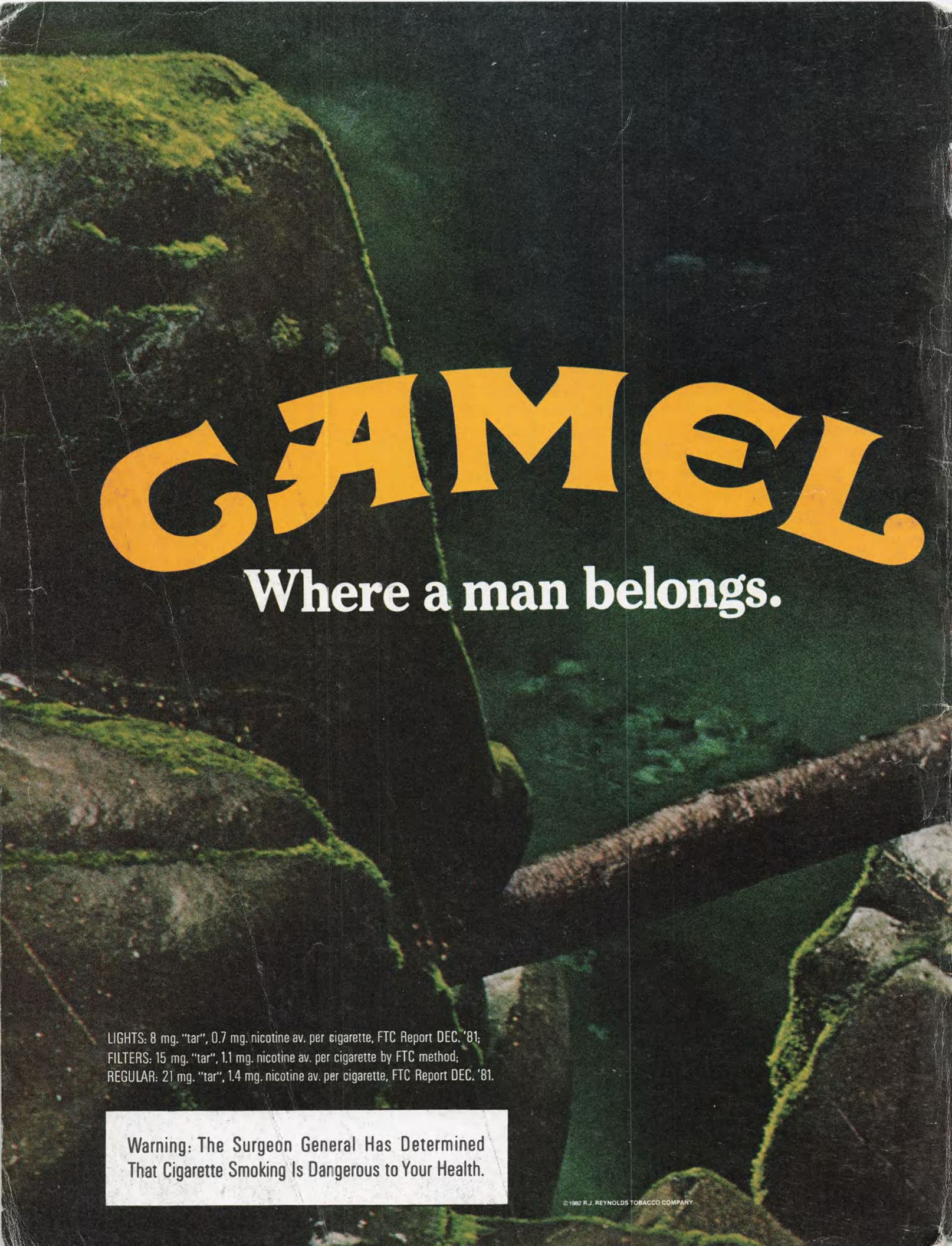

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The International Magazine for Men/May 1982

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HERE'S TO GUT FEELINGS AND THOSE WHO STILL FOLLOW THEM.

Ted "Captain Outrageous" Turner

Ted Turner does lots of things people advise him not to do. And he succeeds at them. He turned Atlanta's WTBS-TV into a "Superstation" using a communications satellite and recently founded Cable News Network, the world's first 24-hour TV news network. He bought the Atlanta Braves and moved them out of last place; won the 1977 America's Cup after being fired in the '74 races; and was named "Yachtsman of the Year" four times.

Ted Turner puts his feelings where his mouth is. He also puts a great scotch there: Cutty Sark. And while he's been called Captain Outrageous by some, one thing's sure: Ted Turner's enjoying himself.

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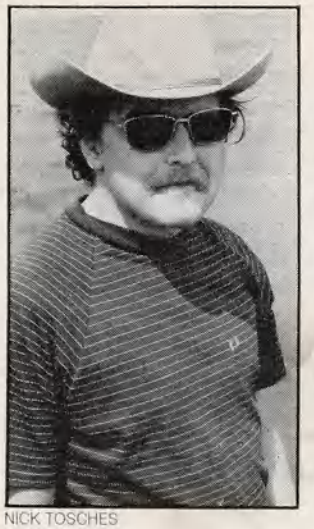
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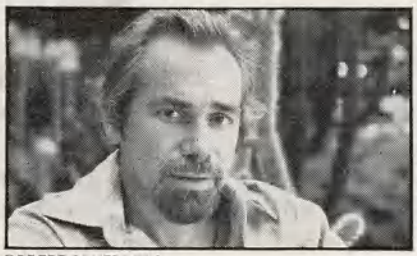
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HOUSECALL

Killer satellites, charged-particle beam "death rays," giant manned space stations, and mass hysteria amongst a terrified civilian population convinced that the world is going to blow up—these are no longer science-fiction fantasies, fueling the imaginations of an H. G. Wells or a George Lucas to create marvelous escapist entertainment. No, according to contributing editor **Ernest Volkman**, today's Darth Vaders and Death Stars are all too real, even though the growing militarization of space is classified "top secret." One hair-raising symptom of our total vulnerability to these once futuristic weapons is the paralysis of our government and scientists in the face of the problem. Four years ago, for example, a nuclear-powered Russian satellite was heading for a deadly rendezvous with Miami. Although several bureaucrats and technicians were all too aware of the danger, they didn't sound the alarm for fear of setting off an even more dangerous panic. Fortunately, the satellite finally crashed in the frozen wastes of Canada's Northwestern Territory. But, writes Volkman in "Space Wars" (page 48), the threat of an accidental holocaust is greater than ever, despite the official downplaying of any potential danger. Because this arms race in space is kept so secret, the Russian and American people, to say nothing of everyone else in the world, are almost totally ignorant of the escalating probability of a contemporary space war in the seemingly peaceful and beautiful night skies.

Master storyteller **Robert Silverberg** returns us to the more traditional entertainment of science fiction with his chillingly humorous short story "Jennifer's Lover" (page 120). No man really enjoys finding someone else in his wife's bed, and Dale Finch is no exception. But in his case there seems to be an additional complication: his rival literally has all the time in the world. Silverberg, the author of *Dying Inside* and *Nightwings*, is the winner of numerous Hugo and Nebula awards. His latest book, *The Majipoor Chronicles*, has just been published by Arbor House.

They read like fiction, and you may wish they were, but **Patrick Owens**'s accounts of "The Ten Most Bizarre Sex Crimes of the Twentieth Century" (page 68) are all too real. The Viennese businessman who could get off only by watching train crashes, the German butcher who makes Sweeney Todd seem genteel by comparison, and the Wisconsin farmer who decapitated his victims, then hung them by the heels to age like deer, are just three of the darkly psychotic individuals who have done more than their share to maintain our century's championship status in the annals of crime.

The onetime champion of a more venerable occupation is former boxer **Jake LaMotta**, the savage "Raging Bull," who reflects on his incredible career and the Mafia-ruled fight world of the forties and fifties in an exclusive *Penthouse* interview (page 76) conducted by **Joe Flaherty**, a novelist and reporter who remembers those days very well himself. LaMotta, who admits that he was "truly crazy" back then, talks frankly about how, on the Mob's orders, he took a dive in order to get a shot at the championship, and why he thinks Sugar Ray Robinson was "the best fighter, pound for pound, that ever lived." Perhaps the most bizarre aspect of LaMotta's story is his obsessive, violent, and jealous love for his ex-wife Vikki, with whom he would make love for five hours at a time, in a sweatsuit, in order to lose weight, stopping occasionally to delay his orgasm by putting his penis in a pitcher of ice water. LaMotta says that during all this "Vikki was having a lot of fun," but we wouldn't blame any readers who might be somewhat skeptical of this claim. (And if you enjoy such unusual, humorous, and definitely bizarre tales, don't miss "Hard Times" on page 134.)

In part ten of our continuing investigation into the politics of cancer, reporter **Allan Sonnenschein** scrutinizes the prestigious American Cancer Society, a private organization that raises over $150 million a year to fight this most dreaded disease. But the problem is, Sonnenschein discovered, that the ACS is dominated by many of the same large establishment hospitals and universities that receive millions of ACS dollars each year to continue often dead-end research. Moreover, in "Warning: The American Cancer Society May Be Hazardous to Your Health" (page 72), Sonnenschein writes: "Critical areas of investigation, especially those involving cancer prevention, receive token support. . . . In fact, a recent ACS special report, a summary of the conclusions of a much-touted study of one million Americans, failed to warn readers of a single substance in our food, clothing, or atmosphere that may cause cancer—with the exception of cigarettes." And in a shockingly dangerous and inept "public education" program, the ACS urged women to undergo annual chest X rays despite scientific warnings that these tests would actually cause more cancer than they might discover! We think it's more than appropriate for us to borrow the ACS's successful advertising slogan: *Before you get a checkup, before you write a check—read this article.*

Nick Tosches, whose paean to the virtues of the feminine posterior graced our pages in January, continues his languorous exploration of American sexual obsessions in "Titillation" (page 129), a visual essay celebrating the new scientific studies on mastomythology (a discipline just invented by Tosches) and discussing, among other things, the significance of the female breast throughout history.

And in a more serious vein, **Shere Hite**, whose reports on male and female sexuality have been worldwide best-sellers, explains "What Men Don't Know About Women" in an outspoken "Advise and Dissent" (page 102).

Of course, what we *do* know about women is enough to fill several dazzling pages with scintillating beauty and discreet charm—and we're happy to oblige. May is probably the most gentle and sweet of months, and our Pets are guaranteed to thaw memories of a cold, dank winter with the promise of a sensual spring.

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MAY

PENTHOUSE FORUM

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Whip woman

I have just decided to write and tell you about an experience I had while I was stationed in England last year. After my arrival there, I became particularly intrigued with the punk-rock scene.

Well, I was in a punk shop looking at some clothes one afternoon when I noticed this very foxy chick behind the counter staring at me, so I stared back. She smiled and walked over to me and asked me if I wanted to get laid. The question really blew my mind, but of course I said yes.

She led me out the back of the little shop into a connected room. She turned on the lights as she went in, and I really freaked. The room looked like a medieval torture chamber, complete with whips and chains, a rack, shackles on the wall and floor, and a large assortment of leathers and other pain-inflicting devices. I figured she had brought me there for the atmosphere, and I was pretty turned on. But then she handed me a leather jockstrap to put on and disappeared into another room.

I was looking around for about ten minutes and still hadn't put the jockstrap on when she came crashing through the door, whip in hand. I almost came in my pants! She had on thigh-high boots with seven-inch heels, string bikini bottoms, and elbow-length fingerless gloves. Her white hair, which before had hung freely down her back, was pulled into a tight braid with a leather tassel at the end. Her tits were exposed and swayed back and forth as she strutted over to me and screamed at me to put the strap on. For fear of what would happen if I didn't, I complied. As soon as I had the strap in place she grabbed the adjusting string on the back and jerked it taut. I fell to the floor and she put her foot firmly on the side of my head, pinning it to the cold concrete. I took hold of her ankle and tripped her, and as soon as she was down I rolled over on top of her. The next thing I knew I had a set of teeth in my shoulder. She rolled out from under me and got to her feet, taking the nearest pair of shackles and attaching them to my ankles. She then dragged me over to a rack, where she secured me in a pretty uncomfortable position. She left me there and went out.

When she returned, still clad in her garments, she walked over to me and started kissing me all over. She loosened the jock a little and proceeded to really get me off. After some heavy petting on her part (I still had my hands and feet tied), she placed her hands firmly under my armpits and dragged her fingernails down my sides. I twisted at the pain, but her expression and manner made my dick rise.

The confinement of the jockstrap was becoming much more than uncomfortable, but she made no move to loosen it. Instead, she ripped off her panties and lowered her glistening twat over my face. As I gazed up her muff, my excitement increased, because she had a bunch of little moons and stars tattooed at the top inside of her thighs. She lowered her snatch to my face but only long enough for me to moisten my lips. The next time she came down I sucked in on her pussy and thrust my tongue into her hole. I could sense a surge of excitement rush through her body. Her back arched and her knees buckled under her. Then, like an answer to my prayer, she removed the strap and my love tool burst forward.

She turned so that her ass hole encircled my nose, and I inhaled deeply. She let her hair down, and after shaking it loose she took a lock of it and wrapped it around my shaft and started licking the exposed head. I was still sucking and licking on her hot cunt when I felt her respond to the first twinges of her orgasm. Her ass began to shake and buck, and it was all I could do to keep her pussy lips from getting caught on my teeth, but when they did it just made her that much wilder. She came in a shattering orgasm as all her hot, sweet juices ran into my mouth and nose.

She lay still for a minute or so to catch her breath, and once she had, she engulfed the entire length of my cock with her mouth. Her head moved up and down like a piston, and on every downstroke she would swallow, which gave me the most erotic sensation I've ever had. She made loud sucking and slurping noises, and I could feel my load starting to travel up my shaft. She took her mouth off my cock, and we both watched my head swell to a bright purple the instant before the hot come exploded into her face. She lapped at the air as the semen spurted in globules. Once my orgasm was complete, she licked me clean.

After she had untied me and I got dressed, we went out for a drink and then back to her place for more sex . . . in which I got to call the shots, and slaps and punches.—*Name and address withheld*

Bound for glory

I have had many adventures in sex, some of which would make good reading, but the best by far happened last week.

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In our town we have two peep shows where you can sit down in a booth and watch a porn flick by inserting quarters in a machine. Last Tuesday I was in my favorite place when the door next to my booth opened and a young couple went in (this is rare). In the common wall between the booths was a glory hole about the size of a soup can, and since the walls were made of plywood it was as easy to hear as it was to see next door.

Usually I like to watch other guys jack off and vice versa. I have let three or four guys suck me off through the hole, but I have only played with one guy's cock, and it was larger than mine.

When the couple came in I got all the more turned on and peeked through the hole. They were both in their early twenties. She was blond, about five foot six, 36-24-36, and beautiful. She had on a tank top and white shorts. He was about five foot ten, well built, and very tan, with blond hair too. They both looked like they had just stepped out of a suntan-oil commercial.

I was really hot now and was stroking my seven-inch cock while watching them. While their movie was going, he pulled up her tank top, and these huge, beautiful breasts fell out. The nipples were pink and so pointy. He caressed her tits and she slid her hand over to his shorts and began to rub back and forth. I couldn't believe my eyes. His cock came sliding out from under his shorts until she had a good four or five inches in her hand, plus whatever was left in his pants. During this time he had undone her shorts and she had wriggled them off to reveal a lovely blond, thick-lipped bush.

He slid his middle finger in between the lips and over the moist clit, rubbing back and forth until she was softly moaning. Quickly he stood up and dropped his shorts, and I gasped out loud. I have only seen a cock like that in movies or in books, and to see one up close almost made me come. It was about ten inches long and very thick. It swayed as if it were a tree limb.

My moan gave me away, since they hadn't seen the glory hole until then. I sat back and hoped they wouldn't leave, but I couldn't stop jacking off. In a minute I bent forward again to peek and was greeted by an eye from the other side. Then a tongue came through for an instant, and then red lips told me that the girl had been watching. Next her finger came through and beckoned my cock to the hole. I stood up and stuck my cock through the hole, half afraid that the guy would be pissed off. Instead a warm pair of lips caressed my cock, sucking with expertise. Then, to my amazement, I felt two pairs of lips on each side of my cock, sucking on it. Then they stopped.

I pulled out and looked down to find a pink nipple and part of a breast shoved through the hole. I sucked on it for quite a time, all the while stroking my meat, which was begging to come.

Then the breast disappeared and a little hair and clit pressed against the hole. I tore into it and licked and sucked as much as I could, but it was very hard because of the plywood. I mashed my face in as far as I could, licking the sweetest juice I had ever tasted.

Soon she pulled away and then I was spellbound as his huge cock slowly eased through the hole and just hung there for an instant. I was so amazed with its size that I didn't even touch it until he started to withdraw it. Then I gently took the monster in both hands and worked it back and forth. I began to feel as though some power were pulling my mouth down. I licked the head of his cock and then gorged myself on it, sliding my tongue up and down freely, and packing as much as I could in my mouth.

Suddenly he withdrew, and she said, "Come join us in our booth!" They unlocked the door and I slipped in. Immediately my clothes came off. She sat on the bench while he and I stood. She took both our cocks in her hands and began sucking both of them. Then she pulled my head into her pussy with her legs spread wide and feet up on the bench. Come was pouring out of her cunt and I lapped and licked her until she had three more orgasms.

Meanwhile he had taken a jar of Vaseline out of her purse and rubbed it all over his cock and my ass. I was so hot I didn't care what happened. While I was eating her pussy I felt this huge pole prodding my ass, and I tried to relax. Finally, with a flash of pain, it slid partway in. It felt like a telephone pole. She then slid off the seat onto the floor and began licking my balls and cock. She was fingering her cunt and sucking on me for what seemed an eternity. She greedily reached for his cock again and he withdrew from me. She started sucking on it. I quickly swung around to help out and he shot hot come all over both our faces.

When it was my turn again, they both sat on the bench and sucked my cock until I shot the largest, longest load of come ever. It drained me dry and we all agreed we had had enough.—*Name and address withheld*

"Honestly, Herbert, you've got to learn to relax!"

Woman to woman

I am a black, bisexual female who buys *Penthouse* every month, mainly to feast my eyes on the gorgeous women you photograph. I especially enjoy the pictorials of two women making love.

I am five feet ten inches tall and weigh 117 pounds. My measurements are 37-24-36. I have brown skin, and my hair is soft and stylish. I am very successful at picking up beautiful women when I so desire. After work, here in Houston, I make the rounds at some of the more exclusive cocktail bars. There is one in particular that I frequent quite often, and it is usually filled with pretty women enjoying drinks and conversation. One evening when I

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went in, the bar was full, so I took a small booth in a corner facing it. I ordered a gin and tonic, settled into my booth, crossed my legs, and began observing all the women at the bar, anticipating meeting one.

I noticed a beautiful woman with platinum-blond hair having a conversation with another equally beautiful blonde. They were talking intimately, face to face, but the woman with the platinum hair kept glancing under my table from time to time. I then realized that my dress, which had slits on both sides, had gotten hiked up, exposing much of my brown thighs. I became a little excited and squirmed around a little bit in my seat, allowing her to see even more of my shapely legs. As she began to stare, I could feel the dampness beginning to wet my panties. The woman was sitting sideways at the bar on a stool. She was wearing an expensive skirt, which also had a slit but up the middle. It had parted and hung down at both sides of her long legs, so I, too, was enjoying a pretty sight. She was sitting as though she wanted the other women there to admire her. She was wearing high, spike-heeled shoes and black stockings, which were held up by a black-lace garter belt with light-blue trimmings. Her golden thighs looked very seductive with those garters mashed against them. Her sheer panties, barely visible from where I was sitting, were also adorable. They, too, were black with a light-blue satin crotch. I pulled the lemon twist out of my drink and began sucking on it as I admired her body, wishing I were sucking on her clit.

She poured the rest of her drink down and whispered something to her companion. The next thing I knew she was off her stool and heading my way. I felt a small lump in my throat as she approached me. "May I join you?" she asked. I made room in the booth so she could. She told me her name was Leslie, and she motioned to the waitress to bring us fresh drinks. We began talking about ourselves and really getting to know each other. She told me that I was the most beautiful black woman she had ever laid eyes on, and I returned the compliment, commenting on her pretty platinum hair. I could feel my pussy juices beginning to flow as our conversation began heating up. Three or four drinks later we were leaning across the table toward each other, staring deep into each other's eyes, our noses almost touching. My panties were soaking-wet, and I realized that I needed this woman now.

We left the bar, and when we arrived at her home she explained that her husband was out of town. Once inside she took me to a small bar in the den. She made us each a drink, and we took them into the living room and sat down on the sofa. She was very relaxed, and I was a little more at ease now that we were alone. Halfway through our drinks she said that with my good looks and womanly body, she had to have me. Then she put her arm around me and put her hand under my chin, guiding my mouth to hers. We began kissing, our tongues lashing at one another, saliva dripping between them. She tried forcing her tongue down my throat, and I began sucking on it, inhaling her heat and swallowing her sweet saliva. We were moaning and squirming on the sofa as our fingers found each other's sopping-wet cunt. She broke our kiss and told me that we should go to the bedroom. Once there, she removed her skirt, revealing her pretty undergarments. I, too, undressed, leaving just my lacy bra and panties on.

I watched Leslie as she unhooked her bra, allowing her beautiful globes to bounce free. Her boobs were just about as big as mine, and I could see where her tan line stopped, right above her nipples, which were now hard. I then removed my bra. Leslie became wide-eyed as she stared at my large breasts with charcoal-colored nipples. I began massaging them as she stood and watched. Her fingers were in her cunt and she was licking her lips. She looked so gorgeous standing there in her heels and garter belt and panties. I just wanted to eat her up.

She then had me lie down on the bed, and she climbed on top of me and stretched out. Our tits mashed against each other, and I was toying with her ass cheeks through her panties. We were French-kissing very deeply and playing with each other. We broke out of our wet kiss and got down to serious business. She positioned herself beside my hips and slowly removed my sopping panties. She held them in front of her face and sniffed them for a while and then licked my cunt cream off them before tossing them aside. She then turned around, and I found her feet at my face. I began licking her toes and sucking her feet. I licked my way along her knees and thighs, leaving a trail of saliva along the way, until I reached her pussy. The perfume along her inner thighs and the musky aroma of her womanhood filled my nostrils, and I became a wild woman, slurping her cunt, drinking her juices. Leslie then rolled me on top of her into a 69 position. I was still slurping at her pussy as I slowly lowered myself onto her face. Her tongue found its way to my gash, and we were then both moaning and licking each other's pussy like crazy! I had never tasted pussy as sweet and hot as Leslie's was at this moment. Her hands were kneading my buttocks, squeezing them as she tongue-fucked my snatch. I could feel her tongue pushing deeper and deeper into my cunt. Then I felt her pulling my ass down closer to her face. She began digging her nose into my ass hole while her tongue was all the way up my pussy, trying to go further. I spread her pussy lips apart and ate her out good, sucking out her juices.

Leslie then removed her tongue from my box and, to my surprise, spread my ass cheeks and began licking all up and

down the crack of my ass. Her tongue tapped against my anus a few times, as if wanting to intrude. I relaxed, allowing her tongue to enter my ass. Leslie's tongue began slithering in and out of my ass hole, tongue-fucking it with no mercy. She was driving me up the wall! I wanted some of this action myself, so I rolled her over and found her ass hole, licking it for all I was worth. We tongue-fucked each other's ass hole and savored the bitter sweetness of the taste. We finger-fucked and licked ourselves through orgasm after orgasm that night and ended up sleeping in each other's arms.—*Name and address withheld*

Caught in the act

I have been an avid reader of *Penthouse* since I was in high school. I have very much enjoyed the beautiful women and their provocative poses, but "Forum" has supplied a great deal of fantasies for my lusty imagination.

Let me begin by saying that I am a twenty-five-year-old professional man living in a large western city. I have always been considered very attractive, and I get along very well with women.

While attending college I had many friends and had become well-acquainted with two sisters in a very prominent sorority on campus. One was five foot three, with a thirty-five-inch chest, blond hair, and big brown eyes. Her name was Gail. Melanie, the other sister, was five foot six, slender, with long brown hair and a gorgeously round ass. They were good friends of the woman I eventually married, Fay. They were sexy, but my Fay was beautiful, quiet, and loaded with class. I had always fantasized, however, of Gail, Melanie, and Fay all piled into bed with me, surrounding me with all that beautiful ass. My wife has mentioned her own fantasy of me fucking another lady, but the situation has never come up.

I travel a lot in my work, and I have clients all over the state. One week I was working in the city where we attended college. After a long day I went to a popular bar for a drink and ran into Gail, the shorter of the two. We were both really surprised and a little gone, and we began to talk about college days. It hadn't been that long ago, and she looked great. At a certain point she bluntly said how disappointed she was that I got married without getting to know her. I was pleasantly surprised at the comment but tried not to show much reaction. She told me that she and her friend Melanie were living together for the summer, and all during the conversation she was rubbing my thigh and touching me. I intentionally told her what hotel I was staying in and my room number. She suddenly had to leave, and I forgot the whole thing and had a couple more drinks before leaving.

Well, when I returned to my hotel room and opened the door, there stood Gail and Melanie. Each had a sheer nightie on with bikini panties underneath. There were candles set all around the room and a bot-

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tle of wine, three glasses, and a couple of joints on the night table. I attempted to remain calm, but immediately felt a rise in my pants. Melanie, the tall, dark-haired one, came over and took my hand, saying, "We've got a surprise we've been dying to give you for the past two years." Gail poured us all a glass of wine and lit up a joint. They stretched out on the bed together while I sat on the edge of the other bed. I was already pretty well buzzed, so the pot went to my head quickly.

As I smoked a joint, Gail and Melanie began to caress each other's hair and shoulders. Unfolding before me was a fantasy I had dreamed of for years. Slowly the girls slipped out of the nighties, leaving on only their panties. Gail began to lick and bite Melanie's nipples as she massaged her crotch. Melanie lay back and began to moan softly. Gail slipped the tiny panties encasing Melanie's wet pussy down her shapely legs and off. I was going wild at the sight of Melanie's juices oozing from her cunt and gathering around her puckered ass hole. Gail leaned over and began to flick Melanie's clit with her tongue while at the same time inserting a finger into her ass and two fingers in her cunt. I pulled my eight-inch tool out and slowly began to stroke it.

Unable to stay out of the action, I told Gail to remove everything and stretch out on the bed with Melanie. Melanie was on the verge of a shattering orgasm after the tongue-job Gail had supplied. I crawled in between them and was immediately attacked by hands and tongues. I guided Melanie's head to my cock and buried my face in Gail's tight cunt. She gasped with pleasure, and her pussy was immediately soaking wet.

I shifted the girls around so that Gail was on her hands and knees. Melanie got under her and sucked her nipples as I sucked her pussy. Gail was going wild with pleasure, and I had to relieve my aching balls. I rose up behind her and placed the head of my rod against her steaming cunt. Melanie moved to Gail's clit and began to lick frantically. As Gail neared her orgasm, I plunged the entire eight inches into her and fucked her vigorously.

Just as she and I were about to come, the hotel room door opened and there stood my beautiful wife. She had apparently intended to surprise me with a midweek visit. At first she was in shock at the scene. I froze, with a huge load waiting at the base of my cock, as I remained embedded in Gail's gripping cunt. Fay quickly regained her composure, saying, "How about letting me get in on that cock and ass routine!"

I jumped to my feet, grabbed her, and shoved her down on the spare bed. I instructed the girls to tie her up spread-eagle. She resisted only slightly. My wife loves to be eaten more than anything. I began to blow shotguns to her from the joint that I had put down. While I did this, Gail licked her nipples, belly, and neck. Fay was soon in a state of extreme horniness. Melanie slowly teased her clit with her tongue. Fay was moaning and tugging at her bindings but could not free herself.

I always carry a vibrator in my suitcase, so I took it out, turned it on, and slipped it into Fay's cunt. I told her she would finally see me fuck two gorgeous women. I instructed Gail and Melanie to lie with their legs open on the other bed. I then pounded my aching shaft into each girl, changing about every five minutes. Fay always loved to watch my ass move and now she was getting a full view. As I was fucking one girl, the other would suck her tits and clit.

All four of us were nearing orgasm at this point. I stretched out and pulled Gail onto my cock and Melanie onto my face. Gail rode me frantically as I sucked on Melanie's clit. Melanie began to come all over my face and Gail and I both let go.

After we had returned to reality, we heard Fay pleading for help. We quickly untied her and placed her on her hands and knees. I shoved my still-hard cock into her trembling cunt. Gail sucked on her stiffened clit and Melanie caressed her shoulders and tongued her ears. I felt Fay stiffen, and I began to pound away at her. She really enjoys being brutally fucked. She began to shake and moan, and she got louder and louder. She finally screamed, "I'm coming!" We all collapsed until morning, when I fucked each lady one more time.—*Name and address withheld*

Lord and master

I enjoy the letters in your "Forum" section concerning the spanking of women. I am thirty years old and have been married about two years now. I don't spank my wife often, but when her behavior warrants it, such as when she overruns her budget, I don't hesitate to turn her over my knee, raise her skirt, lower her panties, and blister her bare bottom until she is screaming, crying, and swearing not to be a bad girl again.

About six months ago my wife's two younger sisters, aged eighteen and nineteen, came to live with us. I let them and my wife do pretty much as they pleased, until about one month ago. On this occasion my wife called me at work at noon and told me they were going shopping. I told her to be back before I returned from work and to have my dinner ready for me. I was assured that my wishes would be fulfilled.

I arrived home at about 5:40 to find an empty house and table. My wife and her sisters didn't arrive until an hour later. By that time I was furious and had decided upon an appropriate course of action. When they walked in the door, I didn't say a word, but took my wife by the hand, led her over to a chair that I had placed in the center of the kitchen for this purpose, turned her over my knee, and began

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spanking her over her skirt. She was very embarrassed about being spanked in front of her sisters and began shouting and calling me names. With that I raised her skirt up to her shoulders and laid into her pantied bottom. She continued to protest so I jerked her panties down to her knees and spanked her bare bottom until it was a cherry red and she was bawling loudly and begging for mercy, promising to be a good girl from now on.

With that I let her go and ordered her to hold her skirt up above her waist and go stand in the corner with her crimson bottom displayed to us all.

Through all of this my sisters-in-law were wide-eyed with disbelief. I then turned to the nineteen-year-old, Connie, and told her it was her turn, and for her to drop her jeans and come lay across my lap. She refused and called me a male-chauvinist pig. With that I grabbed her and told her if she didn't have her pants down and herself across my lap in twenty seconds, I was going to strip her naked and use my belt on her instead of my hand. My wife told her to do as I ordered or I would make good my promise. She reluctantly unsnapped her jeans and wriggled them down around her knees, exposing a very brief pair of lacy, white bikini panties. She slowly approached me and lay over my knees. I delivered about ten good slaps to her upturned panty-clad bottom. After each she let out a shriek and tried to squirm out of my grasp. With that I slid her panties down to where her jeans were and got my first glimpse of her ruby fanny and pussy lips between her legs. She really began to sob as I fully exposed her charms, and she pleaded with me not to do anything else. She also promised to be good. I hadn't finished with her yet, though, and gave her about thirty quick and deliberate spanks to her already crimson, hot buttocks, during which she screamed, squirmed, and kicked, further exposing her love nest to my view. I then allowed her to stand and hobble to another corner with her pants and panties down around her feet.

I then turned to the eighteen-year-old, Nina, and before I could say a word she lifted her dress up above her waist, pulled her pantyhose down, showing me a cute little bush and love triangle, and came to lie across my lap for her spanking. I gave her a good bun-warming of about forty spanks, which made her squirm, kick, and plead. I obtained good looks and feels of her young pussy, too, and she had a lovely one. I then allowed her to stand in another corner.

After about thirty minutes I told them they could put their clothing back on and fix my dinner while I took a quick shower (a cold one to relieve the strain of the terrific hard-on all those beaver shots had given me). They did so without argument, and when I finished my shower I found a feast prepared for my pleasure. They all had great difficulty sitting for their meals.

During dinner, I asked what they had been shopping for. When they said lingerie, I told them that I expected a fashion show after the dishes were done and they were all bathed and groomed. They didn't argue, and I had a very pleasurable evening watching the three of them parade by in their sexy nighties, panties, and lounging outfits.

Before going to bed that night they told me that they had deserved what they got and that I could give them the same if they were bad again. I was very excited about that, and my wife and I had terrific sex that night.

I haven't spanked my wife or her sisters for anything since that time, as they have all been toeing the line. I am looking forward to the time when they are naughty little girls again and need some strict discipline.—*Name and address withheld*

"The second one from the right is for valor, the first from the right is for heroism, and the first from the left is for blowing the commanding officer on the field of battle."

News from the Coast

Like other readers, I, also, doubted the truthfulness of many of the "Forum" letters. But also like others, a recent personal experience has converted me from a skeptic to a believer.

Bill and I have been married for about ten years. During that time I had never been unfaithful to him and feel certain of the same about Bill. We enjoy sex, and our relationship has been uninhibited without being kinky.

Not long ago Bill and I entertained houseguests over a long weekend. Our guests, Jackie and Stuart, were friends who had moved to a different city several years ago. Seeing the two of them after such a long absence highlighted my awareness of their physical attractiveness. I couldn't help wondering what went on behind their closed bedroom door at night.

The day after their arrival, we celebrated their visit by dining at the fanciest restaurant in town. All of us dressed to look our best for the occasion. However, I am afraid Bill and I looked hopelessly tame beside our guest and their acquired West Coast dress styles. Gold chains gleamed and jingled against Stuart's tanned and blond-haired chest. Tight, tailored pants amplified rather than concealed the bulge I had been wondering about. Jackie's dress was cut much lower than Stuart's open-necked shirt, and at times, from certain angles, even her nipples were exposed to view. She seemed not to mind at all and made no attempt to keep herself covered. Bill obviously enjoyed the view and gave her a lot of attention throughout the evening.

The night was still young when we finished our meal, but the good food, wine, and reminiscing had us all glowing deliciously. Once we were in the car, as I snuggled up to Bill, some rustling and laughing from the back indicated that Stuart and Jackie were feeling amorous also. In reply to a question from Bill, Stuart com-

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mented on Jackie's roving hands. Bill said she was probably only trying to warm them up, since the night had turned a little chilly. Stuart's next comment was that it wasn't only her hands that were getting warm. Turning, I stared, openmouthed in surprise. Stuart's pants were unzipped and his erect cock was sticking out.

Telling me to relax and watch the show, Jackie bent over and took the head of Stuart's cock in her mouth. Whatever objections or embarrassment he had vanished as Jackie's head bobbed in his lap. She didn't remove her hand but continued stroking in time with her mouth. Soon the prick was shiny with mouth and cock juice, and Jackie's movements were accompanied by pleasant, squishing sound effects. As she pulled up, Stuart started coming. She didn't stick him in her mouth but just held her face in front of the spouting cock. Even as he came, her hand stroked, lending added force to his spasms. The gobs hit her hair, her face, and dribbled over that always moving hand. Over and over, Stuart's cock spurted out the white wads. I had never seen so much come. Only after the last weak shots had dried away did Jackie engulf the now softening prick and avidly lick it clean. Semen streaks glistened in her hair and come gobs ran on her face as her cheeks sucked in to clean one finger after another.

"Now that is one drumstick," she said, "that is definitely finger-lickin' good!" And taking in my rapt stare, she continued, "What about you, Carol? Do you like to suck cock? Of course you do. Otherwise you would have lost Bill long ago. Men like pussy, but they love a warm, wet, juicy cocksucking. Isn't that right, Bill?" Bill grunted in response. Although he had missed the picture part of the show, the sounds, the knowledge, even the smells, of Jackie's expert blowjob were overwhelming and had obviously gotten to him. Any initial shock on his part had quickly given way to desire. He was hunched down on the seat with one hand clutched over his crotch.

As Bill put his foot down on the gas, I knew our evening of celebrating had only just begun.

At the house Jackie hustled me into the bedroom, leaving the guys to wait in the living room. We quickly stripped down, me to bra and bikini pants, Jackie to a short half-slip that left her breasts juttingly bare. Although I had had glimpses of them all evening, I now found myself openly admiring their size and shape. When I questioned Jackie about her behavior, she replied that since moving to California, she and Bill had opened up their sex life. They loved each other, and they loved sex; once-forbidden activities only heightened their enjoyment. Then she asked if she could "start off" with Bill. Somewhat hesitantly, I nodded okay as she continued. "Right now I want Bill's prick so bad I'm actually dripping." And reaching down between her legs, she pumped a slim finger in and out of her furry bush a few times.

In the living room we found that Bill and Stuart had also stripped. They both sat on the couch completely naked. Stuart held his semihard cock in his own hand, pumping slowly as he unflinchingly looked me over. Bill's growing penis seemed to flex involuntarily as he took in Jackie's near nude body and erect-nippled tits. Taking charge, Jackie knelt in front of Bill, encircling his growing organ, first in her soft hand and then in her even softer mouth.

Entranced, I hadn't seen Stuart rise, but now he was behind me, slowly guiding me to the floor. His mouth buzzed at my neck and along my spine. His hands effortlessly shed my remaining clothes. With us lying on our sides, with Stuart at my back, his hands were able to roam over my body while at the same time we were both able to watch Jackie work on Bill. Stuart was whispering in my ear, "Look at her suck cock . . . she is good, but I bet you're better . . . I just gave her a warm-up dribble compared to the load I'm saving for you." His hands now were cupped over my breasts, strongly massaging and squeezing the firm tissue. Behind me his hips bucked regularly as he dry-fucked my white, fleshy thighs. Releasing one breast, he lifted my leg. With the help of his fingers he easily slid his now fully hard rod into my steaming box. But even as he rhythmically pumped, I never took my eyes off Jackie and Bill.

His faced showed almost physical pain when Jackie abruptly stopped her hand and mouth motions. Standing up, she straddled his legs, her back to him, and quickly squatted onto his vertical cock. Their motions grew frantic as I watched Bill's purple meat plunging in and out of Jackie's red-lipped cunt.

As Bill creamed, Jackie halted in midstroke, poised, squatting spread-legged with his shiny cock half in and half out. I could actually see the vein pulse with each spasm of his climax. I was jealous that it was not I who had gotten Bill's oh-so-generous love liquid. Although I was tremendously aroused, my attention on Bill and Jackie kept me from coming.

As if sensing my thoughts, Jackie straightened out of her crouch. Bill's limp but still-full cock plopped audibly out of her pussy to hang down over the edge of the couch. Clasping one hand around the base of his equipment and cupping the other beneath the dripping mass, she stood Bill up and led him to me. "Look at that delicious mouthful. You can have first licks." The sight was overwhelming. Bill's cock was covered so thickly with a mixture of come and pussy juice that it was positively gooey. The smell as Jackie held her gift not six inches away was strong but not unpleasant. Instinctively my mouth opened and Jackie guided Bill's cock in, smearing my lips and cheeks as she did

"Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Krementz. The AMA now allows doctors to advertise."

so. The taste, too, was strong but that, plus the thought that what I now held in my mouth had come straight out of another woman's pussy, was an incredible turn-on. I soon felt the throb of life returning to my husband's penis. His hips began to sway, causing his balls to bounce against my chin.

I now had Stuart fucking my cunt from the back and Bill fucking my mouth in front. Jackie knelt alongside us, her fingers squishing in her mushy cunt. Globs of Bill's come still speckled the insides of her thighs. I felt my climax approaching and went limp as the waves rippled over me. My head fell back and Bill's cock sprang free. Jackie moved quickly, going down on the stiff, vibrating stick. She began bobbing rapidly on Bill's still-wet but now clean cock, finishing him off rapidly only inches from my face. As he came, she pointed the spurting prick toward me, spraying my face with his jism. Although Bill shot less than he had only moments before in Jackie's tight box, still I was liberally inundated with hot, salty white liquid. Leaning over farther, Jackie lapped the moisture from my face. I eagerly responded to her kisses, and our tongues swirled my husband's salty come in our mouths. It was then that I felt Stuart's cock twitching in my cunt as he gave forth what remained of his cream.

Many orgasms later, exhausted, we all fell asleep.

The remainder of our guests' stay was one long, pleasurable orgy. Emotions and feelings were awakened within me that I never knew existed. My sex life is now worth bragging about. Not only do we make love almost every night, but also we do so with an intensity that far surpasses even our honeymoon couplings. I've practically turned into an oral-sex fanatic, though I usually won't suck Bill off until after he fucks me. That way he tastes better, and I get a double feature almost every time instead of the old single billing. Up till now we've felt no need to include other persons in our lovemaking, but we are looking forward to Jackie and Stuart's planned return visit next year.—*Name and address withheld*

High-school reunion

I am a teacher in a suburban junior high, and I occasionally find myself being attracted to the many young lovelies in my school. Of course all I can do is fantasize about their lovely bodies and what I'd like to do with them. I've never touched one of the girls, and I never would.

Recently, though, a young girl whom I had in class a few years ago started to work as a waitress at a club I belong to. She greeted me with a big smile and a friendly hello. We talked for some time, reliving some of the funny things that went on in class. I thought that this would be the time to see if I could bring one of my fantasies to life. I asked her if she'd like to go out for a drink after work. She accepted, and off we went.

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Over a few drinks we discussed many topics. We were getting along so well that I couldn't believe there was a twenty-one-year difference in our ages. As we were leaving the lounge, I asked Gina if she'd like to come over to my apartment before she went home. She said she'd love to.

At the apartment I fixed us drinks, and we sat on the couch. I knew that I would have to make the first move if anything was to start. I put down my drink and reached to caress her face while telling her how pretty she was. She moved right into my arms and we kissed deeply. When I put my tongue into her mouth, she greeted me with her hot little tongue. I slowly and lovingly touched her breast through her shirt. Again she didn't resist, so I unbuttoned her blouse and unhooked her bra. She had lovely, small, firm breasts. As I kissed and sucked on her erect nipples, she whimpered like a contented kitten.

I Frenched the insides of her ears, and I could tell she was getting hot. I figured that I might as well keep going. I unbuckled her jeans and put my hand into her lovely eighteen-year-old honey pot. Her pussy was so soft and juicy that I almost came. Then I suggested to her that we go into my bedroom, and she said yes. As she stood in front of me, I could hardly believe what was happening. Here was a girl who just four short years ago used to sit in the front row in my class. I used to dream about her lovely body when she was fourteen, and now I was about to see it in the flesh.

I took off her clothes slowly and lovingly, admiring her beautiful body with each item of clothing I removed. Her body was just about perfect, as only a young girl's can be. When I had undressed, my cock was really stiff. She fondled my six-inch shaft, knelt down, and took me into her mouth, giving me the best head I'd ever had. After a few minutes I raised her up and spread her out on my bed. I couldn't wait to get my tongue into her. I licked and sucked on her clit until her hips started bucking like a little colt's. I slid my tongue in and out of her, and she suddenly exploded in her first orgasm with me.

After a while she turned over to give me a glimpse of her lovely buns—buns that had turned my head more than once when she was in the eighth grade. They were so firm to my touch. I parted her cheeks and looked at the cutest little bung hole. I licked her bung, and surprisingly she squealed, "I've never had it that way before. Oh, that feels sooo good." As I was licking her tight ass hole, I reached around and fingered her clit. Within minutes she was coming again and again.

By now I was unbelievably hot, and I turned her on her back and teased her with the end of my cock. I rubbed her outer lips with the head and stuck it in only about an inch. She was thrusting her hips up to me, trying to get more of my cock into her cunt. But I would only put the head in. "Put it all the way in, fuck me, fuck me like I'm your whore." Gina said. "Beg me to fuck you," I ordered her. "Oh, please fuck me, I'll do anything you want," she whimpered.

Finally I thrust my six inches all the way in and started to fuck this lovely with abandon. After five minutes I came, exploding five bursts of come into her hot little snatch. When I withdrew, I went down on her and sucked some of my come from her cunt. She was soft as down between her legs.

After, we lay on the bed and talked. I confessed that she used to turn me on when she was in my class. I told her how I used to fantasize about eating her. She told me that she used to think about me sometimes when she was getting off. She asked if the real thing was better than fantasy. I let her know right away that it was.—*Name and address withheld*

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Pussy tease

This fall I decided to close my family's beach house by myself. As I drove my Rabbit convertible up to the house, I noticed a tanned, hairy-chested, burly, blond stud in cutoffs, building a new deck for the neighbors next door. After the long ride I got out and stretched like a cat. I felt his eyes go over every curve of my lithe body down to the cuffs of my jeans, but I also sensed an almost adorable shyness on his part. He smiled and reluctantly looked back at his work.

Within minutes I had my car unpacked, my red bikini on, and was out on my deck, greasing myself. With my right toe pointed and leg raised, I oiled my slender ankle, long, shapely calf, and spread the ooze around my soft thigh. I stood facing the other deck, caught his eye, and poured the oil down my deep cleavage. I stirred the squishy stuff around with my finger and let it slowly drip down to my tiny waist, while I very subtly worked my hips against the railing of my deck. This time he didn't turn away, and the intensity of his look nearly blistered me. But the damn phone rang, and I had to go in.

That night I couldn't get his gorgeous profile and muscles off my mind. I didn't have time to let things develop slowly. My family expected me back in a few days. So I decided to go for it the next morning when I spotted him walking from the hardware store and crossing the main street of town. I squealed my Rabbit to a stop almost right on top of his boots and said, "Hey, pussy tease! Wanna make me purrrr like a kitten?" Without waiting for a reply, I put it in gear and peeled off. From the determined look on his face I knew he'd be waiting for me when I got back home.

I parked in front of my house, swung my sleek legs out of the car, and started to pull up the convertible top. As I did, I leaned over the roll bar just so he could get another good look at my pouty little ass, which was barely covered by short shorts.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 186

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is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

"Cancer Insurance" Correction

In the January 1982 issue of *Penthouse*, as a result of the confusion between two insurance companies with very similar names, *Penthouse* incorrectly stated that an F.T.C. staff report said that Liberty National Life Insurance Company concentrates sales of cancer insurance "on women who are over 55, poor, rural, and unsophisticated." In fact the F.T.C. staff report, quoting a magazine article, said the company and others concentrate "on debit insurance purchasers who tend to be poor, rural, and southern."

Ira L. Burleson, vice-president of the board of Liberty National, denies the F.T.C. staff statement. The company, he says, "concentrates its business in the southeastern states of Alabama, Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, and Tennessee. It markets its life-insurance product to the entire spectrum of the populace in those states."—*The Editors*

Penthouse support of Vietnam veterans

I am a Vietnam veteran and a member of Vietnam Veterans of America. These are my thoughts on seeing four of our members, sponsored by *Penthouse*, return to their "other" country.

How fitting . . .On the anniversary of Nixon's Christmas bombings, four war veterans embark on yet another mission to Vietnam—bringing that country, this time, an offering of peace, as they had once brought war. Men who not so long ago had hunted one another like rabid beasts in the hills and paddies and jungles of Vietnam are now meeting and speaking, asking some questions that have not passed away with time, looking to see if perhaps they might not find a long-awaited "separate peace."

There are, of course, some pragmatic reasons for the undertaking of this journey. It may turn out to be the first step toward answering some of the questions still lingering in the murky wake of war. Perhaps the key to unlocking the mysteries of Agent Orange may be found on some lost hilltop of Vietnam. The cold trails of those hundreds still reckoned among the missing may now be picked up and followed as far as they may lead. Perhaps the dead can now finally be tallied in one last, grim "body count" of that pathetic conflict.

But there is much more to this journey. More than anything, it shows that nations are capable of transcending hatred, bitterness, and pain—of stepping beyond defeat and failure and confusion and going on with the business of living. This journey is a sign that, despite our wounded spirits, our hurt pride, and our desire to forget our shame, we are recognizing our obligation to live with a painful truth: that we must learn to share the future as equals with a nation we formerly despised.

I know that there are those among us who will say that journeys such as these are not really needed. They will say that the war ended when a president (who later betrayed his office) declared that he had found both peace and honor. Or they might say that peace was born when a pompous little man had signed a scrap of paper in a Parisian palace. But I would say that it is not for those who sat the war out on the benches or who took part in only the safest battles—who neither took responsibility for what happened in the war nor demanded any accounting in its wake—to declare anything at all about things they cannot know. It is for those of us who fought and survived—who paid the price of the pride and folly of others with our lives, our limbs, our emotions—to find and consecrate what there is left of peace amid the shattered glass of our former dreams. And perhaps, in shaking the hands of those we once knew through our rage and fear as bitterly hated foes, our scars will be made less sensitive to the touch and some of our new wounds will be made more susceptible to healing.

If nothing else, perhaps a journey such as this will serve to show that just as the waging of wars may have become too important to be left to generals, the journeys of peace have certainly become too important to be left to the petty men of politics.

With thanks to *Penthouse*.—*Igor Bobrowsky, Upper Montclair, N.J.*

As a Vietnam combat veteran, I wish to thank you for your help and support throughout the past years. *Penthouse*, more than any major publication, has recognized the problems experienced by Vietnam vets. Your monthly column "Vietnam Veterans Adviser" has provided the vet with a valuable resource for dealing with his problems. It is also helpful in educating the public in the plight of the Viet vet. William R. Corson's advice has been useful and effective for me in my dealings with the VA, the government, and society as a whole. I sincerely appreciate his care and concern. I make it a point to refer other Vietnam vets to his column. And now you have underwritten the Vietnam Veterans of America's trip to Vietnam. My very

special thanks. I feel it was a big first step.

I have been involved with Vietnam vets since my return in 1969. For more than eleven years it was a solitary concern. I read all I could about Vietnam, watched all the Vietnam movies, newscasts, and documentaries. In July of 1980 I became actively involved with other concerned veterans and those who support our cause. I saw that I was not alone in my problems and feelings about the experience of Vietnam and its aftereffects.

On December 5 and 6, 1981, I attended my first reunion in Saratoga, N.Y., where Vietnam veterans from the Northeast gathered. There was a lot of positive energy, and many of us left with the feeling that 1982 would be the breakthrough year for us. Thanks to *Penthouse* for the major role you have played. It is appreciated.—*Jerry Demers, Manchester, N.H.*

I would like to say how much I thank you for your series on Vietnam veterans.

I am a disabled veteran and am presently in a VA hospital for tests. I served with the 101st Airborne Division and also the 82nd Airborne. I have been disabled since 1969. I can prove I have suffered as a result of my contact with Agent Orange, and have a lawsuit pending.

I am working with other vets, trying to help as much as I can. I am a member of Vietnam Veterans of America, represented by the vets who just came back from North Vietnam after doing research on Agent Orange and investigating the POWs' situation over there. I have been on television once for a Vietnam special and am trying to get on the air again for all the vets I have met in the last few months. I wish to God you could meet these guys. Our government has betrayed us. We are not looking for pity. We just want what we deserve, just as the veterans from World War I and World War II received what they had coming. We have paid our dues; we have the medals to prove it!

I cannot thank you enough for what you have done for us.—*Don Mackey, Greenville, S.C.*

I would like to thank you for sponsoring the recent trip that four Vietnam veterans made to Hanoi. I think that the opening of such a dialogue is a good idea and could lead to an improvement in relations between our two countries. I think it was especially important that people who had served in R.V.N. during the war were the ones to go, rather than some State Department diplomat with no understanding of the many difficulties and absurdities of that country.—*Clif Emery, Downingtown, Pa.*

I just read in the newspaper that *Penthouse* provided the funding for a group of Vietnam veterans to go to Vietnam to seek information on Agent Orange and MIAs. Thank you! I first started reading *Penthouse* in Vietnam in 1970. Since then, I have been a steady reader. I find your pic-

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tures of women just great, your interviews timely and interesting, your articles well written and researched, and your commitment to Vietnam veterans second to none. Keep up the good work.—*G. Halverson, Madison, Wis.*

Information control

Congratulations to *Penthouse* and to Harrison E. Salisbury for bringing to the public's attention "The Third World Threat to Our Free Press," in the March 1982 issue of *Penthouse*. If the "new world information order" that the Third World (and Communist) nations are pushing for actually becomes a reality, much more than our news reports from overseas will be in danger. The "new world information order" also seeks to control the dissemination of data from earth-resources satellites, the transmissions to and from communications satellites, and the dissemination of information in computer banks around the world.

Under this kind of information dictatorship, we in the United States and the other industrialized nations will have to pay for building and launching satellites, but a Third World bureaucracy will actually control them. Together with the provisions of the Law of the Sea Treaty and the Moon Treaty, this is just another step in the Third World's plan to expropriate the industrialized nations' technology without firing a shot or spending a penny.—*Ben Bova, Editorial Director,* Omni *magazine*

Child abuse in the name of God

On behalf of the Jackson County Task Force on Child Abuse and Parents Anonymous, I would like to thank you for giving permission to duplicate Michael Disend's article "Have You Whipped Your Child Today," from the February 1982 issue of *Penthouse*.

Copies of the article were distributed to participants in a seminar on identifying child abuse and neglect in the community. Since then I have had requests from the departments of education and psychology for additional copies. This article hits home on many fronts in this area.

Child abuse in Jackson County is one of our most serious problems. Since the layoffs in the timber industry, the incidence of child abuse has gone up proportionately. There is also a large fundamentalist population here, which aggravates the problem.

Right now, the fundamentalists affiliated with the Moral Majority are pushing for equal time for creationism in the public-school science-classroom resolution. More than 700 people showed up at the school board meeting on the nineteenth of January, most of them members of the Four Square churches.

This past weekend there was a march in downtown Medford, put on by the Pro-Life groups and also led by the same people from the Four Square churches.

So you see that this article is extremely important to us in many ways. Thank you again for a most timely presentation!—*Nancy M. Greene, Coordinator, Personal Enrichment Programs, Southern Oregon State College, Ashland, Oreg.*

After reading "Have You Whipped Your Child Today?" I am compelled to offer my thanks to you for bringing these horrifying facts to your readers' attention.

Several times while reading the article I had to pause and compare current events in Iran with a United States under the control of these "religious" fanatics. One can only shudder at the thought.

As a youngster I was exposed to fundamentalists, and I know how persuasive they can be when they are attempting to make new converts and "born-again Christians." There weren't any threats of physical abuse; they just employed mental abuse, which I think is more damaging. Jim Jones is a prime example of such mental torture and its effects.

I have two young sons, whom I've taught many of the Christian precepts I've come to believe over the years. However, the teaching has never been, nor will it ever be, accompanied by force. They are also learning about love by example, and as they grow older they will learn about sexual relationships that provide satisfaction for all involved. Also, they will read the

article, and I intend to offer it to many of my friends for their edification.

Thank you again. We who believe in a truly free country must do everything we can to prevent these very clever monsters from bringing our country to its knees.

Should you publish this letter, please withhold my name. Unfortunately, the KKK, along with several Falwell supporters, is gaining prominence in the San Diego area.—*Name and address withheld*

You should be highly commended for "Have You Whipped Your Child Today?" As I read the article I was overcome by anger and frustration. I tried to think of every four-letter word I might be able to come up with to describe those narrow-minded men who, laughably, call themselves men of God. Your concluding paragraphs summarized my feelings perfectly. While I am not religious, I do not dislike those who are—and I loathe those who hide behind the cloth to foist their asinine views on others. Perhaps we should thank the Lord that they are a minority, even if they wish to refer to themselves as a "moral majority." Their abuse of children is hardly moral or the majority view. They have absolutely no place in the educative process of America's youth. I cry for these children abused by those bigoted, insensitive slobs who call their abusive behavior "God's will."

I have worked with children for a few years in situations that require them to understand proper procedures to ensure safety. It can be and is a matter of life or death that they understand. I have *never* hit or abused a child. I love the kids I work with and respect them. To deliberately hit a child to cause pain is a sickness. I touch the kids I work with to show friendship, give encouragement, and show concern. These men should not be able to work with children until they develop a more humanitarian view. And until they do, I will work vigorously toward getting them out of the business.

Good work, *Penthouse!*—*Jim Beardsley, Gainesville, Fla.*

As you do unto others, you do unto God. How, then, can this disciplinary fetish of the Moral Majority be anything but evil? In flagellating children, they join with the jailers who flogged Christ!

The only people Jesus ever chased after with a whip were the religious profiteers like "Reverend" Dixon. If Hell and absolutes exist, then Dixon is absolutely going to Hell. Of that, I have no doubt.—*James Scribner, New Canaan, Conn.*

In reference to your article "Have You Whipped Your Child Today?" it should be noted that as few as forty-two volts have been known to be fatal. The longer the voltage is applied, the less the body resistance and the lower the voltage required to kill someone. And one volt can be fatal if the contacts somehow get under the skin. If those people weren't doing it in the name of religion, they probably would have been locked up long ago. But then, politicians are always afraid to be seen as being "against God."—*Hud Dunlap, Orlando, Fla.*

I read your article "Have You Whipped Your Child Today?" It confirmed my belief that the most dangerous people in the world are religious fanatics. Fanaticism of any sort is a terrifying thing, but the religious fanatic is the worst, because he feels that everything he does, no matter how heinous, is sanctified by God and that he is thereby absolved from guilt.

I've noticed that these people constantly go around quoting scriptures from the Old Testament. I consider a great many passages in the Old Testament to be passé because they happened prior to the coming of Christ.

God sent Christ to die for our sins, but that wasn't his sole purpose. If it had been, Jesus could have died in infancy. His purpose on earth as he matured was to teach us the word of God, not man's distorted version of the word of God. In John 15:20–21 Jesus says, "Remember the word that I said unto you, the servant is not greater than his Lord. If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you; if they have kept my saying, they will keep yours also. But all these things they will do

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unto you for my name's sake, because they know not him that sent me."

What I feel Jesus is saying is that there is a go-between for man and God and that it is Jesus himself, *not* Reverend Dixon and the Moral Majority. It sickens me that they are abusing children in God's name and forcing these children to follow their words and not God's. Children shouldn't be taught just to accept God out of fear, but should be led to him in love. Jesus said, in John 15:12, "This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you." They aren't teaching these children to love. They are teaching them to hate all those people who don't share their opinions. We're liable to end up with thousands of Jim Jones clones walking the earth if these people have their way. Jonestown is a fine example of what can result from believing in someone who tries to stand in God's stead.—*J.D., New Braunfels, Tex.*

Mud-wrestling women

We are a group of expatriate Brits, Aussies, Americans, etc., working offshore from Japan, and we have just received the October copy of *Penthouse* two months late, as it takes the Japanese censors that long to scratch out (literally) all the pubic hair before putting the magazine on the stands. Still, it was worth the wait just to see the mud-wrestling pictorial in that issue. We are often on the rig for long periods of time, and someone as gorgeous as her really brightens up our day. Anytime she wants to come and wrestle in our mud-pits, she's more than welcome. (Mud-pits are what we keep our drilling mud in, in case you don't get the joke.)—*Kerry Quick, Ken Wood, Ian Scott, Graham McKay, George Petty, Stefan Windqvist, and John Davies; Niigata City, Japan*

Gospel of greed

The article in your January 1982 issue "Praise the Lord and Pass the Contributions" has been brought to my attention. I am writing to inform you that the Genesis Project has never had any connection with Bill Menge or anyone to the best of my knowledge associated with Mr. Menge other than as a customer.

Mr. Menge indeed bought several volumes of the film of the Bible that we produce and brought several of his friends to see the films. I remember Mr. Weidel's visit to our offices quite clearly. I remember the praise he heaped upon the project at that time, and I am sorry that he has chosen to change his mind—but then that is his prerogative.

As to the receptionist and other members of the staff smoking: we do not question that we are sinners. On the other hand, if I may refer Mr. Weidel to Matthew 7, he should perhaps consider the beam in his own eye before seeking the mote in that of another. It was, after all, Jesus Christ who said, "Who is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone."

Having said that, we will continue to film the Scriptures with or without Mr. Weidel's support, because in an age where functional illiteracy is on the rampaging increase, we believe the fundamental truths of the Scriptures are an essential part of our everyday education, and since film makes them more accessible and more comprehensible, so be it.

As to the magazine's continuing campaign against the fund-raising activities of the evangelical church, it would perhaps be more effective if it were based more in fact and less on innuendo, and if, just occasionally, it put forth the other side of the picture on behalf of those many millions of genuine believers who are achieving so much in this basically tawdry world.—*John Heyman, the Genesis Project*

Satisfied customers

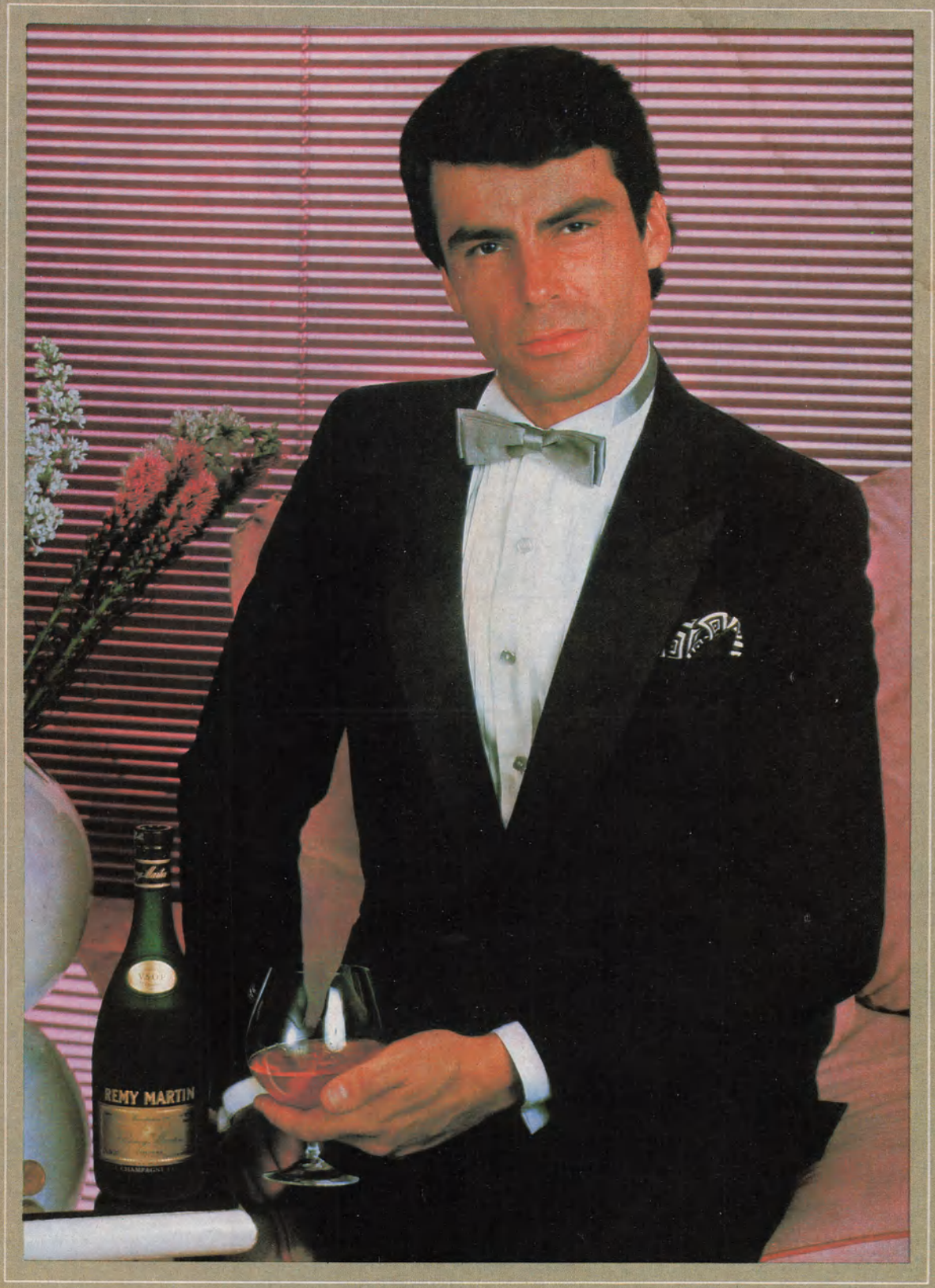
After reading your exclusive interview with Madame Claude in your February 1982 issue, I was happy to learn that there is an intelligent woman out there who not only is in touch with her own gender but who really knows what makes a man a *man*! The interview alone was worth the price of the magazine. Thanks very much.—*David Wingfield, Las Vegas, Nev.*

I have never written to a magazine before. But I felt I should offer my praise to you for putting out such a wonderful magazine. Your staff puts together stories and articles of such interest that a person must read your magazine from cover to cover. All I've got to say is, keep up the good work.—*Allen Engert, San Jose, Calif.*

My lover, Candice, and I couldn't resist writing to let you know how much we enjoyed looking at the beautiful blond-and-brunette couple on pages 130–143 of your January 1982 issue. They both have such big, gorgeous breasts and delicious, hairy cunts, and the blonde's rear end is yummy. We got so horny looking at these beauties that we decided to cut each picture out and paste it on our bedroom wall. Now we can take a look at these beautiful ladies as we make love ourselves. It makes us have more orgasms now than ever before. Please continue to have more pictures like these. It's what we love *Penthouse* for most.—*Barbara Jones, Winston-Salem, N.C.*

Although not a subscriber, I normally purchase *Penthouse* monthly at my local newsstand and have admired your excellent magazine for years. Your articles, photography, subject matter, color-reproduction quality, and choice of subjects is the best.

However, your feature on Ms. Julia Perrein in your January 1982 issue is to my eyes the most exquisite photographic essay of a most beautiful lady. This gets my nomination for Pet of the Year—even in advance of seeing the balance.



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I looked up and there was Jim watching me through the window.

Looking at tomorrow through the snow.

Everyone liked Jim Davis. He was a happy-go-lucky guy. His favorite saying was, "Live today, tomorrow never comes."

He lived next door and we worked in the same office. Our lifestyles were very close. But Jim always managed to spend that "little extra" he should've been saving.

I remember the morning he roared into the driveway with a brand-new sports car.

"Hey, Jack, grab a look at this set of wheels," he shouted as soon as he could crawl out of the cockpit. "Cost me an arm and a leg but it'll do 150."

I had to ask it: "Where?"

He looked as though the thought had never occurred to him.

I had tried many times to get Jim to join the Payroll Savings Plan at work and buy U.S. Savings Bonds for the future, but he never quite got around to it.

Then a few days ago, I was buying some tropical clothes. I looked up and there was Jim watching me through the window. He came in laughing. "Summer clothes? You're rushing the season, buddy; there's a big blizzard outside."

"Just getting some new duds for the land of sunshine," I said. "I finally decided to buy that condominium in Hawaii. Great deal. We use it for our winter vacations and rent it out the rest of the year."

"How did you ever save enough for the down payment? I know I couldn't come up with it."

"Well, I don't miss that "little extra" I've been putting away for Savings Bonds. And you wouldn't either. But *THAT'S* what makes the difference. It adds up."

It was snowing again the morning we left on our Hawaiian vacation. As we pulled out of our driveway, Jim stopped shoveling his sidewalk and waved. Leaning on his snow shovel he looked like a man who might be seeing tomorrow at last.

I looked back over my shoulder. "Well, better late than never," I said.

The time to start saving for tomorrow is today. U.S. Savings Bonds make it easy. You'll be helping yourself and your country.

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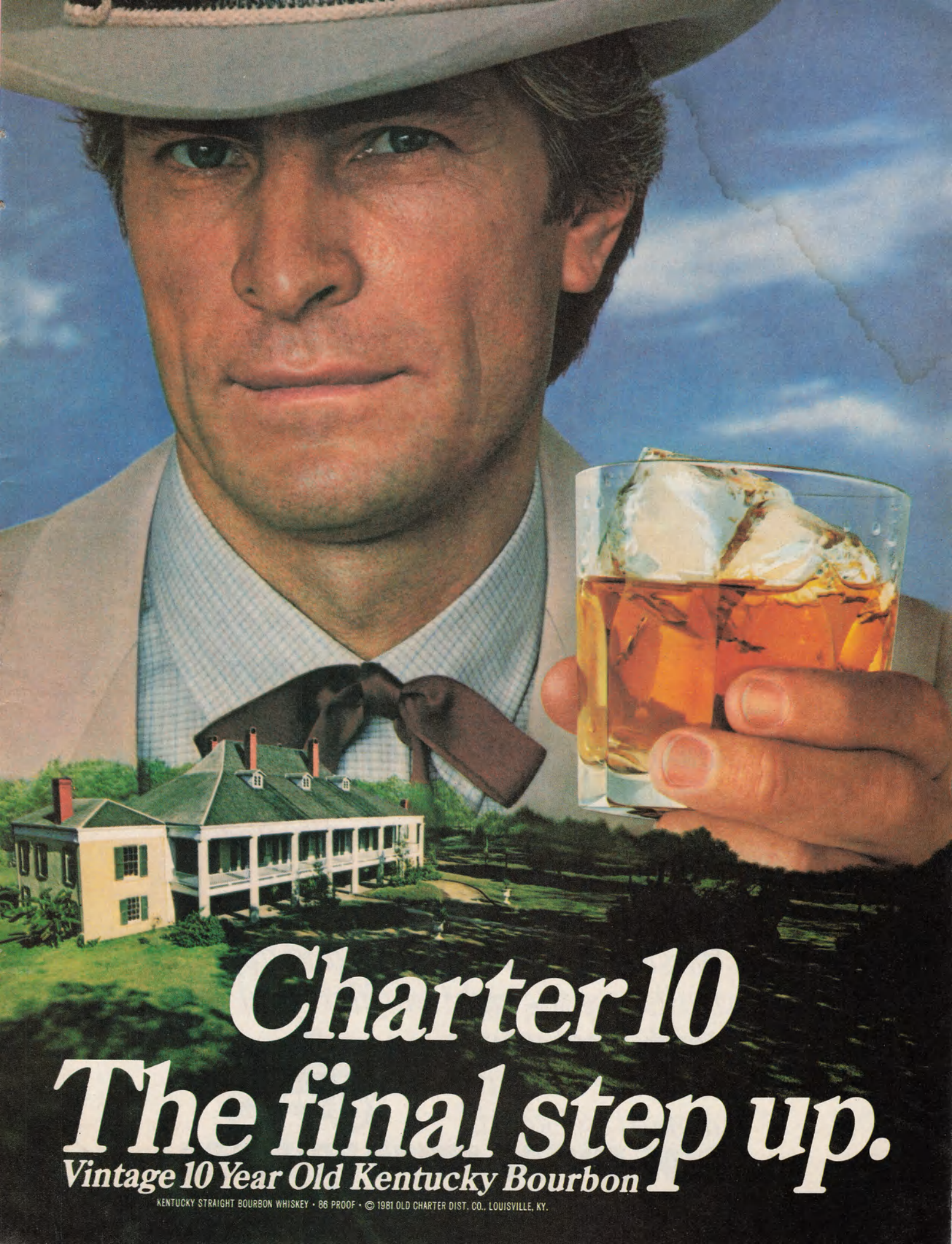
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WHO CARES?

Charles Bronson, actor and motorcyclist. *"Every weekend we can, the kids and I pack our motorcycles in the pickup and head for the California hills. We enjoy the excitement and challenge of off-road riding. But we're also aware of our responsibilities—to the land and whoever else might be using it. We stick to off-road parks and approved trails, use the right mufflers and ride safely. That way, everyone can have a great weekend."*

RIDE AWARE. SHOW YOU CARE.

MOTORCYCLE INDUSTRY COUNCIL, INC. MIC

Patrick Magaud is obviously a very perceptive and sensitive photographer. The poses bring out Ms. Perrein's personality and depth in outstanding fashion. The cropping is tops and the color of peak quality, and the layout done by your people is likewise of top quality. A very sensitive and well-done series that I would call a "classic."

Also, I prize a woman who is great in the kitchen. There are many who are great in bed but really few who are creatively great in the kitchen.

Again, my congratulations on the article and on your magazine in general.—*Name and address withheld*

My wife and I have been reading your magazine for many years now. I especially enjoy the "Forum" and Xaviera Hollander columns. I have never had any reason to write, as nothing earth-shattering has happened in my life since I got my driver's license.

The reason for my writing at this time is a picture in your January 1982 *Penthouse*. The picture I am talking about is that of Ms. Julia Perrein on page 84. This is one of the most stimulating pictures I have ever seen in a magazine.

This picture, showing Ms. Perrein sitting in the chair with only a white shirt over her shoulders and wearing white pumps that really set her lovely tanned legs and body off, stands out from all the others. I may possibly have a shoe fetish, but many of my friends agree that a lady looks much better in these pumps than in those disgusting sandals women wear that do nothing for their legs at all.

Keep publishing the many fine articles. I enjoy them all greatly. I also read your other publications, such as *Forum* and, especially, *Variations*. My wife and I both rush out every month to be the first to get *Variations*, as it is sold out the day after it hits our newsstand. Keep up the good work.—*Robert Wolfe, Moscow, Ohio*

In our dark and dull fitting shop, down under in New Zealand, we have one bright spot. That is a section of brick wall that stands out with Connie Lynn Hadden reposing comfortably on a bed, gently clasping one of her so perfectly contoured breasts. We approve of her selection as Pet of the Month and spend many a moment gazing at her perfection. What a bonus it would be if you were to give us another peek sometime soon. Could you please record our vote for her as Pet of the Year? Keep it up!—*Malcolm Clunie, writing on behalf of Dave, Rob, Jonsey, Pete, Ian, Marty, Bear, Mastabates, Max, Smurf, and Laurie and the lads; Wellington, New Zealand*

On behalf of myself and a number of friends, I would like to make a request: can we please see more of your October 1981 Pet of the Month, Connie Lynn Hadden? Also, we must extend our regards to the person responsible for the photographs of Connie. An outstanding job!—*Steven Clements, Baltimore, Md.*

© COTY, N.Y. 1982

As a fellow Marylander of the lovely Mrs. Celeste, February's Pet of the Month, I wish to thank her husband for sharing such a *lady* with your readers. I would also like to thank DiVina for proving that a working, active wife and mother can still be a beautiful and desirable woman. I hope she is able to remain true to her sweetheart and family!—*Michael Batton, Glen Burnie, Md.*

Fowl play

I caught the first letter in "Forum" in the January 1982 issue, and wow, what a letter! Really! And I can see why the man wanted his name withheld. Imagine all the turkeys out there who might file paternity suits. Turkey humpage is good—topped only by inviting a family of raccoons over for a Sunday-night dinner and flick. It's amazing how uninhibited the little rascals become after a few glasses of Chablis and some cheap, sleazy talk.—*John C. Murphy, Menasha, Wis.*

We are appalled at the recent letter "Fowl Play," published in the "Forum" section. To think that someone would actually lower himself to make love to a stuffed chicken is repulsive and totally destroys our young sexual desires.

The fact that the writer should be so sexually frustrated makes us think that he belongs to Brandeis University. The lovely dinner party he had causes one to think that he needs some psychiatric care. This man really puts a lot into his culinary expertise. If *Penthouse* is going to serve chicken, they had better hold the mayo.—*"The Chicken Stuffers" of Brandeis University, Boston, Mass.*

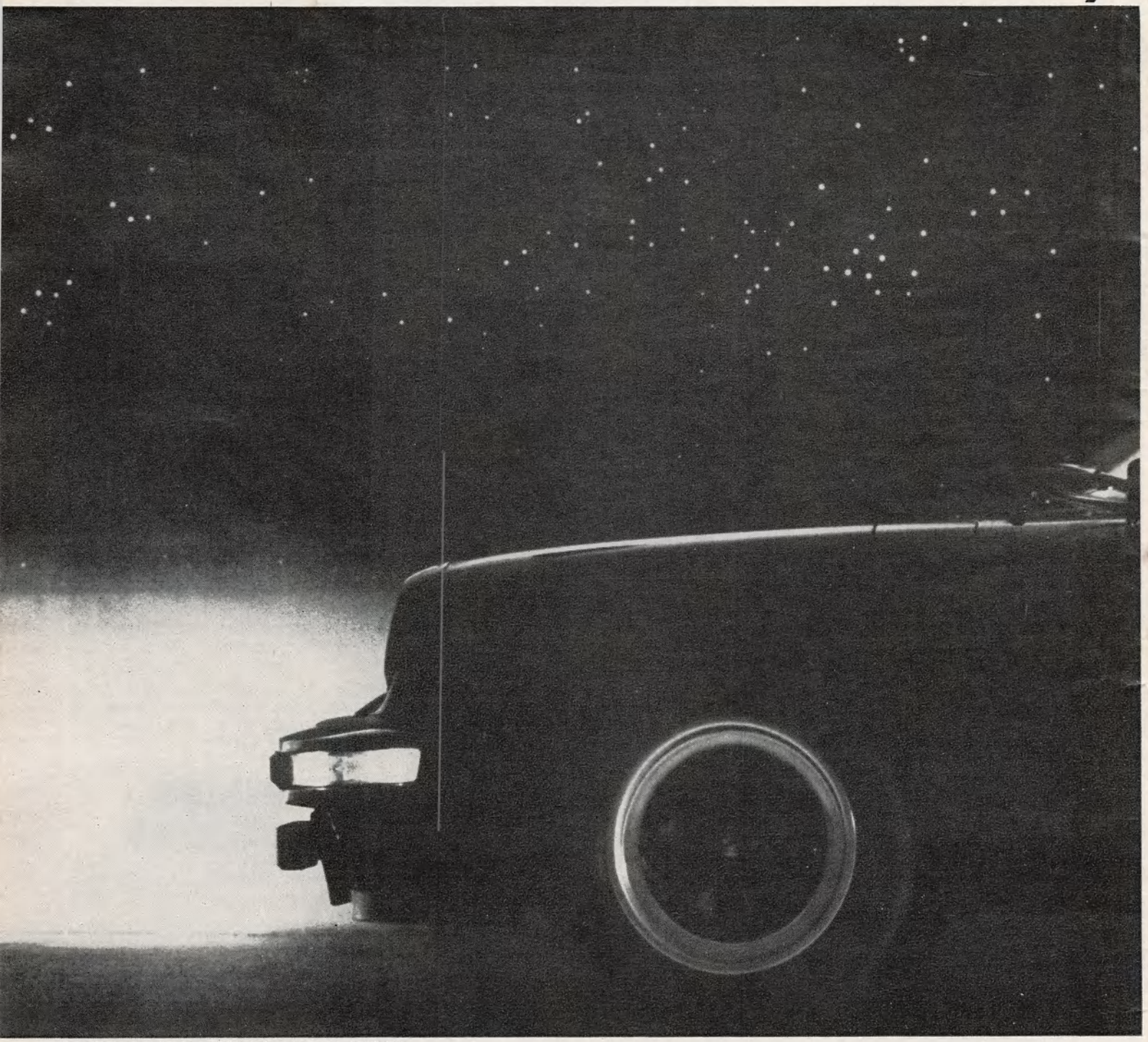
MOANS & GROANS

The following letters are reproduced verbatim, including spelling and grammatical errors

I am one of the many people which hate your filthy magazine. I HATE IT, I HATE IT, I HATE IT, I HATE. You need to repent and commit your life to JESUS. You shouldn't be selling that pornograph. You should be ashamed of yourself. You dirty rotten sinner. I'M MAD.—*Tony Childs, Los Angeles, Calif.*

I am angry with your article in Playboy about Mr. Falwell. You are a dirty money making, God hating organization that needs to repent and get right with God. Jesus died to forgive you. He rose again the 3rd day to give you life. Accept Jesus and pray.—*Mike Waslenski, Los Angeles, Calif.*

IF YOU'VE GOT THE WATTS,



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IT'S WORTH IT.

"You're a vibrator addict, and the problem might be your husband. If he's not the right person, I suggest you find a lover who turns you on totally."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

All through high school and college I dated and enjoyed heated necking sessions, and I even became pretty good at giving head, but I never went "all the way." I guess I just never met the right man, who'd make me want to give myself completely. That all ended a few weeks ago, and I've just got to share my happiness and fulfillment with someone before I burst.

I'm a twenty-six-year-old schoolteacher in the Twin Cities area. Whenever I've mentioned to the few men I've been interested in that I was a virgin, I'd get the hands-off treatment. I decided that the next man who started my juices running wouldn't find out until afterward.

I met Jay three weeks ago. I needed a new car, and since my birthday was coming up, I decided to buy myself a present. Jay was the salesman who helped me, and all through the negotiations I couldn't take my eyes off him. By the time I'd gotten home, my panties were soaked from just fantasizing about him. By most standards he wasn't that much of a hunk: on the chunky side, with a receding hairline. But it was the way he treated me and looked at me that drove me crazy. No sooner did I take my clothes off than I got into bed and rubbed myself to three mind-shattering climaxes that raised me off the bed. The next day, I called him under the pretense of finding out when I could pick up my new car. Even over the phone I could feel myself getting moist, and before I knew it, I had told him how attractive he was to me and how much I'd like to see him. When I realized what I'd done, I was shocked but exhilarated. He asked me out for dinner that evening. I was incoherent the rest of the day, waiting only for the time when I could be with him.

When he picked me up, he brought me a single rose. I was so touched by such a romantic notion and by how gentle he was that I put my arms around his neck and gave him a kiss that I knew would have him interested for the entire evening. We went to a quiet restaurant, where we ate and talked for five hours. By the time we got back to my place, I couldn't wait to have his arms around me and his lips on mine. However, after a beautiful kiss good-night, he told me that while he'd enjoyed the evening very much, he didn't want to ruin things by coming on too strong—and he just left! I was going crazy inside and had to masturbate for three hours before the feeling subsided.

I didn't hear from him the whole next day, and my depression was consuming me. I got home that evening, and as the key was in the lock I heard the phone ring. It was Jay. He asked if he could see me that evening. I told him to come over to my place and I would make dinner for him. He said he'd bring some wine and that he'd be over in an hour. For the next sixty minutes, I didn't know if I was coming or going. I was just counting the minutes before I'd have him all to myself.

He arrived, with bottle in hand and a broad smile, looking like a little boy, despite his six-foot-four-inch height and over-200-pound size. As soon as I saw him, I gave him another deep kiss, and we sat down to talk before dinner. We started a very satisfying necking session, but before we could get anything else accomplished, the oven's buzzer went off and he forced me to get dinner ready. I was getting very frustrated, and by the time we finished dinner, which he complimented me on, I was ready to have him for dessert. We brought our coffee into the living room and settled onto the couch, after putting on some music.

As soon as we sat down and looked into each other's eyes, I decided to tell him how I felt. I explained that while we had only just

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All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to
Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

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The pleasure is back.

BARCLAY

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met, I was falling in love with him. I also told him that I was a virgin but wanted him to be my first love, no matter what happened between us. With that I melted into his arms for what turned out to be the most memorable night of my life.

As soon as our lips met, everything just seemed naturally to follow in progression. There was no urgency, no hurrying, just a beautiful gentleness as we kissed and caressed each other. Our tongues searched each other out. As his hand reached for my breast, mine grasped his already hard cock. His fingers lightly traced my nipples through my blouse and bra. I stood up, reached for his hand, and escorted him into my bedroom. I looked up into his face and told him that I needed him to make love to me.

I started to undress myself but he stopped me, and with each article of clothing he removed he spent what seemed like hours kissing and caressing me. He took off my lacy bra from the back and cupped my breasts with his massive hands. He kissed me on the neck, and with that I began to undress him. I unbuckled his belt and drew down both his pants and briefs. He was so hard that his beautiful cock lightly bobbed in front of my face. I immediately took it into my mouth. After I kissed and licked his shaft for several minutes, he came in my mouth and I greedily swallowed every drop. Xaviera, that was the first time I'd ever swallowed a man's sperm, and it was delicious! I told him, and he lifted me to my feet and kissed me, entering my mouth with his tongue while I still had some of his come in there.

Jay picked me up and laid me on the bed. As he slowly removed my now drenched panties, his tongue teased my hard, swollen nipples and then my sensitive navel, and after finally removing my panties, he started pulling my pussy hairs with his lips and licking the insides of my thighs. No man had ever been this close to my pussy before, and when I felt the thrill of his breath on my skin, I spread my legs wide for him. With that, he started going down on me and almost immediately, I had the most intense orgasm of my entire life. He stabbed into my cunt with his magic tongue and a few minutes later, I had another searing climax. Afterward, we just kissed and held each other for a while.

We talked in bed, and almost without noticing it we started to make love again. His touch was almost like that of a feather, and my arousal was reaching heights I never would have believed. While he worshiped my breasts and nipples, sucking and kissing them until I thought they'd pop off, his fingers playing in my cunt had me swimming in my own pool of juices. My hand had been stroking his cock, and I could feel the first drops of liquid coming from the little hole. With that, I told him, "Jay, I want you inside me!"

He raised himself on his elbows and got between my legs and, as though we were made for each other, his magical wand found my opening without any help from me. He allowed me to get accustomed to his being in my pussy by rubbing it in and out lightly. He then quickly thrust through to the hilt and the next thing I felt was our hairs joined and his cock deep within me. That long-awaited feeling was just too much for me, and as I moaned my approval and joy, I locked my arms and legs around him and hung on for dear life as we both rocked back and forth to the mutual fulfillment of my first fuck.

After what seemed like hours I felt myself coming again, and as I shrieked out my accomplishment Jay was moaning that he, too, was coming. I felt his sperm squirting inside me. We fell asleep with his cock still inside my cunt only to wake up a few hours later and make love three more times that night.

That was three weeks ago, and we are still together and more in love than before. We are living together now and plan to be married soon. I guess that staying a virgin until the right man comes along did pay off, after all.—J.G.

I was truly touched and enchanted by your beautiful letter, but I suggest that you do not rush into matrimony with your first lover. He may well be the one you've been waiting for, but that first sexual encounter, especially when it's so orgasmic, can throw you into a tailspin, making you believe you are wildly, passionately in love. Jay may be absolutely wonderful, but a little comparison shopping will pay off and could be a whole lot of fun.

"If I hadn't had a few glasses of wine, I could never tell you this about myself, Miss Brewster. I just shit in my pants."

ABSENCE OF PHALLUS

I'm a thirty-six-year-old woman, married ten years to a man who is forty-eight. I was a virgin at twenty-two when I met him. I was very popular and had dated many men, but it took my man only three weeks to get into my virgin britches! He was wonderful with me, and I went along with whatever he wanted. He made me explore my young, innocent body with him, as he would insert my finger along with his into that tiny little slit.

In the three and one-half years before we were married, he had me addicted to sex. We were so uninhibited—he would now and then go down on me and drive me wild! He could surely tell I enjoyed his tongue sliding in and out and around my cunt and my ass because of my screams of delight. He sometimes liked me to eat as much of his cock as I could and run my finger in and out of his ass. A couple of times he tied my hands behind my back to my ankles and fucked me doggie-style on the floor. He would even cram me full of dick in the shower, in the car, on the counter top, in the ocean . . . the list could go on and on.

Well, here's my situation now, ten years later. Almost the minute I took off my white gown and veil, he changed our sex life drastically. We made love one or two

Taste is all it takes to switch to Jim Beam.

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times a week for a few weeks, then one or two times a month. Almost no foreplay—just a rub or two on the dry, lonely clit—and in he goes, bounces around for five to forty-five minutes with some I-love-yous, then off to sleep. Well, we haven't had sex now in over five months, and only about thirty times in the last eight or ten years. When I try to talk about it, he says he's had his job on his mind too much and feels guilty about not fulfilling my sexual needs. He says when I try to touch him or seduce him it turns him off. I'm good-looking, squeaky-clean, and, I think, a very good lover. He has admitted to several affairs in the last ten years. They have lasted at least six months. Until recently, he was screwing these single girls' asses off while I was at home trying desperately to learn to use the vibrator he urged me to buy.

A year ago a man I saw frequently in our neighborhood let his feelings about me be known to me. He said he was very attracted to me because I was beautiful, sexy, warm, intelligent, understanding, and kind. I'm the kind of woman everyone trusts to take care of their children, pets, even husband when the wife is away. The second time we talked he asked me if I thought I could let myself go to bed with him. I said no, but a month later we were in his apartment and I was in a red satin nightie slit up the front, drinking wine and scared as hell. I stopped the poor man several times, in tears, and then thought of my husband out of town with his whore. He was so sweet and tender, and he looks like Paul Newman. So I gave in. His ass is cute and round and his penis is almost identical to my husband's.

Well, in spite of my high moral standards, I found I loved being fucked by my newfound toy. I loved to tickle his ever ready prick with my tongue, let him climax in my mouth, in my ass, or in my throbbing cunt, which is always eager to have him. He makes sure I have three or four orgasms by way of his fingers or tongue before he plunges that sweet thing in me, because he usually can't last more than five or ten minutes once he's inside me. He is married, too, and we have trouble getting together more than two or three times a month, but those fuck sessions keep me sane.

The doctor says my husband is fine, but he told me that the longer he went without sex the less he would want or need it. He told me to seduce him, but that didn't work. I tried a black garter belt, heels, etc., but a few seconds after we got into bed his nice, firm dick went limp and he said he was sorry. That was a year ago, and I haven't had the nerve to try the black-lace routine again.

My man and I were together today and fucked our brains out, and when I got home my husband told me how much he loves me and how lucky he is to have me—but no mention of my poor, dried-up pussy. Well, it's not poor or dried up anymore. It does scare me, though, to think it might be dried up again. An affair with a married man when you're in love with your husband can't go on forever. Any ideas on how I can get my husband back to normal? I can't bear to think of growing old and never having a normal sex life with my husband.—A.V.

It sounds as if your husband regards you as a piece of furniture in a comfortable home. He is selfishly unaware of your needs, and you must realize that your lifestyle at the moment is steadily leading to the breakup of your marriage. I don't think you will give up your newfound sexuality if your love affair should end; if your husband still fails to satisfy you, you will inevitably find another lover.

Apparently your husband enjoys sex only when it is illicit. He needs to realize what a prize he has in you. Maybe if he learns that he might lose you, he'll start being a little more attentive. Start by talking more openly about your mutual fantasies in a very cool, straightforward tone. Don't get upset if he tries to change the subject—this only gives him more anxiety. Last but not least, how about a discreetly hidden projector and some home porno movies?

LADIES' NIGHT

My name is Cindy and I am twenty-eight years old. I have blond, waist-length hair and my measurements are 37-23-36. I am extremely proud of my body, and I can get very excited looking at it in the mirror when I'm naked. I love to lie down on my white shag rug and prop my head up with some pillows. I do this right in front of my full-length mirror daily. I love to push my full, round breasts up to my tongue and flick and tease them. I go crazy when I spread my blond fur open to reveal my swollen clit. I love to finger myself and cram vibrators and dildos up my hot pussy while watching myself. Whatever I do, I do it in front of my mirror. I don't have a steady boyfriend, because I prefer it that way. I never really understood why my own body turned me on so much, because men were always my media. I had masturbated to the fantasy of another girl eating my pussy in the past but had always dismissed the idea quickly and had never really taken it seriously.

Well, about three months ago I moved into a huge apartment in Marblehead, Mass. There are two nineteen-year-old beauties who moved in just after I did. Since I work for a local cosmetics company, I saw myself selling them lots of beauty aids. These girls are from a wealthy family and they go to an all-girls college about three miles away.

Laura and Genise are identical twins with long, light-brown hair and beautifully well-endowed bodies. They seemed so young and sweet I immediately felt a genuine friendship for them. They reminded me so much of my younger sister, about their

CONTINUED ON PAGE 176

"Study those carefully, son. Those are your walking papers.

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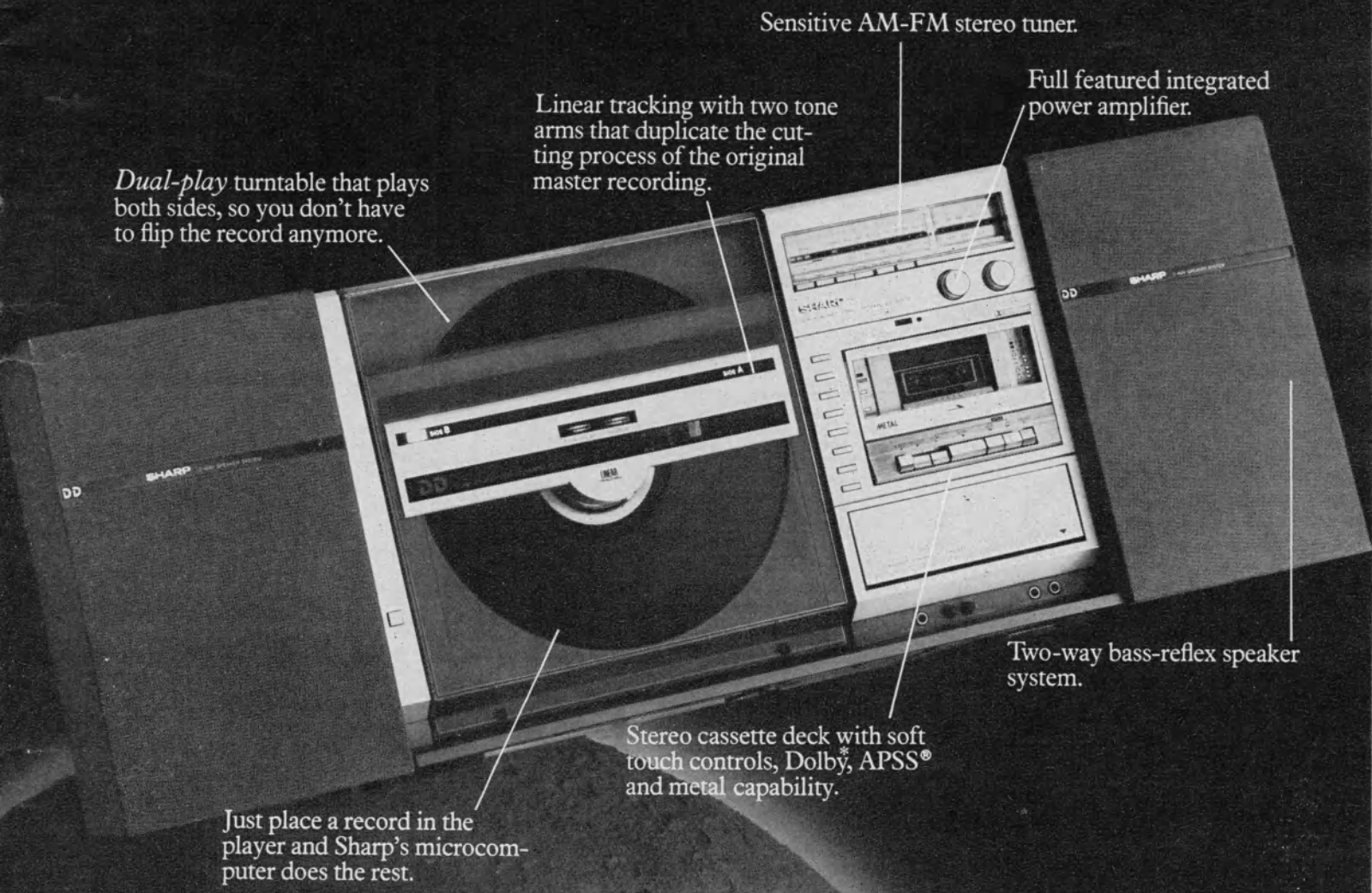
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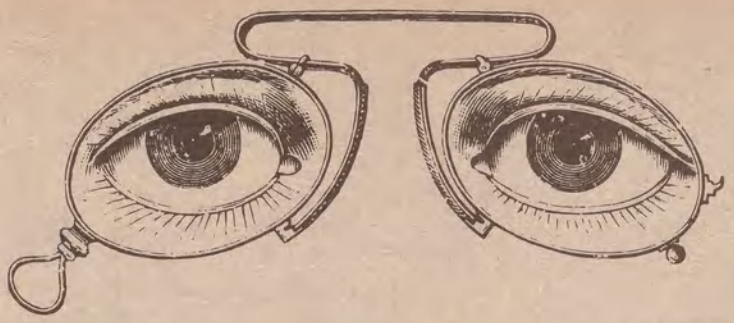


VIEW FROM THE TOP

HIGHWAY TERRORISM

BY JANE AND MICHAEL STERN

Los Angeles, Calif.: An angry motorist forces a station wagon onto the median strip, throws its driver onto the highway, commandeers the station wagon, then rams thirty-nine vehicles before smashing into the back of a utility truck.

Carbondale, Ill.: After being cut off by another car, an irate driver pulls up at a red light next to the offender. He commands his attack-trained German shepherd to leap into the other car and maul the driver.

Danbury, Conn.: An overloaded Winnebago is going too slow in the fast lane of Route 84. A teenager careens past and gives the driver of the bloated camper the finger. Another car honks at the Rec-Vee and pretends to swerve into it. Soon dozens of rampaging cars follow in hot pursuit, harassing the terrified family of tourists.

These are not scenes from the next Burt Reynolds car opera. They are all true, reported by the press or, in the case of the besieged camper, witnessed by us. We recite these tales of four-wheel terror to point out to those of you who may not have had the opportunity to drive recently that America's roads are jammed with an assortment of no-neck monsters driving Camaros, bulge-eyed psychos in souped-up Peterbilts, and otherwise average Joes who froth rabid when the light turns green.

Fact: A University of Utah study found that 12 percent of men motorists and 18 percent of women say they "could gladly kill another driver." Think of that! They're the ones who *admit* it! What about the rest of us repressed souls, who only relish the idea? But make no mistake, Roadrage knows no cultural or ethnic bounds. The most frightening example of coiled hostility we know is that of a highly respected New York book publisher, who ten years ago was cut off by a car on the West Side Highway. To this day he remembers the license plate of the evildoer and repeatedly vows that he will one day reap a terrible revenge.

There is but one rule of the road, and it's called survival of the fittest. Once that principle is digested, driving a car can be great sport. Once you know it is every man for himself, you develop a healthy attitude about highway terrorism. You learn to savor the adrenaline rush of danger. You thrill to life-and-death confrontations at every stoplight. You become an animal. You know that the jungle is filled with other animals who, given half a chance, will devour you for a snack. So you learn vigilance. The softest tire squeal sets your hackles rigid. You forget everything you learned in driver's ed and study "Wild Kingdom" instead.

To see if you have potential, we have put together a test. It will tell you whether you should jack up the back end of your car and remove the muffler or forget the whole thing and follow the old Eskimo custom of, when all else fails, offering yourself to the great savage horde of beasts that waits for you in the night.

1. The purpose of a car is to (a) transport children and other living things while conserving energy; (b) impress my neighbors and pick up girls; (c) symbolize my enormously powerful penis; (d) kill everyone.

2. When I want to pass a car, first I _____; then, if they still don't let me by, I _____ (a) blink my lights . . . slow down; (b) honk my horn . . . tailgate; (c) blind them with my brights . . . pass on the shoulder; (d) ram the rear bumper . . . lob a grenade in their sunroof.

3. The name of my favorite automotive journal is (a) *The Joan Claybrook Report*; (b) *Road and Track*; (c) *Truck and Testicle*; (d) none (I am legally blind).

4. If Detroit asked me to name a car for them, I'd call it the (a) Le Gadabout; (b) herpes simplex; (c) Humpmaster; (d) Lobotomobile.

5. You have reached an intersection where you have a green light, but a pedestrian has started to cross in front of you. What do you do? (a) Let him cross, but inform him of the dangers of disobeying traffic signals; (b) Flip him the bird and make a comment about his mother's sexual attraction to large, hairy animals; (c) Run him over; (d) Run him over, throw the car in reverse, and back over him again to flatten him out completely.

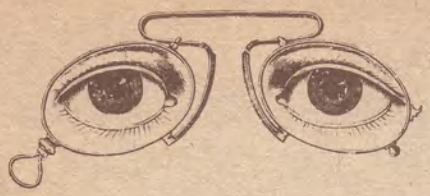
If your answers to the above questions were mostly (a), other drivers see you as: a pantywaist who drinks Perrier, jogs, and likes fey bicycles. Every moment you spend on the highway is agony for roadrunners.

If your answers were mostly (b), other drivers see you as: a bright-eyed junior executive in a polyester power suit. To you a car is a hi-fi set on wheels, in which you strive to alleviate the tedium of your life by seducing your secretary and playing Neil Diamond tapes real loud. That car you've saved all year for will soon be ripped off by teenage hoods and sold for scrap.

Jean Francois Allaux

If your answers were mostly (c), other drivers see you as: a beast. Like the dinosaur, you are ugly, vicious, and intimidating. Moreover, your brains are situated in your tail. You like big cars with jacked-up rear ends and big blonds with jacked-up front ends.

If your answers were mostly (d), other drivers see you as: King of the Road. Your car is sharp as a whip, and you are handsomer than ten movie stars put together. You'll never get us to tell you what we really think of you, because, frankly, we're scared to death.



SCENES

SOME LIKE IT FRIGID

Cultural trends can be kicky. Or curious. Or just plain weird. Like the current, inexplicable wave of fascination for things Victorian.

Victorian? Wasn't that the century when the repressive potato-puff queen was on the throne and Great Britain was at its most insufferable? Pukka sahibs slapping their riding crops against their jodhpurs and beating the natives in the bushes? Rising middle classes building mercantile dynasties and raising mighty monuments to bad taste? An age of great prosperity for the few, while the many groaned in squalor, poverty, and disease?

Does somebody have his dates confused, or wasn't this the most contradictory moral period in Western civilization? Organized religion, private philanthropy, and the cult of personal morality putting on their most pious public faces—while under the decorously draped table legs crouched Jack the Ripper, grinning.

As fads go, this current infatuation with the matters and manners of the Victorian period—and by way of extension, with the Edwardian Age as well—is nothing if not catholic. It's damned pervasive, in fact. In architectural and antiques circles, Victorian homes and furnishings are all the rage, with hot items like an 1855 sofa bringing in as much as $30,000 at auction. In publishing, *The Country Diary of an Edwardian Lady* was the runaway hit of the season (more than 2 million copies sold and distribution now in thirteen countries), leading to major marketing spin-offs that have now smothered us in Edwardian Lady sheets, pillows, dishes, glasses, Staffordshire mugs, pomander balls, and toothbrush holders—all imprinted with little chaffinch nests and wild hyacinth blossoms. Even plain-talking city tabloids like the New York *Daily News* are running style columns instructing their readers on how to crochet Victorian coin purses.

Victoriana is clearly upon us. The question is: are we merely taken with the curious and amusing styles of the period, or are we also responding on some level to the deeper moral and social impulses that defined the contradictory patterns of Victorian society?

The Bettmann Archive

A postcard nude of the 1890s: when sex was still secret.

The publishing industry just can't seem to print enough books about the homes, furnishings, and upper-class life-styles of the period to satisfy the smitten. Lavish picture books like *Victorians at Home* (Viking), *Victorian Interiors* (Crown), *Queen Victoria's Highland Journals* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), *Victorians Abroad* (Athenaeum), *Queen Victoria's Sketchbook* (Crown), *Victorian Gardens* (Harper & Row), and the quite spectacular *Victorian Horses and Carriages* (Crown) are satisfied to dazzle us with the fussy excesses of splendor that characterized that wealthy and sublimely self-confident age.

Lieutenant's Woman: *the provocative side of repressed sexuality.*

At the same time, there is a lot of serious (and pseudoserious) scholarship going on that peeks beneath these surfaces. Elizabeth Longford's *Eminent Victorian Women* (Knopf) challenges the notion that women of the period were either ignorant of their chattel status or content with it. Wilfred Hughes's *The Maniac in the Cellar* (Princeton University Press) examines the best-selling sensation novels of the day and notes that their subject matter of adultery, murder, bigamy, and lunacy tapped secret Victorian terrors that subversively called into question the stodgy perfection of their society.

Even *Tell Me, Pretty Maiden* (Webb & Bower), Ronald Pearsall's charming collection of postcards, photos, and paintings of the Victorian nude, makes some telling observations on the soft-core porn of the day. Among his insights into Victorian sexuality: pages of naked proof that men of the day loved to see nude women bound, helpless, and under threat of physical torture. Pearsall also convinces us of the "decided liaison between death and sex" that motivated the "profusion of provocative funeral monuments" with which Victorian art was rife.

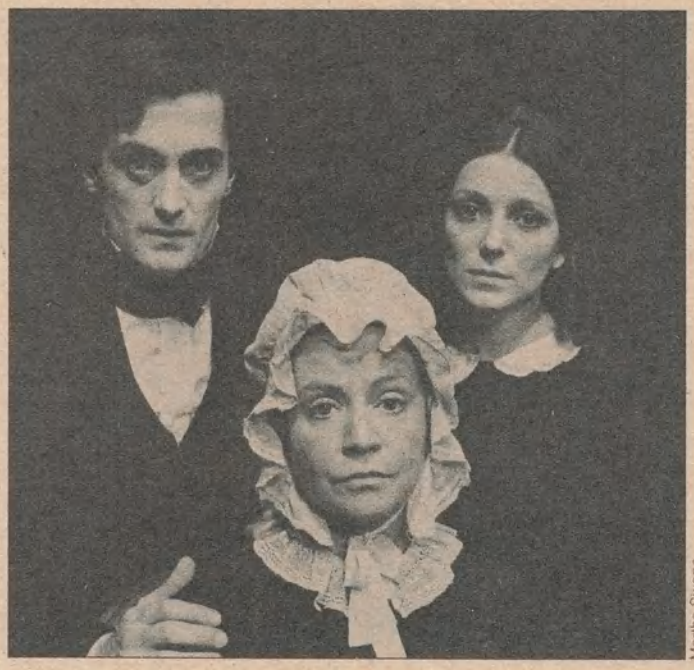
As many modern writers are telling it, sex—and particularly the subgenre of sex-with-violence—is the closeted secret that makes those big, heavy cupboards still worth opening today. The saucy off-Broadway musical hit *Cloud 9* is regaling audiences with its stinging satirical cuts at the hypocrisies of Victorian sexual repression. From the show's point of view, the contradictorily cruel and paternal colonialism of the period only reflected its warped sexual attitudes and practices. While "good" women were desexed and dehumanized by preposterously prudish moral codes, frustrated Victorian bloods got their kicks by whipping prostitutes, buggering urchins, and frequenting such bloody underworld sporting events as dogfights and knuckle-dusters.

The provocative side of repressed sexuality is examined in the 1981 film adaptation of John Fowles's novel *The French Lieutenant's Woman.* Contrasting the lusciousness of the wild natural countryside with the restrictive opulence of Victorian civilization, the

movie raptly explores the forbidden obsession of a proper young man for a sex-starved woman of low social caste and uncertain mental state. To an age like our own, when all sexual explorations are permissible provided one's partner—or partners—is clean, there's no greater turn-on than the forbidden passions of an earlier age that declared all passion dangerous and evil.

Recognizing this, clever Peter Lovesey always manages to inject a modest bit of evil (usually racy sex) into his well-crafted Victorian mystery series featuring the unshockable Sergeant Cribb. Both in the novels and in the handsome serials made for public television, Sergeant Cribb is forever uncovering seamy secrets behind the Victorians' high-mannered propriety. These are invariably revealed in one's daily newspaper. *A Question of Guilt* (Atheneum), Richard Gordon's almost affectionate account of the Dr. Crippin murder case, is only the latest in the seemingly endless stream of popular novels that resurrect (in the Burke and Hare sense, of course) the bloody, and usually, sex-stained crimes of Victorian history. The more sexually deprived the killer, the more he seemed to slice up his victims.

Sweeney Todd, about the demon barber who minced up his clientele and turned them over to his lady friend to be made into meat pies, certainly titillated the customers during its long run on Broadway. But more recently, *The Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby* offered a view of Victorian England that was at the same time less bloody and more shocking.



Martha Swope

Nicholas Nickleby *on Broadway: the vogue for Victoriana.*

after-hours theaters, where the artistes are very free with their bodies and the material is frankly filthy, or in the infamous Victorian brothels and gambling dens. Vice is always nicer when it's illegal as well as immoral.

In the same way, Victorian crimes of passion always seem so much more revolting than the garden-variety specimens reported in

The spectacular two-part, eight-and-a-half-hour production mounted by the Royal Shakespeare Company at first dismayed Broadway with its $100-a-seat ticket tab. It eventually not only captured fanatical standing-room audiences but set off a demand for the original Dickens novel that a half-dozen publishing houses still can't satisfy. The main triumph of this thrilling, fastidiously mounted production was its fidelity to Charles Dickens's panoramic social view of Victorian England—the crush of teeming humanity (half of it apparently determined to crush the other half), the sordid underworld below and the fashionable upper crust above, and most of all, the fierce Dickensian humanism that raged at all the social injustice it sadly observed and bitterly chronicled.

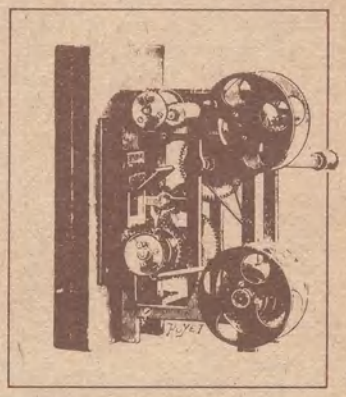
So, what are we to make of the sudden surge of interest in Victorian ways (and waywardness) at this precise moment in time? On the style level, we're undoubtedly chilled and bored (and maybe even frightened) by hi-tech excessiveness, and as an antidote want to make comfy, cluttered nests of our homes, the way the Victorians did. Just remember—animals that make the cosiest and most protected nests are those that live in the harshest and most threatening environments.

On another level, we who live in a scientifically grounded age that is so permissive, so open, so damned all-knowing, are probably simply fascinated by an age that could still have *secrets*—even, or perhaps especially, from itself. Just dip into *A Treasury of Victorian Ghost Stories* (Scribner's) to discover how many supernatural mysteries of the period were actually forbidden sex fantasies in disguise.

One of the most momentous events of the past year was the discovery of unpublished letters and research revealing that Sigmund Freud might have queered his own work out of Victorian prudishness. While the father of psychoanalysis developed his famous theories to explain childhood sexual fantasies, it now turns out that indeed such "fantasies" of his nineteenth-century patients might have been actual sexual traumas, after all. A lot of those upright Victorian gents probably *did* screw their little daughters, after all.

With those kinds of bad secrets stored away in forgotten Victorian cupboards, no wonder we keep looking around for new keys to unlock them.—*Marilyn Stasio*

FILMS



HEARTLANDS

Blake Edwards's ***Victor Victoria*** and Francis Coppola's ***One From the Heart*** ask a few things from us that other movies generally don't.

Teri Garr as the girlfriend.

Most movies mean to be seen as real. Brutally real, comically real, sentimentally, exotically, even honestly real—it doesn't make much difference. But *One From the Heart* and *Victor Victoria* mean to be seen as artificial. Their worlds are studio creations. And unlike the old studio-created movies they so elaborately recall, they don't want you to forget it. This ap-

plies both to the inflated B-movie romanticism of Coppola's gaudy Las Vegas and to the comic poignancies of Edwards's somber art-deco Paris. With both you'll know from the very first that you are in no place real, but rather in the setting of a state of mind.

One From the Heart has been changed by now from the version I saw at the mildly unsuccessful Radio City Music Hall preview last January. I'd guess the changes can't be too dramatic. A lot of the material already seems pushed to the limit just to take up time. The movie could be shortened, but it is already none too long for all the money, publicity, and various bids for crisis showmanship in the continuing saga of Francis Coppola. I happen to like the showmanship. And Coppola's extravagance has paid off often enough to earn him some indulgence. But it is as if the mere movie had been buried under it—like the mythical Las Vegas we see emerging from beneath the desert sand in the gorgeous main-title sequence that begins *One From the Heart*.

One From the Heart: *Kinski, Forrest in Francis Coppola's Las Vegas.*

The movie that follows tells the slightest of love stories, about a working-class couple (Frederic Forrest and Teri Garr) who quarrel, separately meet dazzling new possibilities (Nastassia Kinski for him, Raul Julia for her), almost succumb, but at the last moment do not. Obligingly, the dawn spreads over Las Vegas.

I've given this more shape and snap than it seems to have on the screen. Between the boy-loses-girl beginning and the boy-gets-girl ending, very little actually happens. Coppola's electronic editing techniques for juxtaposing images (lap dissolves, windows, back projection, partial wipes—whatever the technology, it all looks like the movies of the 1930s) don't make up for lack of action. But what they make up *into* has a certain validity of its own. Anyone who admires *One From the Heart*, as I rather do, will have to admire mainly the way it looks, the extraordinary combination of Francis Coppola's thinking, Dean Tavoularis's production design, and Vittorio Storaro's beautiful photography.

Coppola built his own Las Vegas, which looks something like the original, something like the setting of Fellini's *Amarcord,* and just a little like the imaginative environmental sculptures of the American artist Red Grooms. From its glittering casinos to its modest bungalows, everything comes bathed in neon splendor. Outside each window, across every front yard, there flashes another invitation to nearby adventure. And so the dream of travel, of romantic escape to Bora Bora—chief conflict between Teri Garr and Frederic Forrest—seems slightly academic, like every other major gesture in the film.

One From the Heart is in a sense a musical. That is, there's music, by Tom Waits, and there are songs sung by Waits and Crystal Gayle. There's even a big production number of sorts, right in the middle of Las Vegas. But there is none of the before-the-camera singing and dancing, none of the visible hard work and discipline that traditionally earns a musical its sense of exhilaration. Although the moods of Coppola's movie are rich, varied, sometimes heartbreakingly lovely, it is as if they had been bought rather than worked for. Under different circumstances this might have turned out a lean, inventive sleeper, a discovery on the studio back lot—instead of the too emphatic evocation of the studio back lot it happens to be.

Victor Victoria, on the other hand, works hard enough. Julie Andrews sings and dances. Robert Preston preens and struts and sings and dances. A cast of dozens preens, struts, sings, dances, and raises hell. And if it doesn't all quite add up, it at least gives a lot of pleasure in the counting. For Blake Edwards, *Victor Victoria* almost redeems the misjudged, unfunny satire of his recent *S.O.B.* In an odd way, it combines the lovely generosity of his greatly underrated *Darling Lili* with some of the comic style of his Inspector Clouseau movies.

The combination works. What perhaps doesn't work are the assumptions behind a plot that has the down-and-out singer Victoria Grant (Julie Andrews) miraculously taking 1920s Paris by storm by pretending to be a man pretending to be a woman in transvestite cabaret. Masterminding her transformation is another entertainer—Robert Preston as a very gay Carroll Todd. But an admirer, an improbably innocent Chicago gangster (James Garner), sees through it. Of course they'll get together, and all will be straightened out before the film is over.

The essence of this kind of action is embarrassment, comic discomfort over mistaken sexual identity. But nowadays, what is a mistake? And who is going to make jokes about it? Not, at least most of the time, Blake Edwards. Which leaves a certain void in the middle of a movie energetically searching for ways to be funny. There are gains as well as losses in this. Preston's marvelous characterization is one—devoid of condescension or fake moralizing, and full of good-humored, ironic

Victor Victoria: *Robert Preston, Julie Andrews, and James Garner in Blake Edwards's Paris.*

Director Margarethe von Trotta.

gallantry instead. But you are left, somewhat as you are left in *One From the Heart,* searching around the edges for values that should have been central.

However, what you'll find around the edges may be quite miraculous. There is always Julie Andrews's British aplomb. There are the slow burns of some minor comedians—an Edwards specialty. Above all, there is his instinct for pulling the camera *away* from some particularly engaging situations, so that a riot over a cockroach in a respectable restaurant will suddenly be seen whole, from outside the windows and across the street, transformed from raucous slapstick into a beautiful, funny, silently chaotic frieze.

The German husband-and-wife team of Volker Schlöndorff and Margarethe von Trotta has been making movies since the late 1960s, together or separately, with a fair measure of success in America. Schlöndorff is best known for his adaptation of Gunter Grass's *The Tin Drum.* But I prefer his collaborations with von Trotta, especially *A Free Woman* (1972), in which she stars, and the striking 1975 political melodrama *The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum.* Now he has a film, ***Circle of Deceit***, which may get some recognition, and she has a better one, ***Sisters***, which perhaps won't. His is about the fighting in contemporary Lebanon; hers is about human relationships. It's the old movie-theme conflict of big subject versus little subject. An unequal battle: big subject gets the prizes, but little subject almost always wins.

Circle of Deceit stars Bruno Ganz and Hanna Schygulla and has location shooting in Beirut, much bloodshed, some sex, and a whole supporting cast of predictable leftist European pieties—pro-Palestinian, anti-Lebanese-Christian, mildly anti-Israeli. Though one should never quibble at a chance to see Hanna Schygulla, I have trouble figuring why she turns up in Beirut (supposedly playing an Arab's widow), except for the purpose of making a movie.

While *Circle of Deceit* is topical, sensational, ultimately exploitative, *Sisters* quietly explores the texture of some lives. It stars a very wonderful actress I've never seen before, Jutta Lampe, as Maria, a competent young career woman supporting a highly emotional kid sister, who one day kills herself in a privately theatrical fit of despair. Maria takes in another girl, from her office, someone more self-reliant. But the cycle of dependency begins again, with ghostly echoes, until Maria realizes (too neatly) that it is *her* dependency, and that she needs not a sister but a fuller understanding of the sisters in herself.

As with many German films, the insights behind all this at a certain point give way to thesis, and the very real sympathy that *Sisters* shares with Maria must succumb to fairly standard ideas about emotional good health. But that doesn't cripple a film that for most of its length admires a life lived with efficiency, prudence, and good sense. Maria ranks among the most engaging portraits I've seen in the movies, more engaging than the giddy girls who cling to her, whose messy lives I think we are supposed to prefer.

Sisters actually prefers order, seemliness, the quite sexy reticence of cool—but not cruel—Maria. You can sense that preference everywhere, but especially in its feeling for spare living spaces, or for the restfully exhilarating perspectives of its flat seacoast horizons.—*Roger Greenspun*

WORDS

WHITE PRINCESS

The underground princesses are surfacing. One by one, they're flouncing out with lurid tales of high explosives, nasty safehouses, and going to the mattresses with sadistic, revolutionary Svengalis. Major fugitive bummers include caring for contact lenses, a dearth of hot baths, and leftist, macho pigs who pay only lip service to female equality. Going underground is not more fun than having a deb party, no matter what people said in the 1960s. That much Patty Hearst and Jane Alpert have proven. So if you think you missed out by failing to become involved in radical politics, to overthrow the government, or to at least torch one savings-and-loan company, the following two books will make you think again.

As a historical document, ***Every Secret Thing*** (Doubleday), by Patricia Campbell Hearst with Alvin Moscow, is fascinating and, I think, thoroughly believable. It is a blow-by-blow account of the events preceding the Hearst kidnapping, and the abduction itself, the period leading up to and including her arrest, trial, and incarceration. *Every Secret Thing* is a monument to the twisted power of American journalistic hype, to the milk-fed insanity of the American revolutionary, and, of course, to the maniacal stupidity of the FBI.

Briefly, Hearst's case for her innocence involves five major stages: (1) She was kidnapped. A nineteen-year-old of little life experience, she was violently seized by the Symbionese Liberation Army, six societal misfits turned on by Marxism, Leninism, guns, bad food, and the so-called needs of the poor, a radical cadre of whom she had no prior knowledge and with whom she had no prior dealings until they broke down her door that fateful day in 1974. (2) She was kept blindfolded in a closet for fifty-seven days, during which she was continually indoctrinated with revolutionary propaganda, warned with death threats, and broken mentally by a transistor radio blaring disco music at top volume. By the time she emerged

Rick Browne/Liaison Agency

Hearst as wife and mother.

from the closet, Hearst contends, she was pretty much pulp. (3) In the period after the closet, and leading up to the Hibernia Bank robbery, she was constantly watched and subjected to intensive military training by the egomaniacal martinet Cinque. Her personal terror of the man, combined with the amount of TV time and press coverage devoted to him and his shoddy band, convinced her of his complete power and the necessity of becoming involved in the bank robbery to stay alive. (4) Once the pictures from the bank camera were published, the American press immediately turned against her and Cinque was easily able to persuade her that the FBI would shoot her on sight. (5) Absent from the safehouse, ironically, on the day that the FBI surrounded it, Hearst watched the confrontation on live TV. When the FBI, who thought she was inside,

failed to take any precautions for her safety or even to say, "Patty Hearst, come out with your hands up" or the like, she became convinced that everything Cinque had told her was correct: she was, indeed, an enemy of the state.

Now begins the missing year, when, with the two surviving members of the SLA, Teko and Yolanda, and with Wendy Yoshimura, Hearst wandered across America, committing another bank heist and hiding from the law. This is the famous period when she was relatively free to escape and didn't try—and, worst of all, didn't call her parents. If she was totally innocent, why didn't she call her parents?

Some would say this is where the book falls down. For a personal memoir, there is, curiously, nothing personal about it. No soul-searching. No Freudian analysis of Hearst's hidden angst. *Nada*. Just the facts and some words at the end about brainwashing technique. But the absence of mea culpa seems refreshing to me. Hearst's situation is so complex that it will probably be years before she herself figures it out. Thank God we've been spared the pop psychology.

What does bother me, where the book really fails both the reader and Hearst, is its neglecting to recreate the climate of the time (1974) in which the kidnapping took place. The historical moment is crucial to understanding both America's and Hearst's reactions to the event. Watergate, the shameful denouement of the Vietnam War, this aura of white-collar crime, are what gave revolutionaries credence and power. This loss of respect for high-class authority is what made America nasty and unforgiving to the daughter of one of her wealthiest and most important men. If there is to be no pat psychological answer, there must at least be historical context. Without it the book seems coldly truncated, and, in view of Hearst's sardonic description of the SLA, almost unbelievable today.

We are left with questions. Why didn't Hearst call her parents? Why was it so easy for her to fire a machine gun? Did she really join the SLA? Did she prefer being Tania to being Patty Hearst? The answers, although complex, are, I think, sadly clear.

The hostage crisis in Iran taught us something we didn't know when Hearst was kidnapped: the American press is easily manipulated and more easily duped. It doesn't take much. Cinque's brilliant strokes—the tapes, using Hearst in the bank robbery right before the cameras, giving her a new, militant name—these Maoist tactics offered the American press a piece of candy they couldn't refuse, even though it was obvious a child molester was doing the offering.

Hearst paints herself as a sheltered cipher who, upon being kidnapped, went into the submissive position and never came out of it. She just kept doing what her captors told her to do, even after they were no longer there to tell her to do it. I don't see why everyone finds this so hard to believe. I once did an article on prostitution in which I asked many women, who had been put on the streets at very young ages by pimps, how long it took them to adjust to what I found a terrifying day-to-day life: walking the back streets of New York and having sex with strange men in truly ugly and frightening massage parlors and fleabag hotels. Incredibly enough, many of them answered identically, and I quote: "Ten days." Ten days to learn to fuck for a living, and this without the full fury of the American press and the FBI to help them get used to it. If you can teach a woman to be a prostitute, you can teach her to be a soldier in the SLA. It's just a different turn of the screw.

I think Patty enjoyed being Tania. She certainly wasn't Patty Hearst anymore, and there was some glory, at least, in being Tania. As to why she didn't call her parents, well, I think the answer is simple. In a situation as complex and dangerous and emotionally confounding as Patty's, the sad truth seems to be that there was no one—not her parents, her sisters, or her friends—with whom she had a strong enough relationship to put it to the test.

Jane Alpert has no one to blame. In 1969 she was arrested and charged with bombing several government and corporate buildings associated with the Vietnam War. She subsequently jumped bail and went underground.

There is nothing moving, illuminating, or even provocative about her biography ***Growing Up Underground*** (Morrow). It merely confirms what Hearst alleges about the peculiarly American type of revolutionary: their fervor comes out of a neurotic twist in the Wonder Bread years and from no life-and-death need for political change. The Vietnam War was a worthy cause, and the bombing of the Whitehall Induction Center gave my male friends some peace for a time. So I give her that. But really, anal sex with Sam Melville and the revelation that Mark Rudd was a chauvinist pig seem embarrassing in light of the present Polish situation. I'm glad she embraced feminism, but I don't care much. The one thing I have always wondered about she doesn't explain: how Kathy Boudin managed to vanish nude on Eleventh Street after the brownstone blew up. Did she hail a cab?

Going underground and the attendant squabbling between hidden revolutionaries reminds me of est. It's something to do without doing anything. Commitment to commitment. Arranging to meet takes up half the time, and the other half is spent on wording the manifestos, manifestos that mean nothing to those not in the cause.

Isn't it super that Alpert was able to do her time, write a book, appear on talk shows, and drop right back in where she dropped out? If only Lech Walesa could do the same. —*Emily Prager*

AP

Rebel without much of a cause: Jane Alpert after being sentenced to jail.

CONSUMER GOODS

If you're a do-it-yourselfer who can't figure out how, then you're probably into how-to books. Today there's a title for every ambitious incompetent: *How to Be a Successful Private Eye*, *How to Avoid Probate*, *How and Where to Prospect for Gold*, *How to Make Your Own Alcohol Fuel* (that one sold 100,000 copies in less than a year).

How-to books are written by conservatives, and they generally play it safe. Take ***Get Out of Debt Now*** (Little, Brown) by Fred Graver. The first step in beating the plastic habit, offers Graver, is locking up your credit cards. Conquer your "wall of fear" by getting tough with collection agencies. What he lacks in originality the man makes up for in banality.

Gerald Krefetz is bullish on oil, genetic engineering, energy, and telecommunications in ***The Smart Investor's Guide*** (A&W), a title not to be confused with *The Dumb Investor's Guide*. Krefetz covers his bets by offering a word of advice to anyone who's never cracked the *Wall Street Journal*: the stock market is not an exact science. Thanks, Gerald.

Investing at the Racetrack (Simon & Schuster) is written under the pseudonym William L. Scott, who says that the track is the same as betting on stocks. Our bet is that Scott is really Mr. Krefetz, cranking out two books under deadline.

James T. Friedman's new ***The Divorce Handbook*** (Random House) tells you how to find a lawyer, when you should call him, how to relate to *his* secretary, and what to wear in court. Absolutely indispensable.

The Cocaine Handbook (And/Or) by David Lee will make you an expert. Lee tells you everything about the great white stuff, right down to its origins in the Andes and its molecular structure. Our favorite chapters were the ones on testing for purity, adding and determining adulterants, and cocaine's effect on your sex life. Too bad it's all written for junkies in remedial reading. But then you can't knock a man for knowing his audience.—*Karen Schwarz*

SOUNDS

AN ALTERED STATE

Here's a quick musical quiz. Ready? Okay: Which of America's fifty states is the get-down-and-party funk capitol of the world *and* the birthplace of rock's new wave? New York? Guess again. California? Nope. Uh . . . Chi-town in Illinois? Michigan—the Motor City? Wrong. The answer is . . . *Ohio*?

Yes, Ohio. You're surprised? Maybe a little history lesson is in order. Funk-wise, Ohio got a head start on the rest of the country in 1958 when the Cincinnati-based King record company signed an exclusive contract with a young singer named James Brown. Brown developed from a torch-mouthed gospel screamer into the granddaddy of that funky beat while recording for King. In the sixties, along came a new crop of Ohio funksters. The Ohio Players were one of the first and best self-contained funk bands, and one of their early members, Walter ("Junie") Morrison, went on to write the funk anthem "One Nation Under a Groove" for Parliament-Funkadelic. And during the last few years there's been a phalanx of Ohio funk bands storming up the best-seller charts, spearheaded by two groups from Dayton, **Slave** and **Lakeside**.

Back in the mid-seventies, around the time the Ohio Players were starting to kick up their heels in earnest, strange noises began to be heard in the vicinity of Cleveland and Akron. Most Ohio rock musicians were as enamored of heavy metal as other midwesterners, but not the fellows in Devo, Pere Ubu, and Tin Huey. These bands launched a concerted attack on all that was false, bloated, and predictable in mainstream rock, Devo with jerky robot rhythms (insidiously applied to rock standards like "Satisfaction" as well as to bizarre original compositions), Pere Ubu and Tin Huey with bursts of abrasive industrial noise. And lately, Ohio has spawned a second wave of new bands—such as the **Waitresses** and the **Human Switchboard**.

But why Ohio? What's so special about the place? For one thing, there's heavy industry—rubber, steel. Factory towns like Cleveland, Dayton, and Akron were drawing whites and blacks from the poverty-stricken foothills of Appalachia as early as World War I, and where there were factory jobs, and factory workers drawing weekly paychecks, there were bars and clubs and party music. The founding members of Lakeside, for example, were professional musicians by the time they were sixteen or seventeen; there were that many musical jobs in their native Dayton. "We did just about everything," Lakeside vocalist Mark Wood recalls, "playing one-nighters, opening for name acts that came into the Dayton area, gigging here, gigging there. Those early years in the trenches gave us a real education."

In larger industrial cities like Chicago and Detroit, black factory workers tended to live in huge black enclaves, like Chicago's South Side and West Side ghettos. The music that was popular in those areas was hard-core black music, blues and soul, and that was what younger musicians heard when they were growing up. Ohio's industrial cities have experienced their share of racial segregation and discrimination, but in many cases black and white workers toiled side by side and crowded in near each other in marginal neighborhoods. The music young musicians were exposed to tended to reflect this relatively advanced degree of integration. Otis Stokes, another of Lakeside's four lead vocalists, gained early musical experience singing gospel and playing the saxophone in soul bands, but he lists Yes and Rod Stewart among his most important musical influences. Lakeside's Mark Wood says his early inspirations included the Beatles.

After cutting a 1977 album that didn't live up to the band's potential, Lakeside relocated in Los Angeles, expanded to its present nine-man lineup, and signed with Solar. Since then there have been four Lakeside albums. The first three went gold, and the latest, *Your Wish Is My Command*, shows signs of becoming an even bigger

Patty Donahue of Waitresses.

hit. Onstage, the group has displayed a fondness for extravagant costuming—they were black cowboys when they toured to promote their 1979 *Rough Riders* album, and in 1981 they dressed as pirates when performing material from that year's *Fantastic Voyage*. The inside cover of *Your Wish Is My Command* finds them costumed as Arabian potentates. But Lakeside's music has never been as trendy as the group looks. It's a solid blend of the musicians' Ohio influences, and that means a funky, fatback R & B bottom with four-part, pop-rock harmonies on top. The most striking performance on *Your Wish Is My Command* is a deliberate, slowed-down,

A tribute to Dayton: Slave is one of the best party bands in the business.

drastically rearranged version of the Beatles' "I Want to Hold Your Hand," with soulful lead vocals, sweet harmony singing, and a crunching funk rhythm. The song's blend of elements perfectly encapsulates Lakeside's fusion of black and white pop idioms—a fusion that's the direct result of growing up in Dayton.

Slave's latest album, *Showtime* (Atlantic), is a funkier, harder record. There are a few string arrangements and a couple of sweet soul ballads, but primarily Slave is a party band, one of the best in the business. *Showtime*'s most attractive assets are its huge, booting bass sound and steamroller momentum; the album climaxes with a tribute to Dayton, which has been rechristened "Funken Town" by funk musicians everywhere.

There's a taste of funk in the dance rhythms laid down by Akron's Waitresses on their first album, *Wasn't Tomorrow Wonderful?* (Polydor), but any further similarities to Ohio funk bands like Lakeside and Slave are purely coincidental. The Waitresses are the brainchild of Chris Butler, a gifted guitarist, songwriter, and producer who helped spearhead the first wave of Akron bizarros as one of the prime movers in the legendary Tin Huey. But these are the eighties, not the seventies, and Butler has changed his strategy.

Tin Huey was a sonic barrage, an assault on the mellowed-out FM-radio sensibilities of the mid-seventies. The Waitresses carefully mix hints of Tin Huey's wacko extremism into a more lyrical, pop-oriented sound, and they sport an exceptionally attractive lead vocalist in Patty Donahue. But the songs are Butler's, and there's an edge to them. Basically, they're songs about love and sex, and Butler has attempted to write them from a woman's point of view. He's been surprisingly successful. "I Know What Boys Like," an infuriating tease of a song, is already a dance-floor hit in rock clubs across the country; it's guaranteed to get your dander up if you're a macho-type guy, but since a guy wrote it, it ends up making you think. In another song, Butler's female protagonist, played to the hilt by Donahue, wonders why she keeps falling for men who aren't right for her—"Another one that's crazy/Another one gets obsessive/Another one gets dependent and thinks I have the answers"—and concludes with a giggle: "Is there something else that's as fun as running with trouble? I can't go on . . . I'll go on." There's equally incisive wit on practically every one of the Waitresses album's eleven songs. If this is what eighties rock is going to be like—and the rock of the late seventies was heavily influenced by the pioneering early recordings of Pere Ubu and other Ohio bands—then eighties rock is going to be smart, sexy, tuneful, perverse; in other words, lots of fun.

Brilliant as the Waitresses are at their best, they don't quite approach the emotional intensity or musical creativity of the Cleveland-based Human Switchboard, which has been called "one of the finest rock bands in this or any country" (*Soho News*), "one of America's best bands" (*New York Rocker*), and the like for several years now. Though there's some superficial similarity to the early Velvet Underground, the Human Switchboard has created a distinctive brand of rock psychodrama, a musical depiction of intense and constantly shifting emotional states that spares no one and cuts so close to the bone it can stop a full-tilt party dead in its tracks.

Just when the Switchboard is careening along like an express train, with Bob Pfeifer flailing away at his guitar, Myran Marcarian wrestling billows of sound out of her Farfisa organ, and Ron Metz laying down a pummeling, irresistible dance beat on drums, the whole thing suddenly grinds to a halt, just long enough for Pfeifer to deliver a punishing punch line. The Human Switchboard has known the underside of industrial Ohio. "In this town," Pfeifer sings, "no one has to tell the kids they're broke/Before they're old enough to break it to themselves." But love-hate relationships are the subject he explores with the most devastating candor.

Who's Landing in My Hangar? (Faulty Products), the Human Switchboard's first album, is a rock-'n'-roll masterpiece that's been overlooked by the general public but keeps finding new listeners, principally by word of mouth. The band was strong enough to make a first album two or three years ago, and if they'd relocated in New York or Los Angeles, they probably would have. But they're staying in Ohio. "Around here," Pfeifer says, "you have to play for all kinds of people—college kids at beer busts, people in local bars, heavy-metal fans, people who would rather hear the Eagles. You have to learn to draw those people into what you're doing, and that makes you much stronger as a band. You can't get that kind of experience playing to trendy types in New York or L.A. The best thing about living in Cleveland is that nothing is going on. You find you have a lot of free time, and you can put it into writing songs, rehearsing—again, things that make bands stronger."

Can that be Ohio's secret—that nothing's going on? It sounds like there's a lot going on, and you can never tell when another Human Switchboard is going to pop out of the O-Hi-O woodwork. Stay tuned.—*Robert Palmer*

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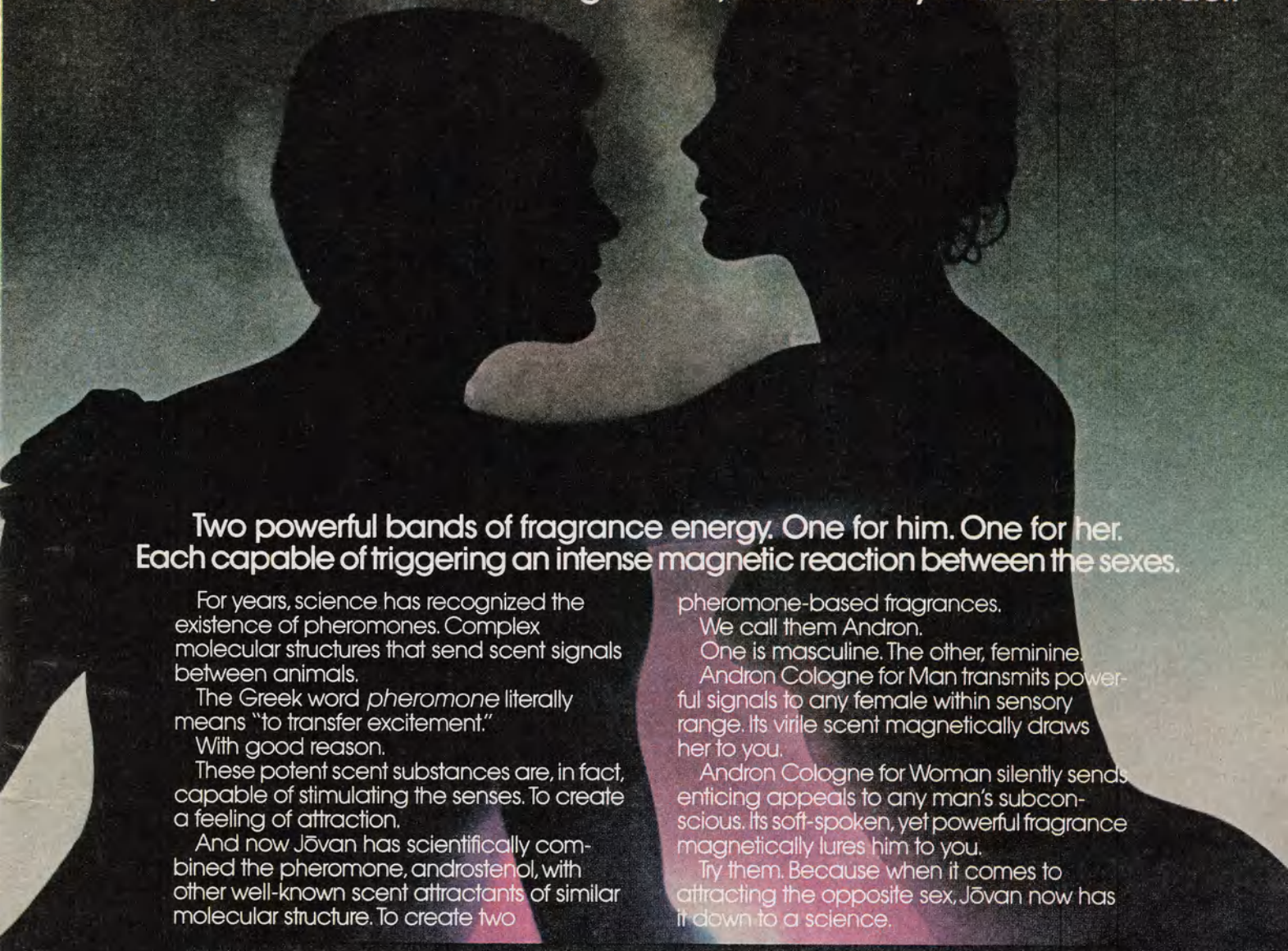

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SPACE WARS

BY ERNEST VOLKMAN

Killer satellites, laser weapons,
manned space stations, and electronic death rays—
these *Star Wars* fantasies
are all too real, and next time the Force
may not be with us.

ILLUSTRATION BY DON IVAN PUNCHATZ

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There were only a few people awake in the pre-dawn darkness of the small town of Yellowknife, in Canada's Northwest Territories. It was bitterly cold that morning of January 24, 1978, when, in the clear sky, they saw a sight none of them will ever forget.

The sky suddenly lit up with what seemed to be a giant fire. In seconds a large ball colored deep red began falling to earth, trailed by pieces of debris. Pyrotechnic sparks of different colors flew from the flaming ball, trailed by a long, blue vapor trail. Then the fireball smashed to the ground with a loud thud.

These few, frightened people did not know it at the time, but they were watching an event of some importance to the future of mankind—a vivid demonstration of the war in space, a war normally invisible, thousands of miles over their heads. More specifically, they were witnessing the death of *Cosmos 954*, a Soviet spy satellite that had entered the atmosphere after its flight-guidance systems had malfunctioned.

The little town of Yellowknife enjoyed a brief worldwide notoriety as a result of that crash, as teams of searchers combed the frozen wastes surrounding the town for pieces of the destroyed satellite. After a while, the story of Yellowknife and the Russian satellite was forgotten. However frightening, what had happened in Yellowknife was officially described as one of those odd flukes of the space age: one of the many satellites the two great powers regularly send aloft had malfunctioned. Although it had a small nuclear reactor on board, it had burned up on reentry; so there was really nothing to worry about.

But here, *Penthouse* has learned, is what the good people of Yellowknife—and everybody else, for that matter—weren't told:

- *Cosmos 954*, as it entered the atmosphere, just barely missed smashing into the cities of Detroit and Miami only a few days before it finally impacted in the relatively unpopulated area of Canada. American experts, who had calculated that the satellite had a good chance of hitting either one of those cities, did not issue any public warning for fear of creating mass panic.
- *Cosmos 954*'s nuclear reactor, with 110 pounds of enriched U-235 isotopes, did not burn up entirely in the atmosphere. In fact, most of it smashed through the ice of a lake near Yellowknife and was later recovered. By luck, the U-235 did not explode, which would have set off an atomic-bomb-type blast somewhat larger in explosive power than the bomb that leveled Hiroshima.
- Despite official reassurances to the contrary, there has been extensive radiation leakage from the satellite crash site, with radioactive readings extending across an area of 18,000 square miles in Canada. Results of the subsequent scientific testing of the satellite debris have been classified secret.
- Although U.S. and Canadian officials claim to have found only about 100 pounds of satellite debris, in fact they found considerably more. The lower announced total was designed to conceal the fact that extensive analysis of some large pieces of the satellite's debris provided excellent intelligence information.
- Despite the official downplaying of any potential danger from nuclear-powered satellites, they are actually quite dangerous. The fail-safe mechanisms—devices to shut down the reactor system automatically in the event of trouble—are unreliable, and the three nuclear-powered satellites now in orbit—one American, two Russian—are in effect orbiting accidents waiting to happen. The Soviet nuclear satellites are especially dangerous, since they do not even have shields around their reactors. Moreover, at least five other satellites with some radioactive materials aboard have reentered the atmosphere during the past fourteen years, *Penthouse* has learned, although data on how much radioactivity was leaked into the atmosphere as a result have been classified top secret.

> As the damaged Soviet spy satellite tumbled closer and closer to earth, U.S. officials decided not to alert the public for fear that the announcement might create mass hysteria.

The importance of the *Cosmos 954* incident is that it provided a rare, firsthand look into what is rapidly becoming one of the most ominous developments in the long history of Soviet-American rivalry: extension of the arms race into space. Indeed, the militarization of space is now moving ahead so rapidly that it overshadows what was supposed to be mankind's original reason for reaching above the atmosphere: to explore the last frontier of space and understand the universe.

The plain truth is that what used to be known as the space race—the attempt by either side to reach one space-exploration goal or another before the other—is now almost exclusively a military race. Space has become simply another arena in the military rivalry between the two superpowers. A look at budget figures is instructive: about 40 percent of the nearly $15 billion the United States has spent on space in the past decade has been earmarked strictly for military projects, and much of the remainder has military implications (the space shuttle project is the chief example). Although there are no comparably reliable figures for the Soviet effort, CIA estimates are that the Russian spending is on about the same scale.

Military satellites are the most obvious examples of the growing militarization of space, and while they carry serious implications—especially satellites designed to provide greater command and control for so-called controlled nuclear warfare—there are some other military projects with much more frightening implications. Most are now in the drawing-board stage; although they've been tested on a small scale to demonstrate their feasibility. They include lasers beamed from orbiting satellites to destroy other satellites and incoming missile warheads; charged-particle-beam weapons to incinerate millions of acres at a time on earth; and manned space stations to wreck satellites and sow "space mines" in the orbital paths of the other side's space vehicles. None of these *Star Wars* projects are pipe dreams; all are now currently under development, and their deployment is only a matter of time.

Unless, of course, there are effective arms-control agreements to halt this pell-mell militarization of space. But there does not appear to be much hope of that. Since the dawning of the space race in 1957 with the launching of the Soviet *Sputnik*, there has been only one arms-control agreement setting some sort of limit on outer-space weaponry—the 1967 Outer Space Treaty, which prohibits only the stationing of nuclear weapons in orbit or on celestial bodies; it says nothing about beam and laser weapons, nor does it say anything about nuclear reactors in space or such things as killer satellites. Since 1978 both the Soviet Union and the U.S. have held desultory talks about limiting the military space race, but the last important session took place in early 1979, on killer-satellite programs—satellites designed to intercept and blow up other satellites—and no talks have been held since then.

Which means that at the moment, the race to arm in space is very nearly out of control. The first Reagan military budget called for a nearly 35-percent increase in funds devoted to space-war activities plus strong jumps in the money used to develop new generations of military satellites. Additionally, the U.S. has embarked on a billion-dollar program to cope with what is perceived as a widening Soviet lead in killer-satellite technology.

It is satellite technology that has for some years been the focus of the militarization of space. The major reason is that space technology is critical to intercontinental ballistic missiles, since their warheads are technically reentry vehicles, which are shot into space and then descend onto targets. Satellites are not only needed for guidance and detection of targets; they are also the chief means of modern surveillance of the other side's military activities. Additionally, they are

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critical for so-called early warning. Special American satellites, for example, overfly the Soviet Union with special infrared detection gear that can detect and measure the heat caused by the launching of a Soviet missile. (Although there can be dangerous slipups: a U.S. satellite's detection of what was believed to be an intense burst from a Soviet laser weapon caused a near panic in Washington until double-checking revealed that the satellite had been temporarily "blinded" by an explosion in a Soviet natural-gas pipeline.)

In the past decade, more than 1,700 satellites have been launched by the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. (joined recently by China and European powers), and more than 75 percent of them are for military purposes. Most of these satellites are used for surveillance; equipped with photographic and detection gear, they photograph military installations with advanced photo technology capable of spotting a golf ball on the ground from thousands of miles up, or television zoom lenses that can spot people walking on the streets of Moscow. The new-generation spy satellites, such as the CIA's Project 1010 series, transmit images in digital form to ground stations for instant monitoring, and are virtually space-borne television cameras. The images transmitted by the American spacecraft that flew past Jupiter and Saturn demonstrate just how good that technology can be. One major new development in surveillance satellites is the development of ocean-surveillance technology—satellites that can detect warships anywhere on the world's oceans and identify their type and size instantly. The U.S. Navy is now developing something else called RORSAT (Radar Ocean Reconnaissance Satellite), which detects electronic signals emitted by surface ships and then selects the ship's identity from a computer memory bank of all the world's warships. (In another program, highly classified, the navy is gradually working out the technology to detect even the deepest-diving submarines.)

These technological marvels have answered the need American intelligence has felt ever since the beginning of the cold war: that of finding out about military developments in the closed society that is the Soviet Union, where even street maps are considered state secrets. Before the space program, getting such intelligence was a major problem. In the late 1940s, for example, there was an American project called MOBY DICK, which utilized high-altitude balloon-borne cameras in an attempt to spy on Soviet military installations. That didn't work, and it was followed by a series of overflights by military reconnaissance planes, darting just inside the Russian borders and then out, before Russian fighters could react. Throughout the 1950s the American planes, joined by submarines that carried out dangerous infiltrations of Russian harbors to photograph Soviet installations through periscopes, in effect played a deadly game of hide-and-seek with the Russian air defenses. But the Russians gradually got the upper hand, and after the loss of nearly forty American reconnaissance planes—a disaster the Pentagon has covered up to this day—the entire project was abandoned. It was replaced by the ill-fated U-2 program, which in turn was replaced by the new generation of spy satellites.

Actually, the first American spy satellites came about virtually accidentally. America's launching of its first weather-monitoring satellite in 1960, known as *Tiros 1*, revealed the satellite's magnificent ability to monitor the world's weather—such monitoring is a staple of TV weather shows today—but there was an unexpected dividend: not only could the satellite's television cameras photograph weather patterns, but in areas where there was no cloud cover they inadvertently provided brilliantly clear pictures of activities on earth below—such as those of military installations. (In fact, one such early photograph clearly showed the serial numbers of Russian warplanes parked at a military air base.)

Such results shattered the long-held belief that earth's heavy atmosphere (and cloud cover) precluded detailed photo reconnaissance from space. The floodgates were opened, and since then satellite technology has exploded on both sides in the cold war. Since 1970, more than 1,700 military satellites have been launched into space, just slightly more than half of them Russian. They come in all shapes and sizes: early-warning satellites to detect missile firings; "ferret" satellites that swoop low and record radio transmissions; navigational satellites for warships and submarines; huge spy satellites like the American "Big Bird," whose zoom television lens can record even the minutest detail; and high-resolution photo satellites (one picture produced by this kind of satellite clearly showed the headline on a newspaper being read by a man sitting in his backyard in Leningrad).

More than 80 percent of the several thousand satellites circling earth at any given moment are military. Those satellites have become vital to the military of both sides. And since they have become so vital, it was almost inevitable that this relatively peaceful area of the military race in space would escalate to the next step: how do you get rid of the other guy's satellites?

Nearly fifteen years ago, the U.S. began a secret project known as SAINT to explore the possibility of satellite destruction devices. The program was finally dropped as scientifically unfeasible, but on October 20, 1968, interest was revived by an odd occurrence 500 miles up in space. *Cosmos 249*, a Russian spy satellite, was launched, and it followed its predicted orbit. But several days later it suddenly

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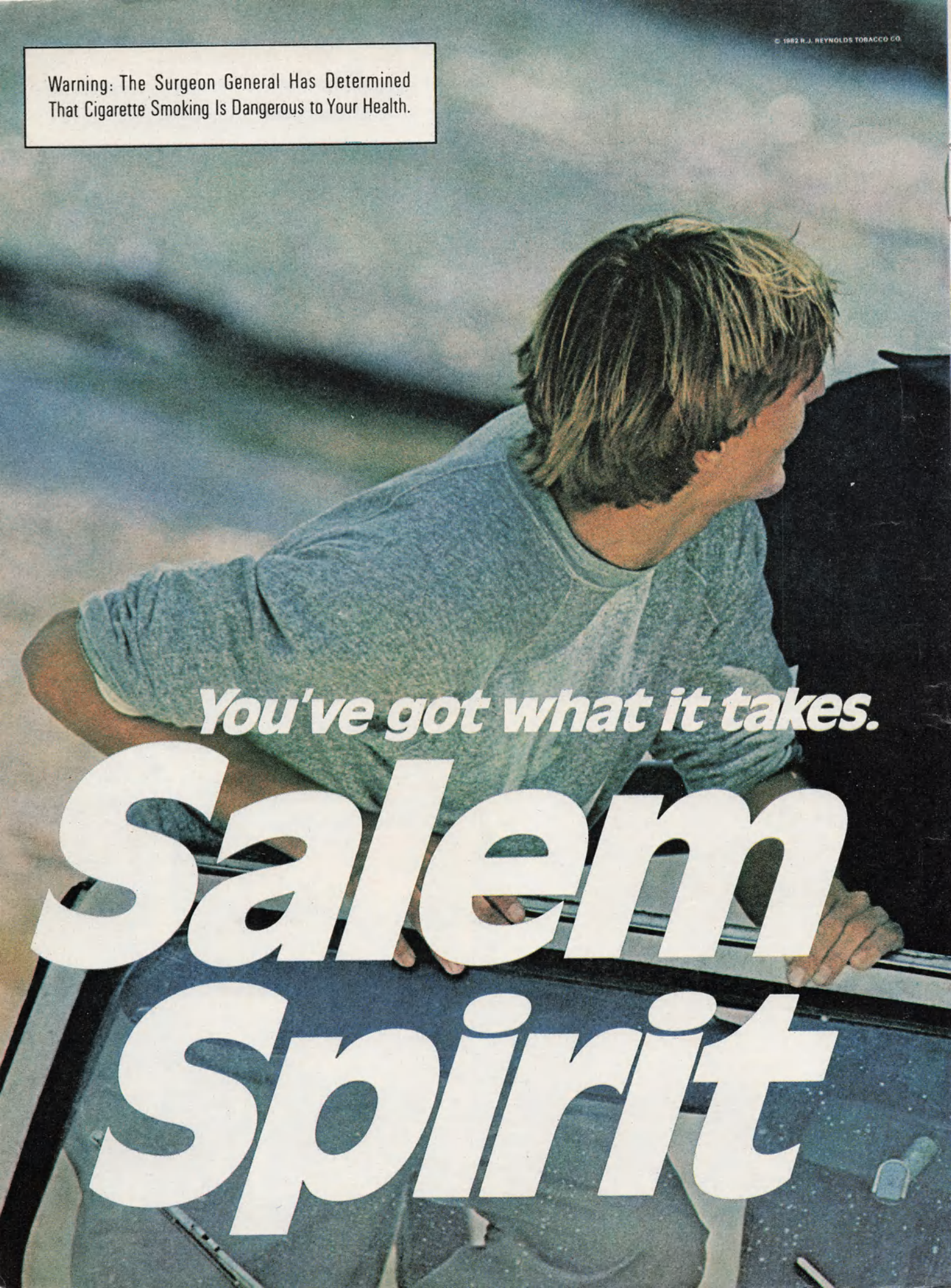
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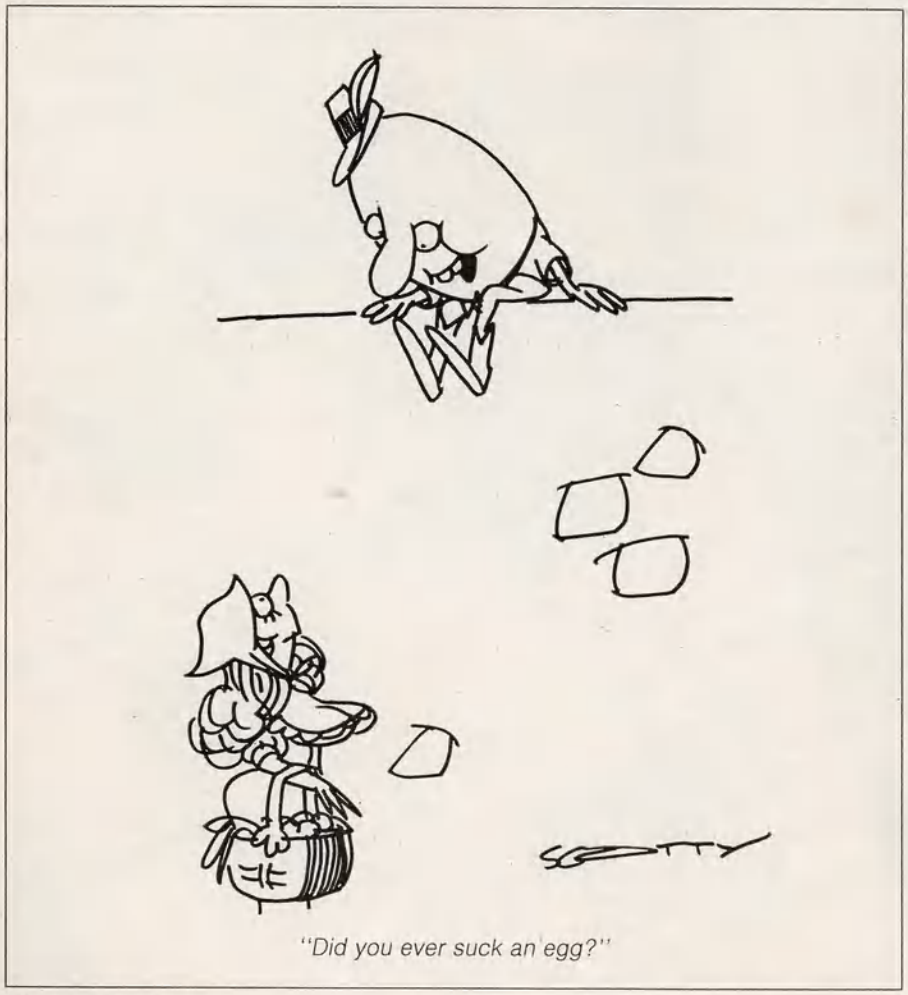
jumped out of its orbit, moved near another Russian satellite called *Cosmos 248*, in a neighboring orbit, and then exploded.

Obviously, the explosion was no accident; controllers on the ground had maneuvered the satellite and set off the detonation. Two months later a similar experiment took place, conclusive evidence that the Russians were testing a "killer satellite" system. That has now set off a technological race to develop not only superior "killer" systems but also systems to "harden" satellites against such attacks. One American program, for example, is developing the use of a bizarre liquefied metal that can be shot from a satellite that has been maneuvered near another satellite; the metal, which hardens on impact, destroys the target satellite's guidance system.

This year the Pentagon is spending almost $200 million to develop anti-satellite and satellite-protection systems. One system under development, known as a "direct-ascent" system, uses a cylinder containing a non-nuclear warhead. Launched from a jet fighter at a high altitude, the warhead would be guided toward the satellite target by an infrared homing device. Another system utilizes the Miniature Homing Intercept Vehicle: a small space vehicle equipped with infrared sensors that would seek out satellites and ram them. The idea is to have fleets of them, zooming all over space and ramming enemy satellites, like a herd of crazed male sheep. According to Pentagon and CIA estimates, the Russians are spending considerably more on their own anti-satellite program and during the past decade have launched thirteen target satellites and fifteen interceptors to demonstrate the feasibility of maneuvering explosives-packed satellites near other satellites and then blowing them up. The Russians are also supposed to be developing a "peekaboo" satellite that can maneuver close to another satellite and determine, with its sensors, whether it contains any nuclear weapons.

Whether the Russians are in fact building such a satellite is really not the crucial issue; the point is that the arms race in satellite technology means fundamentally that both sides will simply build bigger and more "hardened" satellites to cope with increasingly sophisticated "killers." That means, inevitably, a race between defense and offense, with each side spinning out even wilder schemes. (Now in the discussion stage are plans to develop "monster" satellites equipped with their own rocket and laser defense systems, which can destroy any other satellite that threatens them.) More ominous, there is now serious developmental work under way in this country (and presumably the Soviet Union) on plans to use lasers or charged-particle beams aboard "super-killer" satellites. Still other schemes envision the use of space stations or space shuttles for satellite destruction—astronauts, using mechanical arms, would seize the orbiting satellites and either capture or destroy them on the spot.



"Did you ever suck an egg?"

The growing military tinge to the American space shuttle is only another symptom of the militarization of space and puts the lie to any talk of "peaceful uses of outer space." In the American program, the Pentagon has contributed about one-sixth of the shuttle's development cost, and about 40 percent of the shuttle's initial flights are in fact test flights for various military missions. The Pentagon's interest in the space shuttle is not, as is commonly supposed, due to the military's thinking that it would make a great platform for space-borne or -based weapons. Actually, the shuttle's importance to the Pentagon stems from its ability to enhance military satellites. Most important, the shuttle can launch a greater payload and volume. Moreover, the shuttle not only allows recovery and refurbishing of satellites for reuse, it also provides the ability to repair satellites in orbit. The U.S. Air Force is now developing a more powerful upper-stage rocket for the shuttle that will allow the craft to reach higher orbital altitudes (where several new-generation military communications and spy satellites, which require higher orbits, can be placed).

The Russians are developing their own space shuttle, with equivalent military implications. Called "Kosmolylot," it is very similar to the U.S. space shuttle. The development of the Soviet shuttle is also similar to the U.S. program in that it represents only the first step in what military planners hope will be a whole new generation of advanced space-based sensor technologies for the observation, identification, and tracking of all military targets both in space and on earth—along with new systems that could destroy those targets. Current plans call for the building by space-shuttle astronauts of a giant satellite incorporating all surveillance systems, to include antennas for imaging and tracking radars, communications, and electronic-surveillance systems up to 200 yards in diameter.

The implications of such a giant system are twofold. First, there is the simple fact that such a critical piece of space machinery will become a critical target, which means that a whole series of anti-killer satellite and other defenses also have to be deployed. Again, this would set off a race between escalating defensive and offensive systems. Such a race has no end; a new space system is built, then the other side builds a bigger and better system to beat it, followed by a new defense, and so on.

Second, and even more significant, is the question of what happens when one of these big systems blows up far above our heads. What happens, for example, when a satellite-killer system blows up another satellite that just happens to be powered

CONTINUED ON PAGE 148

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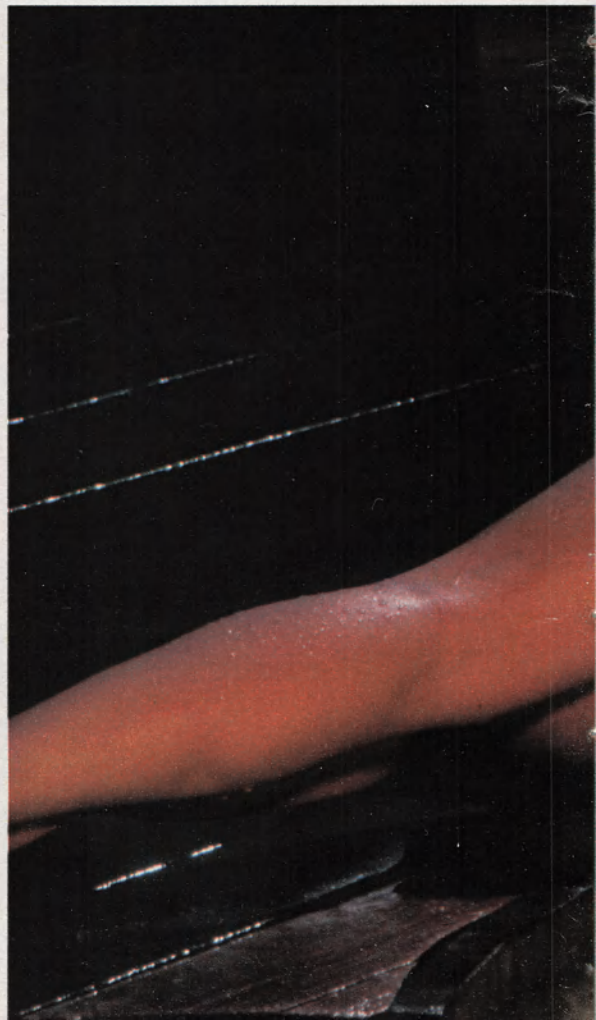


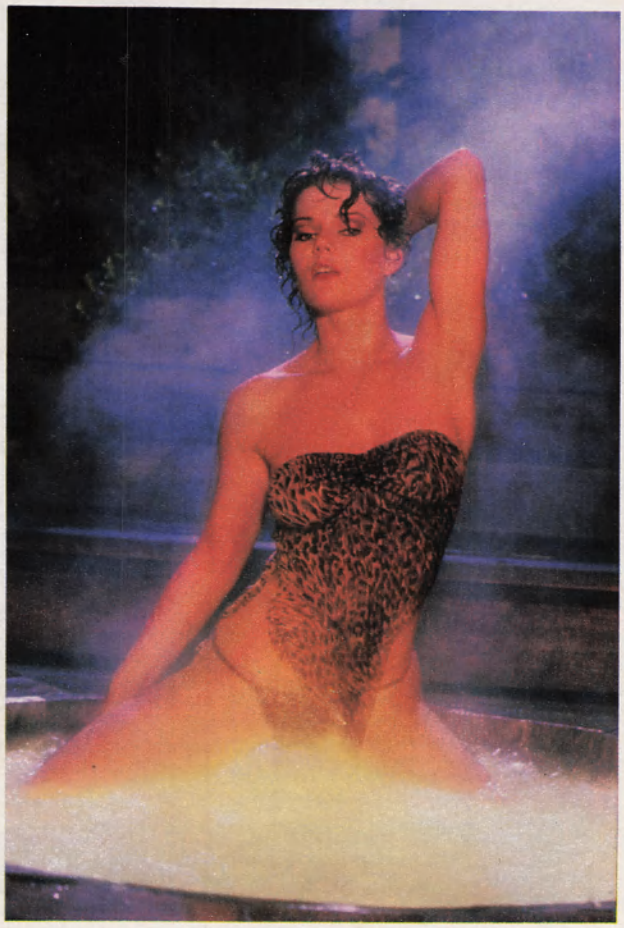
"I like men who have "Slow Hands" and strong hands, and who'll pay me a lot of attention—with every part of their body..."

HARD DAY'S NIGHT

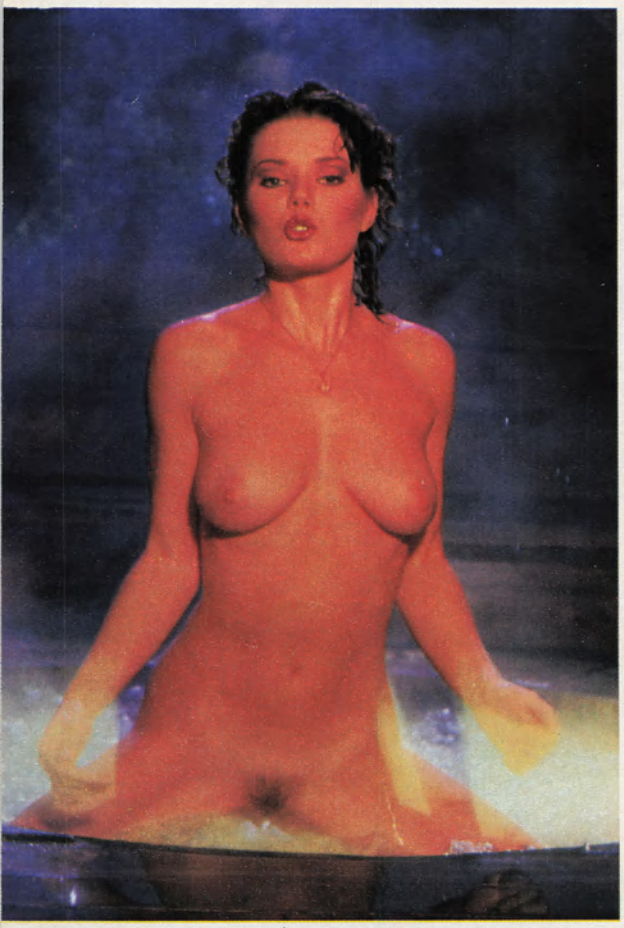
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN COPELAND

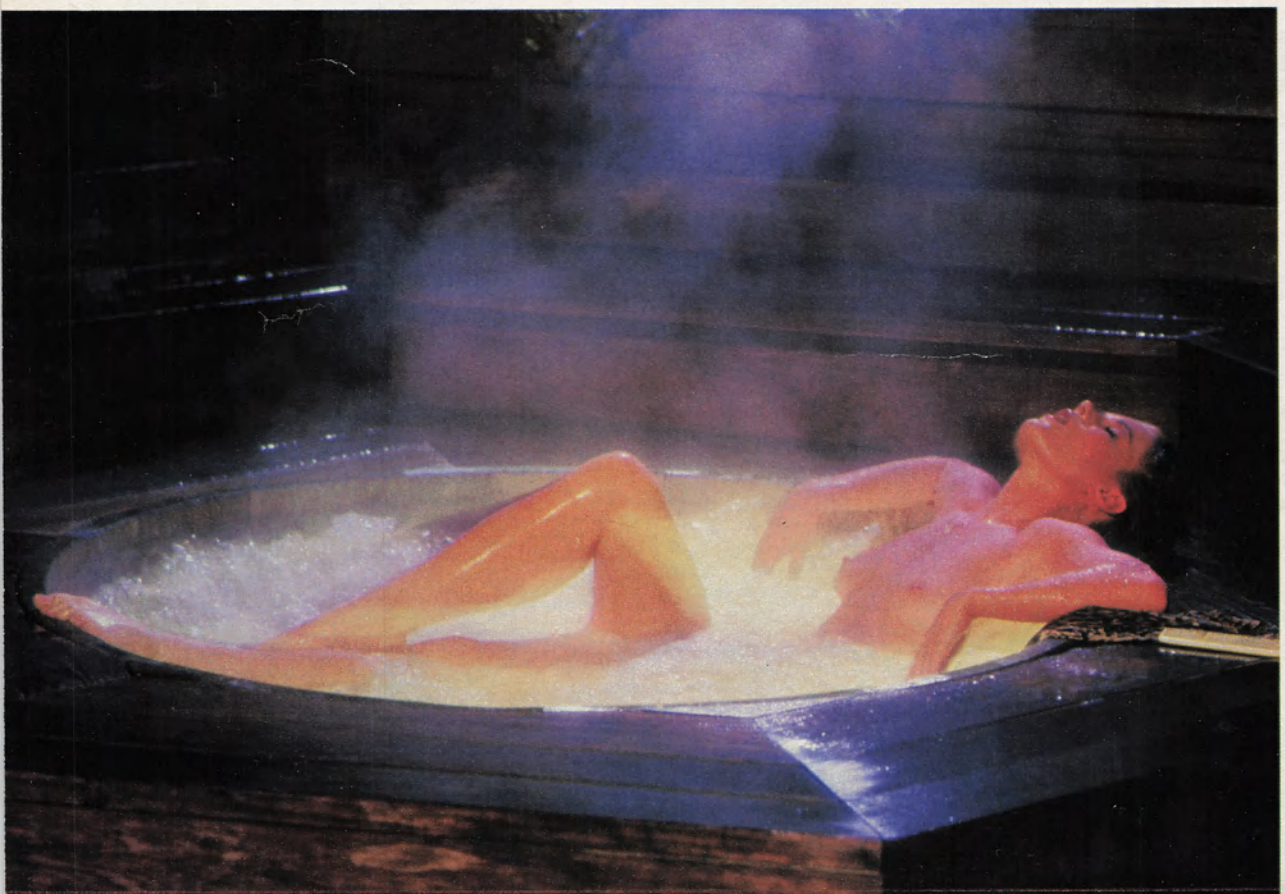
Rorie Fay is an exercise instructor by trade, but music is her life. Even after a hard day's workout at the gym, she finds the energy to play all night, holding court at her favorite local rock palace. In her previous life, she studied classical ballet at the Toronto Dance Theater, but our whirling dervish resented the structure and discipline. "I had so much pent-up energy," she recalls, "I just wanted to pull out all the stops—and go!" With that, she jiggles exuberantly, causing the keyboard on her T-shirt to execute an eye-catching riff.

"I'm no intellectual. I agree with Olivia Newton-John's 'Let's Get Physical' philosophy." She demonstrates, in a fetching gesture involving her leopard-skin loincloth...



Another hit song, "Slow Hands," extols the quality our Pet prizes the most in a lover. "As the traffic cops say, 'What's your hurry, mister?' "





"And another thing," she adds, "he has to have strong hands, too, because nothing stimulates me more than a thorough massage to work out all the tensions."

"I like men who will pay me a lot of attention, with *every* part of their body..." Strange as it seems, Rorie's wildest escapade wasn't in bed, but onstage...

Clothes and accessories compliments of Let It Rock, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.; Hair by Erwin Sanchez; Makeup by Alicia Raskind

She dressed up as a bird and "hatched" from a giant egg during a boyfriend's rock concert. Which answers that age-old question–obviously, the chick came first.

THE 10 MOST BIZARRE SEX CRIMES OF THE 20TH CENTURY

BY PATRICK OWENS

It's been a busy eighty-two years, full to bursting with rape, mutilation, necrophilia, sex-inspired cannibalism, and white slavery. Not to mention murder, vampirism, and toesucking. As lists go, the Ten Most Bizarre Sex Crimes of the Twentieth Century is not an

PAINTING BY GOTTFRIED HELNWEIN

easy one to make. First off, what is a sex crime? Take the question of orgasm. A man who ejaculates while rubbing a goat has committed a sexual act, even if it's the animal's ear he's been rubbing against. If he has not ejaculated, his behavior becomes more conjectural. Frequently, the police do not know if ejaculation has occurred. Quite often, official reticence has been so great that it is impossible to learn whether they know or not.

There is, of course, some element of sexuality in most human behavior, including the bizarre. Sexual excitation is not uncommon in killers at the moment they squeeze the trigger. What we're after here, though, is crime that is explicitly sexual in motivation. The great cult crimes—Jonestown and the Manson family—were stricken from consideration. A strong case could be made for one or both. They were instigated by deranged prophets who used their considerable sexual magnetism and staying power to dominate and motivate underlings. Both crimes had powerful sexual overtones. But no overt sex act was involved.

The Wisconsin toesucker will also miss the list: while plausible enough, this tale hangs on too thin a thread of evidence. At about 1:30 A.M. on June 30, 1980, a twenty-year-old woman hastened barefoot into a pizza parlor and called the campus constabulary of the University of Wisconsin at Madison. She said that while walking across the campus, a good-looking white man had grabbed her from behind and thrown her to the ground. The man then knelt and sucked her toes. In a few minutes, apparently sated, he rose and loped off into the night, taking the shoes with him. The shoes were never recovered, and the toesucker is not known to have struck again. Detective Garry Moore of the campus police said the woman had suffered a scraped knee but no other physical damage. On the delicate point of her reliability, Moore was quietly affirmative. He said the toes looked sucked.

So much for the preliminaries. Here, in no particular order, are the ten most bizarre sex crimes of the twentieth century.

1. William Miofsky: French Active, M.D.

At first Sandra Doll Neri could not believe her eyes. She was a nurse in the operating room at the prestigious Sutter Memorial Hospital at Sacramento, Calif. Dr. Calvin O'Kane, one of Sacramento's most respected surgeons, had opened the abdomen of a fifty-year-old woman and was working away at her innards. The anesthesiologist, Dr. William Miofsky, stood less than two feet away but in relative isolation, behind a semicircular screen that separated him and his liquids and vapors from the rest of the operating team. Nurse Neri saw that Dr. Miofsky had his groin in the woman's face. He was moving gently, forward, then back.

Nurse Neri was young, but she had already had a full exposure to medical authority. She knew that any claim a mere nurse might make against a physician would stand no more chance than a duck in the Indianapolis 500. So she stepped into an adjoining room and asked another nurse, Arlene Lanch, to have a look. The nurse looked and came back aghast. "I think he's putting his penis in the patient's mouth," she said.

Neri eventually testified at the preliminary hearing in superior court that commenced Miofsky's prosecution on seven counts of sex perversion involving six patients. "I was walking by the anesthesiologist, and I glanced to my left and noticed he had his penis in the patient's mouth," she said. "I was in shock. I just couldn't believe what I had seen. . . . He [was] still standing up by the patient's head, leaning over the operating field, moving back and forth. It was very subtle and slow."

The two nurses notified Allyne Waters, the chief operating-room nurse. She took a look and saw only twitches in the patient's toes, a sign that the anesthesia might be wearing off. Ms. Waters told Miofsky about this, and he gave his patient some more anesthetic.

> For them S & M was more or less inevitable. Finally, Kichi asked Sada to attain the highest conceivable level of ecstasy by strangling him at the moment of orgasm.

Doctor O'Kane dismissed what the nurses said as nonsense. Meanwhile, lowly RNs chafed and simmered at their powerlessness to prevent the anesthesiologist's weird pleasures.

The nurses finally organized, making notes and conducting their own investigation. On January 7, 1979, they saw Miofsky in action on a twelve-year-old girl. When the operation was over, they clipped a section from the suction hose that had kept the girl's mouth dry. The juice in the tube tested positive for semen. That test proved erroneous: a "clean" tube tested the same way. But they had already submitted a three-and-one-half-page report to William Schaeffer, the hospital administrator. There was no action. Finally, the nurses filed a report with the county medical society, which confronted Miofsky. The anesthetist collapsed emotionally, resigned from the hospital staff, and eventually attempted suicide.

Some of Miofsky's fellow physicians stood by him. There was even talk of letting him go back to work, perhaps treating only male patients; no one claimed Miofsky was gay. But then the district attorney stepped in and started prosecuting. Soon the insurance company tried to cancel Miofsky's malpractice insurance; they explained that the doctor had failed to specify his sexual preference on his application.

Suddenly hundreds of patients started having bad dreams. Some became sick to their stomachs, and found twilight memories coming into focus. One, whose recollections had been assisted by hypnosis, said that something soft, "like skin," was placed in her mouth and became hard in the course of a gentle in-and-out motion. "I recall I was trying to prevent it from being in my mouth because it was a gagging feeling," she said. This witness's testimony was suspect, however. She claimed not to have felt anything else while under the anesthetic, not even a tube that Miofsky inserted in her windpipe. She is one of 155 women and 85 men (mostly husbands of patients) who have sued for almost $500 million in damages.

"Now so far the only problem is with his alleged sexual behavior," Dr. William E. Dozier, chairman of the hospital's medical staff, told the *Sacramento Bee.* "There is absolutely . . . no allegation about anything wrong with his professional practice of anesthesiology."

Miofsky later pleaded no contest to three sexual-abuse felony counts in a deal that sent him to a state mental hospital instead of a prison.

2. Sada: Love's Ultimate Gift

Despite a reputation for docility, Far Eastern women from several cultures have long threatened to cut the penises off errant husbands and lovers. In Thailand the threat is a subject of endless banter, not all of it entirely frivolous. "I'll cut your dick off and feed it to the ducks" is a standard warning, and the surgery has even been depicted on the side panels of some of the country's gaily decorated trucks, along with the ducks.

One well-documented case is the death by strangulation and subsequent castration on May 18, 1936, of a Japanese gangster and pimp, Ishida Kichizo.

Abe Sada, a young prostitute, went to work as a geisha trainee in the whorehouse of Kichizo's wife. Kichizo, pampered soul, controlled his wife's world completely. He laid down the law and exploited her permission to use all the women on the premises. Sada quickly became the great love of his life.

As Japan surrendered to the orgy of militarism that became World War II, Sada and Kichizo devoted all of their time to sex with each other. Their love became total. In the Japanese tradition, in which pleasuring your partner is the highest sexual experience, the two competed vigorously to provide each other with more intense orgasms. S & M was more or less inevitable. Finally, Kichi asked Sada to attain the highest conceivable level of ecstasy by

CONTINUED ON PAGE 166

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THE POLITICS OF
CANCER

PART TEN

WARNING:
THE AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH

Before you get a
checkup, before you write a check—
READ THIS ARTICLE!

BY ALLAN SONNENSCHEIN

PHOTOGRAPH BY HOWARD SOCHUREK

Each year more and more Americans are aware of the American Cancer Society, believe in what we are doing, and generously contribute their time and money. This support has made us one of the largest and certainly among the best volunteer health agencies. And that is as it should be because we are fighting America's most devastating health problem.—Lane W. Adams, executive vice-president of the American Cancer Society

One would be hard put to refute the above description of the American Cancer Society; indeed, it is one of understatement. In 1980, for example, Americans demonstrated their support of ACS's war against cancer by contributing $155 million to the organization. Some two and a half million citizens joined the cancer charity organization's volunteer army, ringing doorbells, answering telephones, and licking envelopes and stamps. Despite this huge volunteer army, ACS also finds it necessary to maintain more than 3,000 full-time workers in its offices and centers around the country.

Next to the United States government's National Cancer Institute, ACS is the greatest source of funds for cancer research in this country. In 1980, for example, ACS supported more than 600 cancer research projects in the amount of $45 million. The amount accounted for 29 percent of ACS's budget in that year.

Four other programs, in addition to that for cancer research, are supported with ACS dollars. Public education—programs designed to inform the public about cancer prevention and symptoms and to encourage periodic examinations—was budgeted to receive $25.5 million in 1980. Professional education—programs designed to improve the knowledge, skills, and techniques of the medical and allied health professions in the detection and treatment of cancer—was budgeted to receive $15.9 million in 1980. Patient services—to provide for information, counseling, nursing and homemaking services, transportation, dressings, and loan-closet items—were allotted $19.7 million in 1980. Lastly, community services—to provide for programs in cancer detection, mass screening, rehabilitation, and development of cancer registries—were to receive $12.5 million. Later we will look a bit more closely at some of these programs.

Those who give their money to ACS are not getting a dollar's worth of cancer programs for each dollar contributed. In 1980, for example, while ACS was able to raise $155 million from the public, fund-raising expenses, or what ACS had to spend to solicit that amount, were $21.5 million, or 14 percent of revenue. Furthermore, ACS is an expensive operation to run, and 1980 expenses exceeded $16 million. In other words, 23 percent of contributions goes toward paying ACS's overhead.

Although the society was born in 1913 as the American Society for Cancer Control (ASCC), its modern history begins at the end of the Second World War. It was at that point that the advertising genius Albert Lasker, along with his wife, Mary, and Elmer Bobst, one of America's most successful drug-company executives, arrived at the society. Lasker and Bobst contended that the society was being run haphazardly and that what was needed was sound business practices for it to be a significant cancer-fighting organization. For example, in 1944 only $600,000 was raised. Bobst took a businessman's view of the society. His impressions are recorded in his autobiography:

"I decided that the first priority was to move aside the scientists and physicians who were in administrative control of the organization. They were good men, but they were not experienced leaders, and they were not getting results. I wanted majority control to be in the hands of qualified lay leaders. . . . Second, we needed a great deal more money than we were getting. I wanted to establish an immediate goal of boosting receipts tenfold in the coming year. . . . To accomplish these priorities, the society's constitution and by-laws had to be rewritten; and in order to effect a sweeping revolution, there had to be a showdown."

> Can the American Cancer Society remain objective about giving money to the very institutions whose representatives are involved in its decisions?

The scientists and physicians who were in control of ACS were no match for the likes of such self-made millionaires and businessmen as Bobst and Lasker. Lasker had risen to the top of Lord & Thomas, one of the country's largest advertising firms, while Bobst had climbed the ladder at Hoffmann-La Roche Drugs from salesman to president of the American arm of the company. Although ACS's professional leadership resisted and warned society voting members about the dangers of lay leaders with no scientific or medical expertise running a cancer organization, Bobst and Lasker supporters argued more convincingly. At a showdown voting meeting, after all the votes were counted, Bobst and the Laskers were in control of ACS's administration.

After their victory, the heads of scientists and physicians in top society administrative positions began to roll. These men were replaced by leaders from the military, banking, pharmaceutical, advertising, oil, and chemical professions (interests that continue to dominate the ACS). With their help, and with the use of a professional fund-raising organization, Bobst's second priority of increasing revenues tenfold was nearly accomplished in a single year, as income rose from the previous year's $600,000 to the 1945 figure of $5 million.

For the next decade, ACS grew in wealth, cancer programs, and national political importance. With greater revenues obtained through the most sophisticated fund-raising techniques, ACS was able to support cancer programs in a manner undreamed of in 1945. In the area of cancer research, for example, from 1945 to 1955 ACS awarded a total of $42 million to cancer researchers in this country and abroad. Indeed, by mid-century the American Cancer Society seemed to be held in greater esteem by Congress than the government's own National Cancer Institute was.

Dr. Michael Shimkin, a former top NCI official, wrote about this period in ACS's history: "The ACS also became the public lobby for cancer before Congress. This function was honed to perfection by Mrs. [Mary] Lasker and her small professional advisory coterie. . . ." Shimkin went on to describe how ACS would take advantage of its political connections in Congress to increase appropriations for the NCI. Although Shimkin wrote that "the balance between NCI and ACS tended to keep both 'honest,'" others, who will be discussed below, disagree with that assessment, complaining that ACS has lobbied on behalf of NCI only to be in a position to control and direct the policies and spending of the national cancer agency.

It would appear that the first ten years of the Lasker-Bobst leadership at ACS were a great success. However, their control was still less than absolute. The millions of dollars available at ACS for cancer research projects were controlled not by them but rather by the Committee on Growth of the National Research Council. Its membership was made up of scientists from the National Academy of Sciences and led by Dr. C. C. Little, who had been ousted from ACS leadership by Lasker and Bobst in 1945. This council decided where the millions for cancer research would go.

The scientists who served as advisers were retained by a series of one-year contracts. In 1955, for the first time in twenty years, the contract of the academy members was not renewed. ACS explained: "The invaluable advisory service of the Committee, including some of the country's foremost scientists, had become restricted through changes in the Society's program since 1945. . . ." The Bobst-Lasker coup was now complete. The old-guard ACS scientists were out, and in their place was the elaborate Scientific Advisory Council, which included six (now ten)

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

MALCOLM McDOWELL
AS

CALIGULA

"WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE IF YOU HAD BEEN GIVEN
ABSOLUTE POWER OF LIFE AND DEATH
OVER EVERYBODY ELSE IN THE WHOLE WORLD?"

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TERESA ANN SAVOY
HELEN MIRREN
AND
PETER O'TOOLE
IN
CALIGULA
WITH
JOHN STEINER, GUIDO MANNARI,
PAOLO BONACELLI, LEOPOLDO TRIESTE,
GIANCARLO BADESSI, MIRELLA DANGELO
FEATURING
ADRIANA ASTI
WITH JOHN GIELGUD AS NERVA
ADAPTED FROM AN ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY BY GORE VIDAL
PRODUCED BY BOB GUCCIONE AND FRANCO ROSSELLINI
PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHY BY TINTO BRASS
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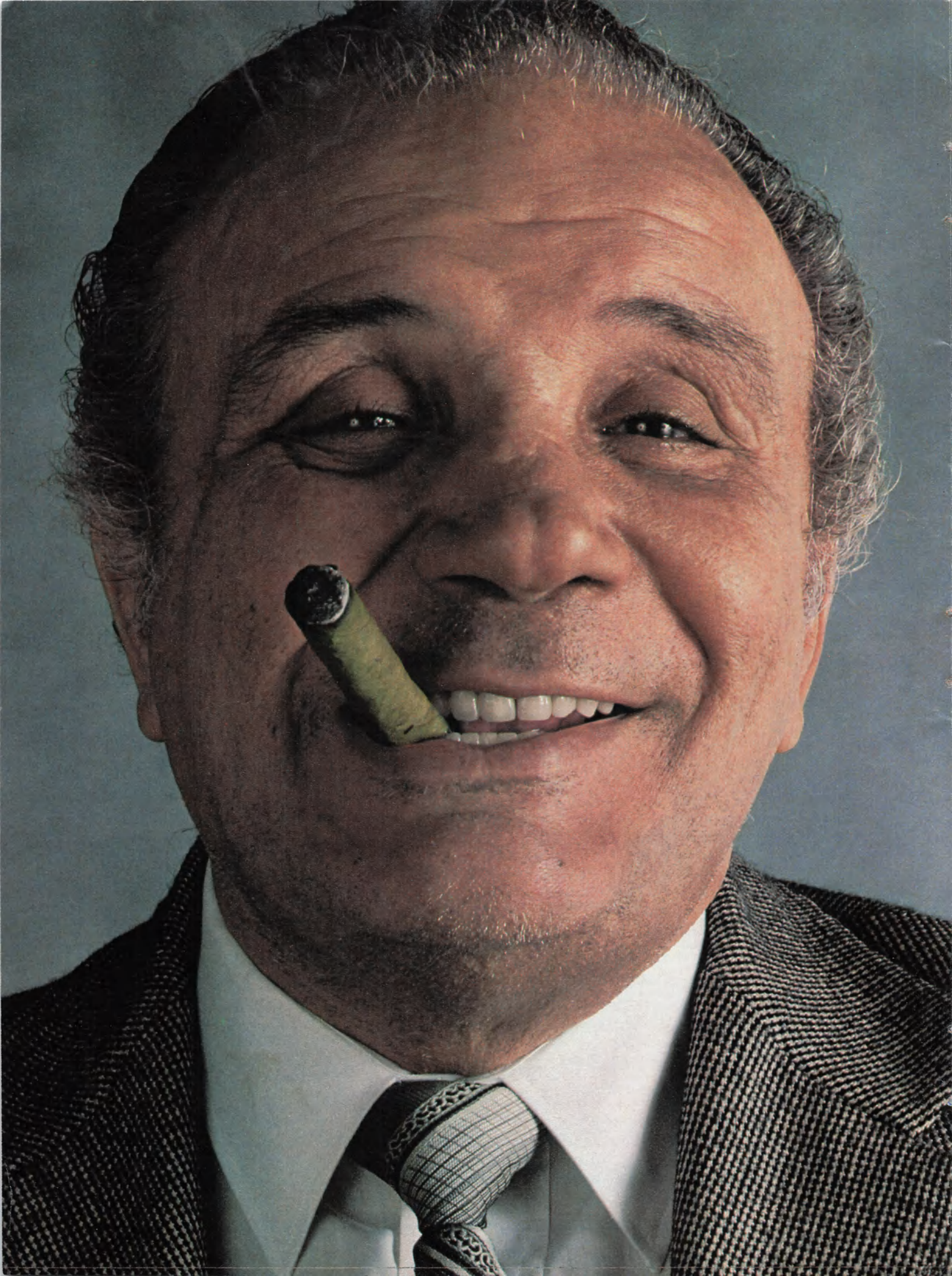


"You can't go into the ring and be a nice guy. I would go a month, two months, without having sex. It worked for me because it made me a vicious animal. You can't fight if you have any compassion or anything like that."

JAKE LAMOTTA

Long before movie director Martin Scorsese decided on Jake LaMotta for the subject of his film *Raging Bull,* LaMotta was folklore to generations of Americans. In the forties and fifties LaMotta was part of the fistic landscape of Willie Pep, Sandy Saddler, Fritzie Zivic, Rocky Graziano, Tony Zale, and the nonpareil Sugar Ray Robinson that exemplified a golden age in boxing.

These men were more than talented fighters. Since their fury was forged in childhood to escape the Depression, they shared a common influence. They were part of a period when Americans were devoted to the work ethic. A time when people went full-tilt, breaking their asses to survive. These fighters were not effete tap dancers, showboaters; they were Crusaders. The grails after which they quested were security, dazzling women, and cars that, in most cases, were larger than the rooms in which they grew up. They had a cattle-drive mentality—and more often than not, at the end of Tribulation Trail there would be a hellacious bender.

LaMotta epitomized the period. He was the Bronx-raised street kid of Italian parents. Jake learned his trade at home, catching shots from his father. But he wasn't his old man's sole punching bag. The other kids and his mother also qualified. His father's beatings of his mother might have tutored LaMotta in his own raucous romances. Five wives down the line would testify Jake had a penchant for love pats.

The violence in the LaMotta household spilled into the streets. From a street fighter young Jake would move up to mayhem main events: armed robbery, assault with a deadly weapon. When he was sixteen, he became a certified felon and did time at Coxsackie Correctional Institute in upstate New York, where he first met another tough street kid, Graziano.

LaMotta began his professional career in 1941, at the age of twenty. He managed his own career and somehow, because of his unruly, fearsome nature, managed to stay clear of the Mob, which at the time ruled all that mattered: ratings, title shots, money, a swath of the sporting press, and the predestined outcome of many fights. The word was that he was too stupid and crazy to "do business" with, even for the kneecap-breakers. LaMotta, who was monastic about his training, couldn't see the Mob leeching on his Spartan efforts. "I could never stand those creeps," he says now.

Though most fight insiders would rank him second to Sugar Ray Robinson among middleweights of that era, their gracious words stop there. The words they apply to Jake personally are "loner," "paranoid," "sullen," "suspicious," "truculent," "savage." Only his brother, Joey, was a confidant. The fight crowd says LaMotta was so uncivil he wouldn't even say hello. An Irish trainer delivered the ultimate insult: "Don't take my word for it. The Micks and the Wops have always been hostile to each other. But this guy was such a prick—wife-beating and shit like that—even his own kind hated him."

LaMotta doesn't deny any of this. As for his relationship with his own brother, that wasn't exactly rose-colored either. "He did my bidding," LaMotta says matter-of-factly.

In 1946 while Jake was married to his first wife, he met the love of his life, Vikki. She was all of fifteen when they married. Vikki, evoking Fay Wray and her rough-hewn suitor, has said, "In a way, you could say Jake kidnapped me."

Those who saw the blonde Vikki in those days agree she was a sexual trophy worth capturing. The novelist Vincent Patrick (*The Pope of Greenwich Village*), who also grew up in the Bronx, said: "I remember the first time I ever saw her. The hell with the movie stars of that era. Vikki LaMotta was the wet dream of every kid in the neighborhood. For sheer sexuality she was dynamite." Jake says that he and Vikki had the golden years together: "Love, the championship, money, his-and-hers Cadillac cars."

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEE McELFRESH

But there was also LaMotta's insane jealousy. Because he often refrained from sexual activity when he was in training, LaMotta suspected his wife of seeking satisfaction elsewhere. His jealousy was an all-encompassing radar network. His brother, Joey, and his friends came under suspicion for pecking his wife on the cheek when they greeted her. When Vikki pronounced Tony Janiro, one of Jake's upcoming opponents, "cute," LaMotta in a rage disfigured his "cuteness" in the ring.

For his ring ferocity LaMotta won the appellation "the uncrowned champ." The public wanted LaMotta to have the rightful shot at the crown, but the public wasn't connected. In 1947, tired of glowing adjectives, LaMotta decided to do business. For the promise of a shot at the crown, he dumped a fight to Billy Fox in Madison Square Garden. It was a crude dump. Reams of Fox money showed, driving down the price. Everyone suspected. What saved Jake was that he had sustained an injury in training, and it showed up in the post-fight physical. He had doubt on his side, so instead of being banned from boxing for dumping, he received a six-month suspension for fighting with an unreported injury.

In 1949 he finally got his shot, winning the middleweight crown from Marcel Cerdan in Detroit. In the bout Cerdan fought with an injury, so the return match was eagerly awaited. But in October, returning to the States for the rematch, Cerdan was killed when his plane crashed in the Azores.

In 1951 LaMotta lost the title when Sugar Ray Robinson beat him unmercifully. Though LaMotta had scattered fights over the next few years, he never again fought for the title. It was the beginning of a steep descent. Living in North Miami Beach with Vikki, Jake bought and operated a nightclub. After decades of self-denial, he let his appetites run wild. He ballooned to obesity, became alcoholic (drinking one to two quarts a day), and forgot how to find his way home to his wife's bed. His violence toward Vikki also increased. The denouement came when his club was busted because a teenage prostitute was found working the premises. LaMotta claimed innocence of the girl's age and trade. Little matter. Once again he was doing time.

Divorced from Vikki and out of jail, LaMotta returned to New York, where he still lives. This period was perhaps his most courageous interlude. With the discipline he had used in the ring, he beat the booze, brought his weight back to fighting trim, started a loving and lasting friendship with his kids and Vikki ("I love him dearly," she says, "in a friendly way"), studied acting, religion, and philosophy.

Now he lives, in his word, the life of a "recluse." "It's better this way. I like my apartment, and I love cooking. I call Vikki a couple of times a week and go visit a few times a year. Separate bedrooms," he adds with a grin. "It's better for me to keep to myself. Maybe I attract the wrong people."

Of course, the film changed all that. For over a year he has been caught up in the publicity mill. Writer Joe Flaherty interviewed LaMotta during a respite in New York. Flaherty comments: "The rage in the film is no longer in evidence, although Jake affirms 'it was accurate. I think I was truly crazy then.'

"Now you meet a man who speaks softly and contemplatively. His eyes are the only clue to his past. They are hauntingly sad, almost burned out, like dead stars that are memos to a cataclysmic bang long ago. The brain behind those eyes is still trying to sort out bygone eruptions. But the eyes have the beleaguered look of those of Depression victims, those men standing stranded on street corners who would never again be sure of the validity of the glittering American Dream."

Penthouse: What is your first memory of fighting?

LaMotta: I remember coming home, when I was about eight years old, with tears in my eyes because some kids had stolen my hero sandwich. My father rapped me in the mouth, handed me an ice pick, and said, "Next time that happens, hit 'em first and hit 'em hard." My ice pick represented power. One day I forgot to take my ice pick with me, and my instinct was to throw a punch. It worked like a charm. Now my fist represented power. Not long after that, my father started taking me to a hang-out club where kids would fight for pennies and nickels. The audience would throw pennies or nickels, and we would try to pick them up with our gloves on. I'd have three or four fights a night. Twenty or thirty fights a week. Sometimes I made as much as a dollar a day. Rent was only fifteen dollars a month back then, and my father was between jobs. So the money I made from fighting was almost supporting our family—my mother, my father, and five kids.

Penthouse: What did your father do when he worked?

LaMotta: He was a fruit peddler. Then he got a job with the WPA. Often we lived on home relief, as they called it in those days. Now they call it welfare. I went to reform school when I was sixteen years old, and when I came out of reform school, I started fighting amateurs. I won the amateur Diamond Belt championship. And then I started fighting professional. And before you know it, I took my family off welfare. I took care of them. I took care of them for a long time, until all the kids got old enough to earn their own money.

Penthouse: When was the first time that you fought with proper training?

LaMotta: In reform school. I was the champ in reform school; I fought everybody up there.

Penthouse: Who broke you into fighting?

LaMotta: No one in particular. I'd really been fighting since I was eight. Besides the amateur fights I had, I had a lot of street fights, too. I must have had over a thousand fights before I started fighting professional. I had a lot of experience before I turned professional.

Penthouse: How much was your first purse when you started to fight professionally?

LaMotta: It was early 1941, and for my first fight—four rounds—I got twenty-five dollars. And my manager took his cut, plus expenses. I must have ended up with about ten or twelve dollars.

Penthouse: Who was your manager in those days?

LaMotta: Mike Capriano, a neighborhood guy. I stayed with him for the first four years, and then from then on I managed myself, with the help of my brother, Joey.

Penthouse: Why did you do that?

LaMotta: Well, I found out my manager had a contract on me that I knew nothing about, and I wasn't happy with him. I didn't like what he was doing. He was putting me in with anybody. He wasn't really trying to protect me in any way. I forced him into giving me a release.

Penthouse: How?

LaMotta: I threatened him. I almost killed him. He had me arrested for attempted murder. It went to the grand jury, and they dismissed it; they didn't believe it. But then he took me to civil court, and I settled for $4,000 and it was all over. From then on I took care of myself. I was the only guy in the history of boxing, probably, who ever won a championship without a manager. The Mob was trying to get hold of me, but they couldn't trust me, because I was uncontrollable at the time. They all thought I was crazy. So it worked for me. They knew they couldn't control me, so they didn't bother me that much.

Penthouse: But didn't the Mob control what fights you could get—and all the big title fights in the forties and fifties?

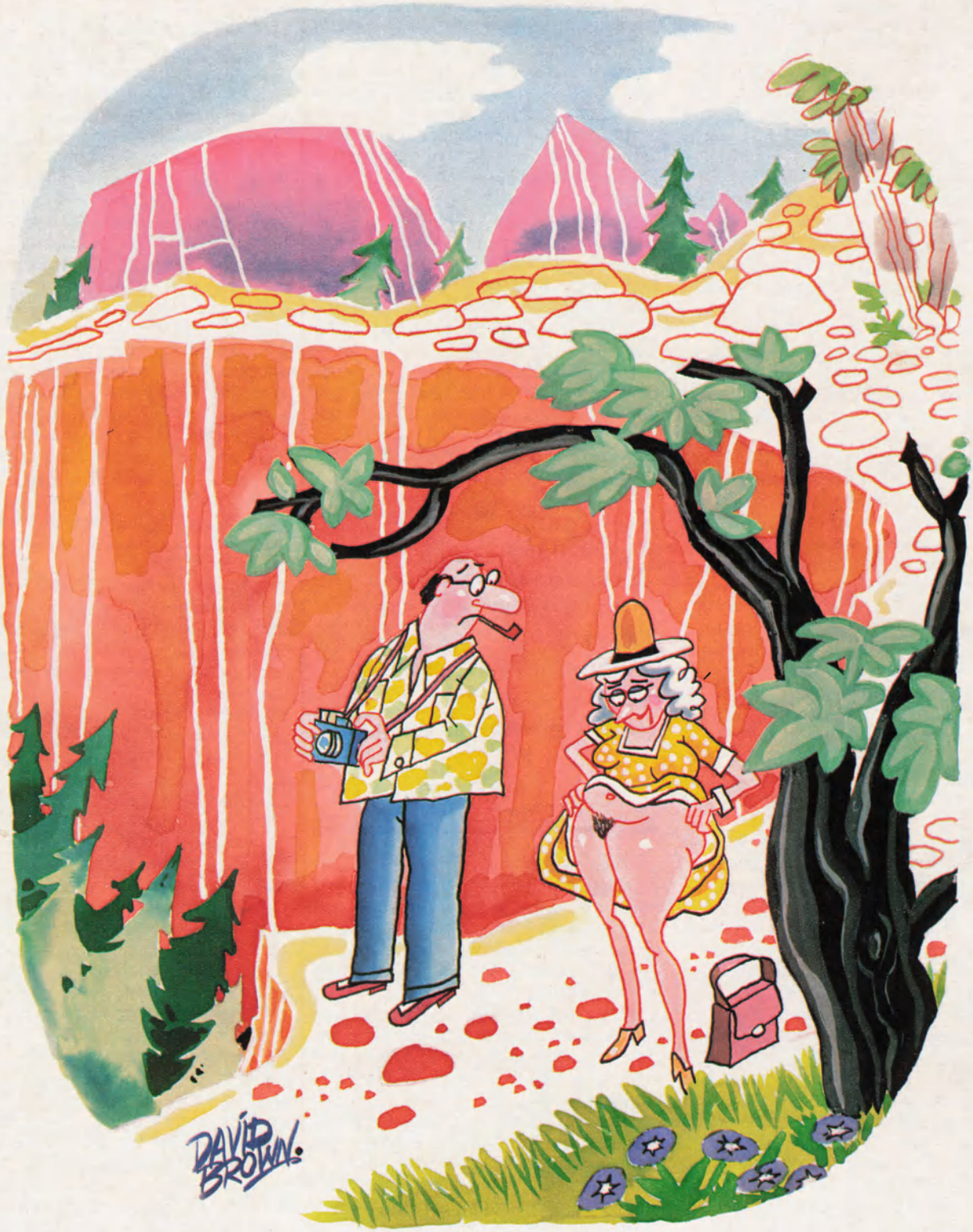
LaMotta: Yeah. You could say that. But there were a lot of guys at that time that couldn't get fights because they were black. And they were good; they were very good. So my situation was the same as theirs. The Mob tried to blackball me, too. They figured they would put me in with the black guys, figuring one of them was going to beat me. They figured wrong. I beat all the black guys.

Penthouse: Who were the best black guys you were beating?

LaMotta: Oh, there were a lot of black guys in those days who could have been champ today easy. You won't remember their names, because this happened a long time ago. But there were fighters like Jimmy Reeves, Nat Bolden, Lloyd Marshall, Holman Williams, Burl Charity, Jackie Wilson. There were a lot of guys in those days.

Penthouse: Wouldn't it have been smarter to play along with the Mob to get a championship shot?

LaMotta: Yeah. I realize today that if I'd gone along with them, I would have gotten



"The park ranger told me to be sure and watch myself near the edge."

the championship a lot sooner and made a lot of money.

Penthouse: If you had gone along with the Mob, what piece of you would they have owned? What was their standard cut?

LaMotta: Well, they would have got 50 percent, and they would have paid the expenses on the 50 percent. I would have ended up with 50 percent. But 50 percent of a lot is better than 100 percent of a little bit—you know what I mean? So I would have made more money. I would have lasted longer.

For instance, lots of fighters made that kind of deal, and they made a lot of money, had a lot of easy fights. Don't forget: I fought a different caliber of fighters. I fought all the fighters nobody else wanted to fight, and that made for bigger houses. Others had a lot of warm-up fights. All my fights were big fights.

Penthouse: Since it was standard that most of the big fighters of that day were tied into the Mob, why did they let you alone?

LaMotta: How I got away with it, I'll never know. They would never approach me directly, because I had a reputation of being a vicious guy. I never smiled; I never talked to nobody. I did my work and left and went home. I was a loner.

Penthouse: Why were you such a loner?

LaMotta: I think it was because when I was young my vocabulary wasn't so good. I was backwards in those days. I kept to myself because I couldn't keep a conversation going. So instead of embarrassing myself or the people I was with by talking, I threw a punch. And just kept to myself.

Penthouse: When the Mob set you up to dump to Billy Fox, was any money exchanged?

LaMotta: No. First they offered me $100,000. I told them I didn't need the money; I had plenty of money. I was uncrowned champ for five years. All I wanted was a chance to fight for the *title*. Time was running out; I was getting older.

Penthouse: How old were you when you got the middleweight championship shot?

LaMotta: I was twenty-seven. That's not so old, really, but I didn't have long to go, because all the fights I had had were tough fights. I was always fighting the guys nobody else wanted to fight.

Penthouse: Was there a lot of betting on prize fights then?

LaMotta: Oh, sure. A lot of big money. Didn't the Mob offer me $100,000—in 1949? Yeah, there was a *lot* of money bet.

Penthouse: Is there today?

LaMotta: No. The fights are clean today. They have to be clean because of the television networks. They could be sued for lots of money. They try to keep their fingers as clean as possible.

Penthouse: You say you were the uncrowned champion. Why didn't you appeal to the Boxing Commission?

LaMotta: Because the commission was just full of shit. And, most importantly, you had to be very much a stand-up guy coming from the neighborhood I came from. I could never be a screw, you know? A stool pigeon or a rat. You can never do that in my business. Because of your ego, your manhood, your pride, whatever, you can never do anything like that. Even if you were being hurt and it was all wrong. You had to fight your own battle. The Mob was on the other side, and I was on my own, so I had to take it on the chin.

Penthouse: Newspaper reporters—who wrote about you as "the uncrowned champ"—didn't press for you to have a shot?

LaMotta: Even the newspaper guys in those times were bad. I guess it was like everything else—it's who you knew and how much influence you had and how much money you had to spread around.

Penthouse: Newspapermen were on the take?

LaMotta: Of course. Lots of them. The Mob would take care of them. They hung out with the Mob. They would have drinks,

> When I was eight years old I came home with tears in my eyes because some kids had stolen my sandwich. My father handed me an ice pick, and said, "Next time, hit 'em first and hit 'em hard."

gamble, stuff like that. The newspapermen would pick up envelopes. Cash. And when they wrote a lot of favorable columns about a fighter, it was one way he got the chance to fight for the big money.

Penthouse: So there was no one you could appeal to?

LaMotta: No, I couldn't do nothing about it. It was no big deal. It was a business. You know, I never got involved, because I had my brother to manage me, take care of doing things.

Penthouse: We're not saying you were involved. We're just trying to establish that you weren't an isolated case—that the Mob ran the big fights.

LaMotta: Yeah. A great portion of it. Unless you were connected, you never got a good chance. In those days the money fights were in Madison Square Garden. And I couldn't fight in Madison Square Garden. I fought everybody out of town. They, when I started to get too good, too big, they started trying to get me into Madison Square Garden. They put me with fighters they thought would destroy me. It wasn't anything personal against me, no. Because I tell ya, the Mob respected me. They respected my balls. They thought I was a prize fighter who had guts.

Penthouse: How did you feel, after you retired, when you went before the Kefauver Commission investigating corruption in boxing?

LaMotta: You should look up the record for the Kefauver Commission. I didn't say anything. I didn't mention any names. [In his original deposition LaMotta named Blinky Palermo but refused to do so before the Kefauver Commission—*Editor's Note.*] So whenever anybody asked anything—"Who gave you the money?" "Who said this?" "Who were the guys?"—I'd say, "Well, I don't know." I said, "I never bothered with them." Because my brother, Joey, was the one that was fronting for me. Now when Joey went up there and they asked him the same questions, he took the Fifth Amendment.

So I'm still not ratting. I'm still not saying anything. I'm not giving any names or anything like that. The name I did mention everybody knows about; he's dead. He went to prison and he died—Frankie Carbo. But there's no other names that I'm mentioning. I'm not that brave; I'm not that much of a hero, you know what I mean? I know it's past the statute of limitations, but still I don't want my reputation to go around, being a stool pigeon.

Penthouse: Who were the newspapermen on the take?

LaMotta: I don't want to name them, but there were quite a few of them, big guys.

Penthouse: Are some still around today?

LaMotta: No.

Penthouse: So there was no honest reporter who would ask, "What the hell is happening? LaMotta should have his shot?"

LaMotta: Yeah. Dan Parker of the *Daily Mirror*. He put some very good stuff in his column about me. But then, when I threw the fight to Billy Fox, from then on, he was down on me. But he was the one who called me "uncrowned champ." This was for five years. None of the right guys would fight me. Tony Zale and Rocky Graziano boxed for the title on and off for three years while I'm waiting. And finally when I did get my shot, I still had to pay $20,000 under the table to get it.

Penthouse: You had to pay $20,000?

LaMotta: Yeah. Because when I was suspended for seven months after the Billy Fox fight, I had to make a couple of comeback fights. But the promise was there, and the Mob owed me a shot at the title. But in the meantime the title had changed hands from Graziano, back to Zale. And then I still had to pay $20,000 when Marcel Cerdan beat Zale and Cerdan was the champ.

Penthouse: Even Cerdan, a Frenchman, a foreign fighter, was connected. *He* got $20,000 for giving you a title shot?

LaMotta: Oh, Cerdan knew nothing about it. He never saw any of that money. That money was given to certain people involved with Cerdan.

Penthouse: Did Graziano, since he went back with you to reform-school days, ever

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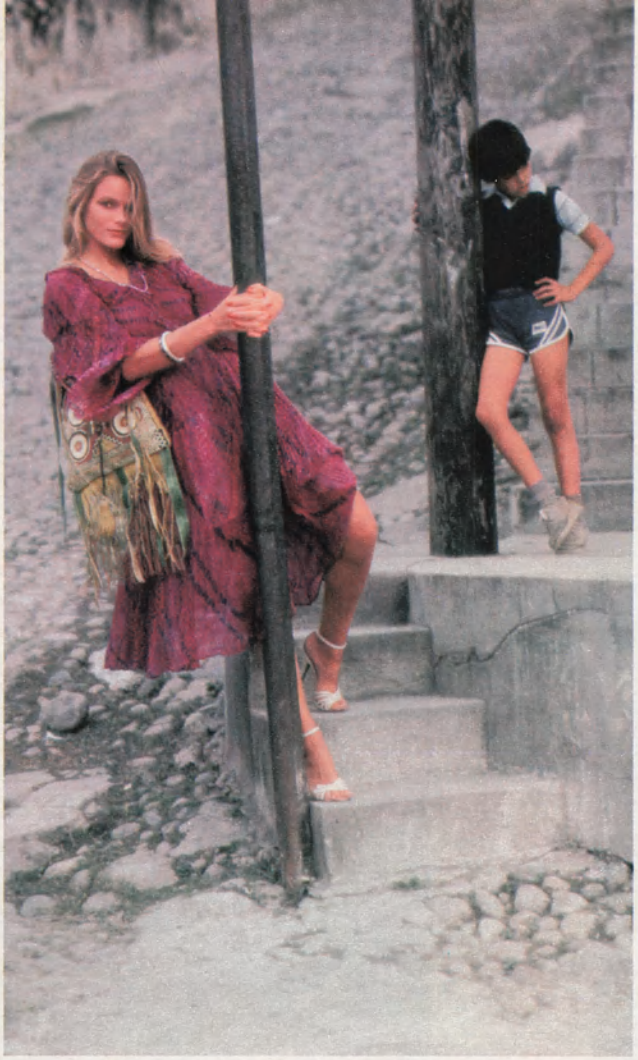

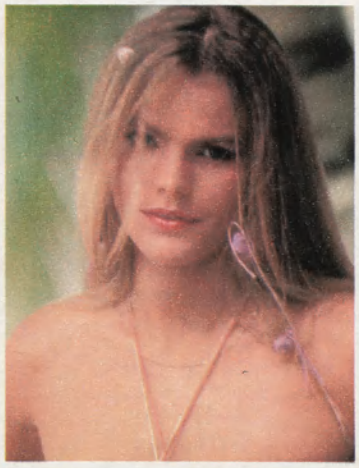

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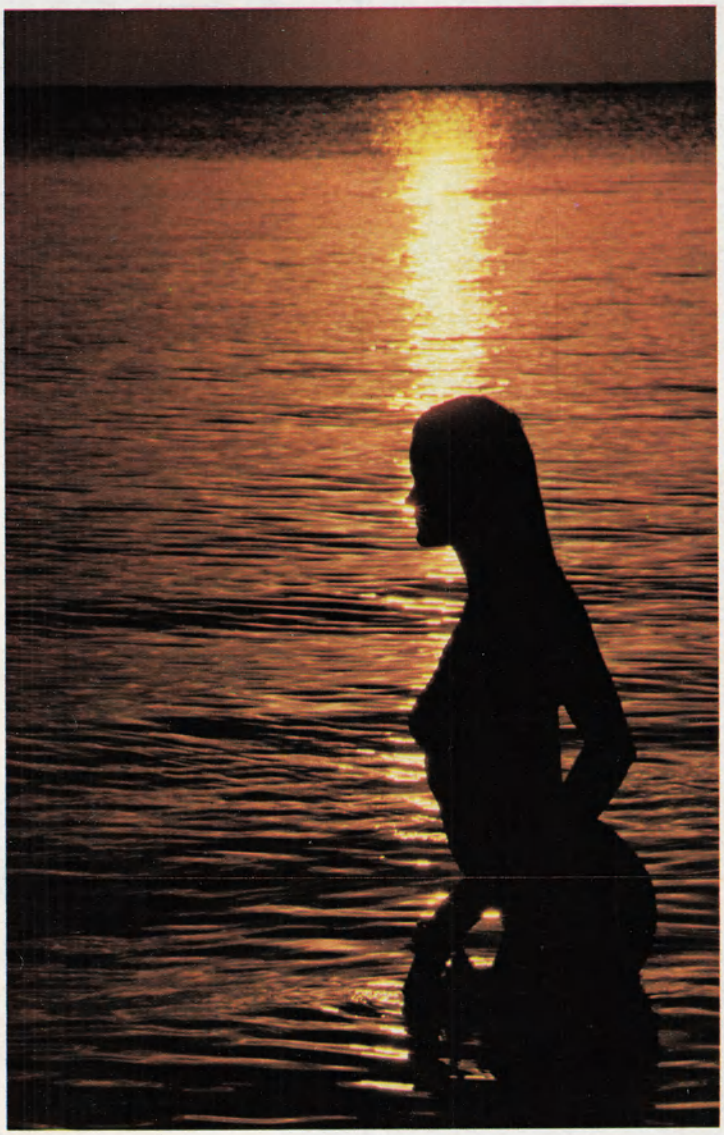
"I want to get one good man into trouble, and many bad men out of trouble!"



TROUBLE IS HER BUSINESS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALLAN J. WASH

On location in Cozumel, Mexico, May Pet of the Month Ute Hochmeister quickly turns work into play, lets the sea breeze whisk away her crisp Germanic efficiency. Sparkling back at the ocean, shining at the moon, she blossoms like a May flower should...

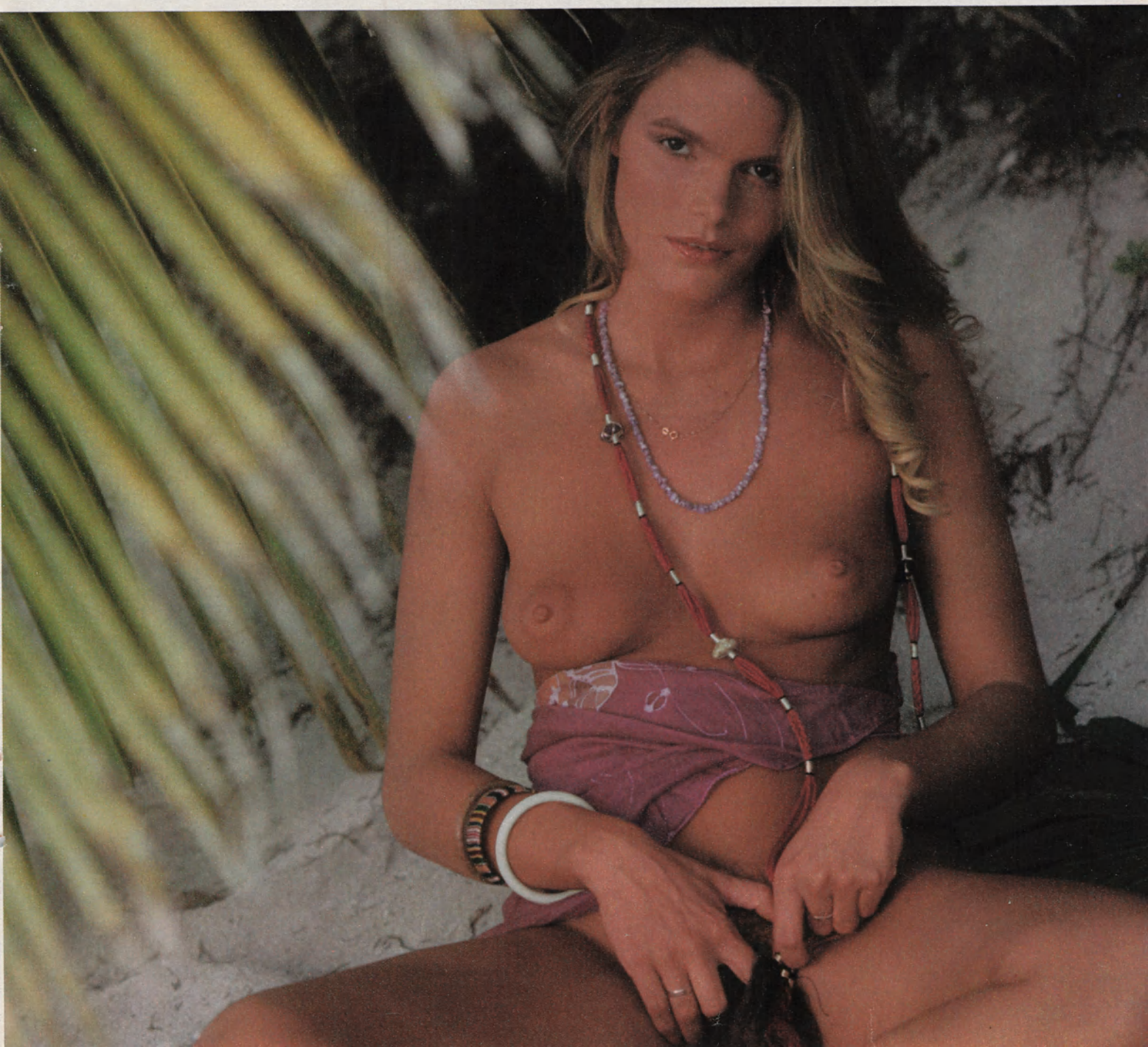
Ute was born in Hamburg, Germany,
but claims little interest in the food that made it famous.
Prefers the piña coladas she discovered
here in Mexico. A nectar of the gods, she pronounces,
just what a love goddess needs.

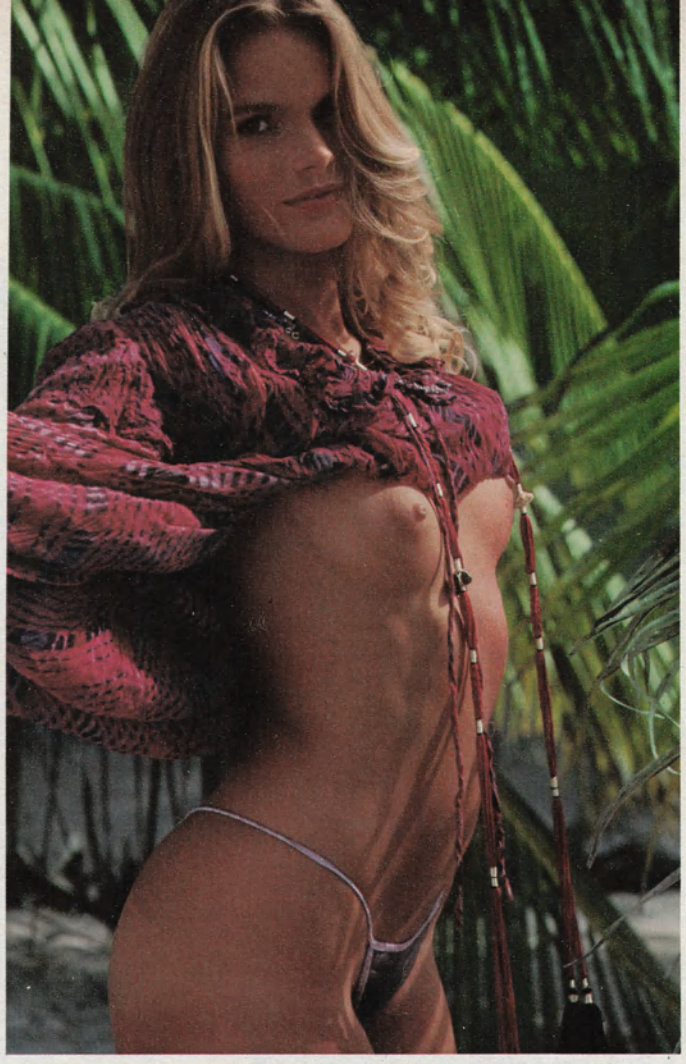
Only twenty-three, our accomplished
young fräulein speaks English, French–and Spanish.
Which equips her to triumph more
easily than anyone since Cortez. In a sassy,
rambunctious mood, Ute shows she
can slay us, even with her pretty back turned...

Our Pet is enchanted by the primitive
splendor of Mexico but still prefers the old-world heritage
of Europe. Though Ute has beauty to offer,
she believes that old age has the greater gift of wisdom.
"Listen to your elders," she counsels.

We nod, still looking at this youngster with growing appetite. Ute loves showing off her body, she admits, especially her well-developed legs, a bonus from years of running track. At the moment, she works as a receptionist, but someday she wants to study and practice law.

"I want to get one good man into trouble, and many bad men out of trouble!" If trouble is her business, it's certain she'll never go bankrupt.





Holding a shell to her ear, our brown-eyed linguist listens for a universal language. But the only sound she hears is the ocean, predictably roaring its approval...

Deciding to pose for *Penthouse*,
she says, is proof of her impulsive nature. But
at other times, she sighs, she tends
to procrastinate. Here in sunny Mexico, though, her
weakness gives us strength to go on.
For even if Ute says no today, we can always hope for mañana.

MISS UTE HOCHMEISTER/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

The week before last Christmas, Robert ("Bobby") Muller, leader of a four-man group from the Vietnam Veterans of America, went to Hanoi to discuss the MIA and Agent Orange issues at the invitation of the Vietnamese government. This visit, paid for by *Penthouse*, was an attempt to open an unofficial dialogue between the Vietnamese government and the American public, which continues to feel concern about both the fate of U.S. servicemen still listed as MIA and the effects of Agent Orange on those who were exposed to it.

Unfortunately, this effort has provoked a controversy between various veteran organizations and their spokesmen. Upon their return from Hanoi, Muller, a combat Marine paralyzed from the waist down from wounds received in Vietnam, and his colleagues, all of whom are combat veterans, were called by other Vietnam veterans everything from "traitors" to "collaborators" to "Communist dupes" for trying to enlist the new Vietnamese government's support in pursuing solutions to the two issues. Along with this McCarthy-type name-calling, Muller's motives have been impugned—by charges that the visit was a "grandstand play" or some kind of a fraud. These ill-tempered attacks on Bobby Muller have been specious nonsense.

> The ill-tempered attacks on Bobby Muller and his colleagues for going to Hanoi have been specious nonsense. . . . On a practical level, they came away clear winners.

We know Bobby Muller quite well. We have seen him in action on behalf of Vietnam veterans in many arenas and for too long to accept the notion that these efforts were some kind of ego trip. In the visit to Hanoi, Muller's motives were twofold: one, to try to get the POW-MIA issue off dead center, where it has languished for more than eight years; and two, to begin some kind of dialogue with the Vietnamese that would lead to the acquisition of valid evidence about the effects of Agent Orange on Vietnamese who were exposed to the spraying.

At the time of Muller's visit to Hanoi, James Dwyer, a professor of psychology, was en route to Vietnam for a working trip with Dr. Tung, the North Vietnamese physician who has kept records on Vietcong exposed to dioxin. Muller's detractors have pointed to Professor Dwyer's trip as evidence that he was somehow ill-advised or woefully inexperienced for treading where only experts should go. Again, this is nonsense.

In recent years a number of "experts" have consulted with Dr. Tung, but his evidence has for the most part been dismissed by U.S. authorities for being too "anecdotal." Muller was aware of that fact and sought Vietnamese agreement to allow a number of scientists and doctors to come to Vietnam in order to acquire valid and acceptable scientific evidence of the effects of Agent Orange spraying. Unfortunately, Muller's motives have been challenged by some Vietnam veterans who should have known better, but whose sense of what was at stake was confused by the apparent vision of American combat veterans "trafficking with the enemy."

Prior to Muller's departure we talked extensively about the danger of the Vietnamese's trying to turn his visit into a Communist propaganda sideshow. These dangers were well understood, but the potential gains far outweighed the perceived risks. Neither Muller nor any of his colleagues went to Vietnam believing that by their invitation the Vietnamese had changed their spots. Instead, they acted on the valid assumption that the passage of time and change in circumstances had caused Vietnamese authorities to explore—albeit not without some gain to themselves—avenues of common concern. Also, contrary to published criticism, State Department approval for the visit was not a relevant consideration. The State Department was more interested in what the Vietnamese might say, either directly or subtly, than in any potential gaffes by Muller and company. These are the ways of diplomacy, and they were also practiced during the Nixon administration, when the visit of the Chinese table tennis team paved the way for ending the thirty-year impasse between the United States and China.

But what of the results of Muller's visit to Hanoi? Leaving aside the internecine Vietnam veterans' quarrels it provoked, there were some obvious pluses. First and foremost is the fact that Muller's visit opened the door for further discussion. In the nether world of Southeast Asian politics, this is a material gain if for no other reason than that it provides a means—no matter how indirectly acquired—for resolving the seemingly intractable problems of Vietnamese dependence on the Soviet Union, China's quarrels with Vietnam, and the continuing conflicts in Cambodia and elsewhere. Of course, Muller's visit did not solve those problems—far from it. However, there is some hope that the ground broken by Muller can be used to open other avenues of diplomatic negotiation.

On a practical, if not global, level in the East-West confrontation, Bobby Muller and his colleagues came away clear winners. The marked contrast between the openness of the Americans in dealings with the Vietnamese people and their children and the austere, almost aristocratic aloofness of the Soviet "technicians" and their families in Hanoi and elsewhere was not lost on the Vietnamese people. Bobby Muller and his colleagues were the same "kids" who came to fight a brutal war in Vietnam, but who throughout never really believed that the Vietnamese children were their enemies. This love of life and children is a powerful message, and we should all be thankful that Bobby and his colleagues were able to convey it to our former foes.—*William R. Corson*

ADVISE & DISSENT
OPINION

Rikke Andersen

BY SHERE HITE

The author, whose reports on female and male sexuality (published by Knopf) have both been worldwide best-sellers, is currently writing a major article for *Penthouse* on women's orgasms—the myths and the reality.

WHAT MEN DON'T KNOW ABOUT WOMEN

Most men do not understand, or even accept, one of the most important aspects of women's sexuality—their need for clitoral stimulation. Only a tiny percentage of the more than 7,000 men who participated in *The Hite Report on Male Sexuality* answered the questions on clitoral stimulation with any real awareness of women's needs. This contrasts with the overwhelming majority of women who responded to my 1976 study of women's sexuality by reporting that they usually did not orgasm during intercourse and, in fact, needed more direct clitoral stimulation—in most cases separate from intercourse. They also testified that they frequently felt pressured to fake orgasm during intercourse and were afraid to tell the men in their lives how they could orgasm more easily.

The Hite Report, my earlier work on female sexuality (now replicated in three other countries), showed that almost all women can masturbate to orgasm whenever they want—easily, quickly, and with great physical pleasure. The stereotype in our society that says that women have a "problem" having orgasm is false: it is not that women have a problem having orgasm but that society has a problem accepting the truth.

Although 30 percent of the women in my study could orgasm during intercourse, they said that this was the result of going after the stimulation they needed (usually while on top, pressing their pubic area against the man's), rather than of the style or duration of the man's thrusting in itself. In other words, this clitoral stimulation did not happen "automatically."

There is also widespread misunderstanding of women's sexual anatomy. The fact is that what we usually think of as the "clitoris" is simply the exterior part of a larger interior structure. The extent of this interior clitoral network is quite large—comparable to the size of the penis and testicles in men. Inside the penis there are two bulbs the length of the shaft that fill with blood and thus cause erection. These same two cavernous bulbs exist in the female; however, in the female they are separate, each extending on one side of the vulva, beginning at the pubic area (the exterior clitoris) and going back on either side of the vagina. During arousal they fill with blood and cause the entire area to swell: this is why a woman's vulva becomes swollen and puffy, pleasurably sensitive to the touch. When orgasm occurs, the blood is sent out of these structures in waves by muscle contractions.

If men could understand the similarities of their structures to those of women, they could understand clitoral stimulation much more easily. For example, most men need stimulation at the top of their penis for orgasm, even though they feel the orgasm basically at the base of the penis and inside their bodies: stimulation at the sensitive tip and around the rim leads to sensations deeper inside the body. In the same way, stimula-

"The stereotype in our society that says that women have a "problem" having orgasm is false: it is not that women have a problem having orgasm, but that society has a problem accepting the truth."

tion of the exterior clitoral area causes sensations deeper in the body and vaginal area, culminating in orgasm.

How do men feel about the clitoris? Strangely, this question had never been asked in any previous study. Some men had beautiful and enthusiastic things to say, but the discussion of clitoral stimulation made most men nervous. When asked "How do you feel about the clitoris?", many men included jokes or satirical remarks in their answers, such as "I feel in awe of the little bugger. It's gotten so much publicity and become the focal point of so much rancor that I have the urge to salute it when I see it." In other answers, the importance of the clitoris was brought into question by the use of diminutives: "A woman's clitoris is a wonderful little thing." Or, "Big surprises come in little packages. Cute little devil."

Of the minority of men who had given a woman clitoral stimulation to orgasm, most clearly thought of the clitoris as something to fall back on if nothing else worked. For a woman to have an orgasm from clitoral stimulation was second best: "When she doesn't come during intercourse, I usually try some oral sex or try to bring her to orgasm manually."

Most of the men who answered said they had never seen a clitoris outside of photographs in magazines, and most had never stimulated a woman to orgasm with their hand or mouth. Perhaps this is understandable, since it is only relatively recently that this type of stimulation has come to be discussed as important for more than "foreplay." However, the fact that my five-year study of men brought this out may have embarrassed and provoked some male reviewers (who had never wanted to accept the conclusions of the women's study either), to the point where some have claimed, with great hostility and emotion, that my sample could not be correct, that these men could not be representative, and that therefore my conclusions must be wrong. In reality, every kind of man was included in my study—men from all areas of the country, from all kinds of backgrounds, races, and occupations, and from groups as diverse as church and university groups, senior citizens, and readers of *Penthouse*. Dr. Robert McIlvenna, president of the Institute for the Advanced Study of Human Sexuality, has explained some men's reactions this way: "Although Hite's work is based on extensive research and scholarship, some men are attacking it because they do not want to hear things men in the book are saying. Women rarely attack Hite's work; it is men who do so, because the book is saying things about men that most men do not want to hear. Many men are unwilling to listen and to learn, especially from a woman."

Some men discussed their own emotional resistance to the new ideas about many women's need for clitoral stimulation for orgasm: "I have to force myself to believe it. And yet, how egotistical can I be, with my very own love telling me it is so? Change is hard." Another man wasn't quite so sympathetic: "I didn't feel good when I heard it. I didn't feel good for them, like a car with a defect that the dealer wouldn't fix. You're stuck with it and have to work around it. Or don't drive."

But certain men accepted the information with relief and a sense of pleasure—especially when it confirmed their own personal experience or when they thought that the "problem" had been their fault: "I am sure my wife and I would have developed much more sensibly if we had known this fact thirty-five years ago. I often felt sad and puzzled that she did not orgasm from intercourse. I was relieved to find out that this is normal."

Another described how he had first learned about this from his wife: "One weekend my wife sent the kids off to their grandparents' house, and then she told me she had something to tell me. Well, what it was was that she didn't have orgasms the way I thought she did, that she didn't mean to hurt me, that she really loved having sex with me, but she hadn't been honest. I didn't know what to say. We started talking, and she told me just how she did orgasm, and then she even showed me how she did it. I have never been the same since—I mean for the better. I fell in love with her all over again. She was *much* more interested in sex than before. I learned how to make her come with my hand, and we started specializing in weekend-long sex sessions."

Men in my study frequently asked why women didn't want sex as often as they themselves did. Although there can be many reasons, a basic one is the fact that the definition of sex as we know it does not include the stimulation most women need for orgasm. How many men would want sex often if they rarely had orgasm but simply got excited, helped the other person have orgasm, and then watched her relax happily? If women had the freedom during "sex" to redefine it with *their* needs in mind (not only for orgasm but for other needs as well)—and if women had more equality with men in general—women would probably want sex much more often.

Of course, it is not only a question of orgasm—even though this has been the focus of this article—but of women's equal input into sex, before which (or with which) must come a new consciousness, a new feeling of worth, and a valuing of women's experience, of women's reality being as important as male reality. My study of male sexuality and masculinity showed how men, also, feel weighed down and trapped by constantly being pressured to fit into socially constructed definitions of masculinity. It is important for us to try, in our own ways, to begin to see one another as individuals and to respect each other's first tentative steps out on his or her own, out in a new direction.

CANCER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

committees for the review of grant applications. Its 1955 grant budget was $7 million. By 1981 this budget had grown to more than $52 million.

Research is only one of the functions of the new ACS. It is also in the forefront of public education, professional education, and patient and community services. In all these areas ACS's performance has been problematic. It is time to raise some questions about how the American Cancer Society uses the $150 million a year given by a trusting and generous public.

The reorganization of the society in 1955–56 ensured control of cancer research funds by ACS's directors, who would appoint the membership for the new Scientific Advisory Council, rather than by committees from the Academy of Science. For more than twenty-five years the committees of the Scientific Advisory Council have been dominated by representatives from a small number of American hospitals and universities. Furthermore, while they constitute only 10 percent of all institutions applying for ACS research grants, they receive more than 40 percent of the money given out. These institutions include the University of California, Sloan-Kettering Institute, Yale University, Harvard University, Albert Einstein Medical School, the University of Wisconsin, Stanford University, Roswell Park Memorial Hospital, Johns Hopkins University, the University of Texas, New York University, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Columbia University, the University of Chicago, Rockefeller University, and Washington University in St. Louis. This situation raises two serious questions about cancer research in the United States.

First, there would seem to be a question of conflict of interest. Can the ACS Scientific Research Council remain objective about giving money to the very institutions whose representatives are involved in its decisions? The question is more pressing when we realize that although the ACS approves more than 90 percent of research grant applications sent to the society (93 percent in 1980), limited monies allow for less than 40 percent of *approved* applications to be actually funded (37 percent in 1980). In 1981, $21.1 million, or 43 percent of research funds, went to the above sixteen institutions.

Penthouse has been unsuccessful in getting the ACS to comment on this question of potential conflict of interest other than to quote its policy that "members of the Scientific Advisory Committees are disqualified from discussing and voting on grant proposals from institutions with which they are affiliated." However, while members might scrupulously adhere to such a rule, even the appearance of such a conflict of interest should make ACS rethink its procedures.

The second question that is raised by ACS's closed system of awarding research is whether it is making the best use of its contributors' money. Many cancer experts have criticized ACS for pouring dollars into areas of research that have reached dead ends, while critical areas of investigation, especially those involving prevention, receive token support.

A 1977 *Washington Post* article that was subsequently included in the *Congressional Record* attacked the ACS and the NCI for ignoring the overwhelming evidence that environmental factors cause the majority of all cancers. The authors, Daniel Greenberg and Judith Randal, charged that the society ignored or actually defended potential carcinogens, among them DES and saccharin. It is interesting to note that at the time that Coca-Cola (the company with the most to lose should Congress enact a saccharin ban) was lobbying against government regulatory action, ACS was accepting its money to pay for a society trip to the Soviet Union.

> The ACS pours millions of dollars into dead-end research, while critical areas of investigation, especially those involving prevention, receive token support.

In several discussions with Sheldon Samuels of the AFL-CIO and a member of the National Cancer Advisory Board, we were told of ACS's cool responses to funding research projects investigating cancer-causing substances in the workplace. In fact, Mr. Samuels told *Penthouse*: "Outside of support for the Environmental Science Laboratory at the Mount Sinai School of Medicine, which has concentrated on asbestos as a potential carcinogen, the society's interest in the critical area of environmental cancer research has been disappointing. In the case of the workplace it has even been perverse. The society is interested in cancer in the workplace not out of concern for the workers but rather because of their usefulness as guinea pigs for cancer research."

Another expert in cancer prevention, Dr. Samuel Epstein, has criticized the role of ACS in ignoring the dangers of environmentally caused cancers. In his book *The Politics of Cancer*, Epstein wrote that "apart from being uninvolved in cancer prevention, other than to a limited extent tobacco, senior [ACS] officials have developed for the society a reputation of being indifferent, if not actively hostile, to regulatory needs for the prevention of exposure to carcinogenic chemicals in the general environment and workplace."

The American Cancer Society's close ties with big business may be a factor in its failings in the area of cancer prevention. ACS's position is often similar to industry's when the issue is regulatory or legislative action against potential carcinogens. In addition to its record on saccharin, Epstein has pointed out ACS's opposition to FDA proposals for inserting cancer warnings in packages of the substitute estrogen drug Premarin; its opposition to regulation of such potential carcinogens as Red Dye #2, TRIS, and DES; its refusal to support such legislation as the Clean Water Act and the Clean Air Act; and its generally negative attitude toward cleaning up the environment and thereby helping to prevent certain cancers. All of these negative activities by the society should not be surprising, given its hostility to giving money to cancer researchers concerned with prevention.

Rather than supporting cancer-prevention research, ACS has always suggested that somehow the cancer victim is to blame for his or her condition. For more than twenty years ACS has published "Cancer's Seven Warning Signals" but hardly a word about avoiding chemicals in our environment that can cause cancer (cigarette smoking being the notable exception). In fact, in the *1979 Annual Report of the American Cancer Society*, which featured a special report on cancer prevention, the society discounted cancer-causing properties in hair dyes and air pollution, ignoring the FDA's conclusions about coal-tar hair dyes. The "special report" on cancer prevention, a summary of the conclusions of a much-touted twenty-year study of one million Americans, failed to warn readers of a single substance in our food, clothing, or atmosphere that may cause cancer—with the exception of cigarettes.

Another important area of cancer research that has received only meager support from ACS involves a hormone called chorionic gonadotropin (CG). As with smallpox and polio, it has been the dream of cancer researchers to develop a vaccine for preventing cancer. A little more than a decade ago, several researchers began to find high levels of chorionic gonadotropin in the serum of cancer patients. Since then, CG or CG-like material has been found in the great majority of malignant human tissues. If it can be demonstrated that the CG is produced by all cancer cells, then cancer may very well be one disease, with different manifestations, depending on where it appears in the body. At the very least this would mean that a vaccine for the prevention of cancer is *theoretically* possible.

Whether or not CG fulfills the hopes and expectations of its researchers remains to be seen. Recent scientific literature is re-

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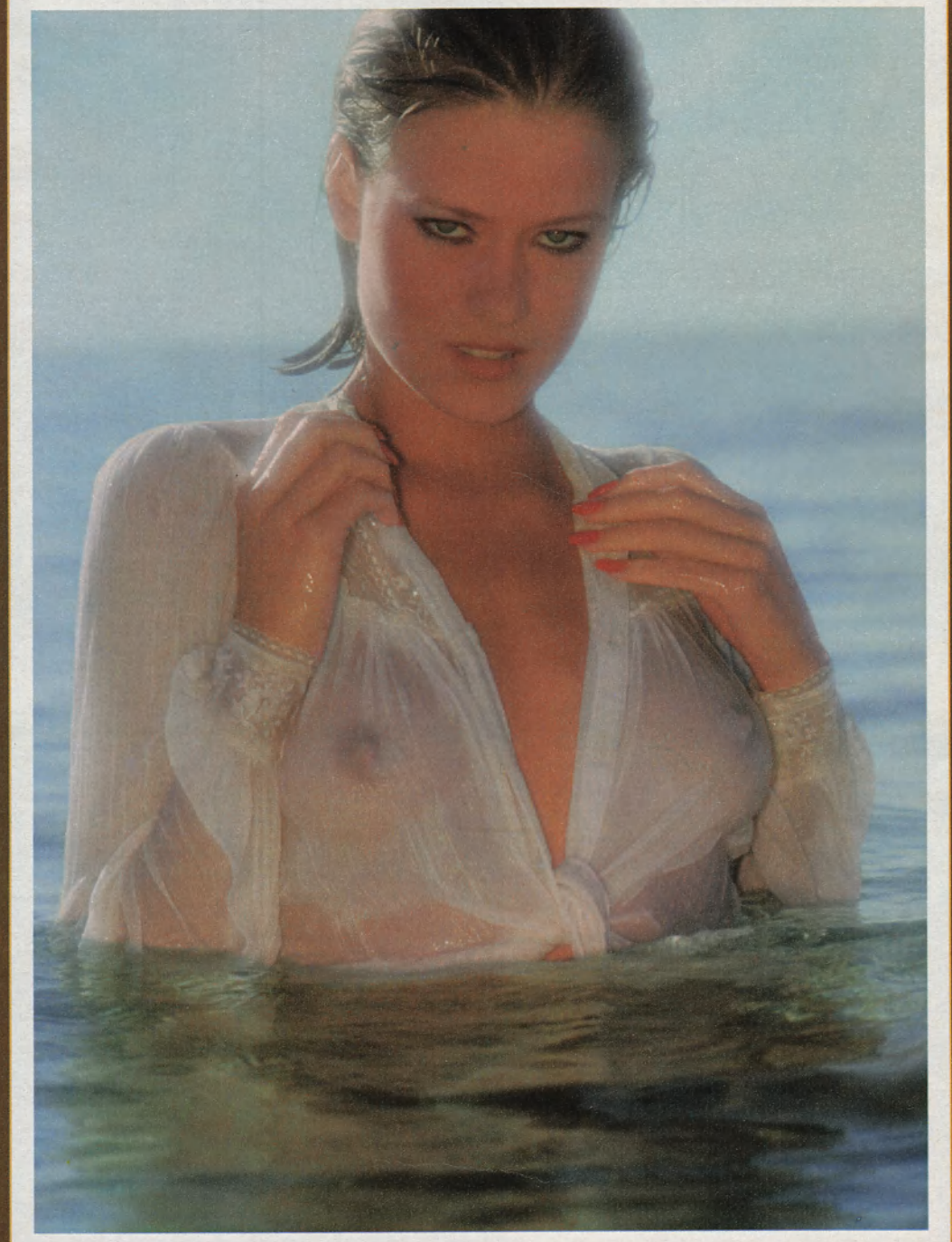
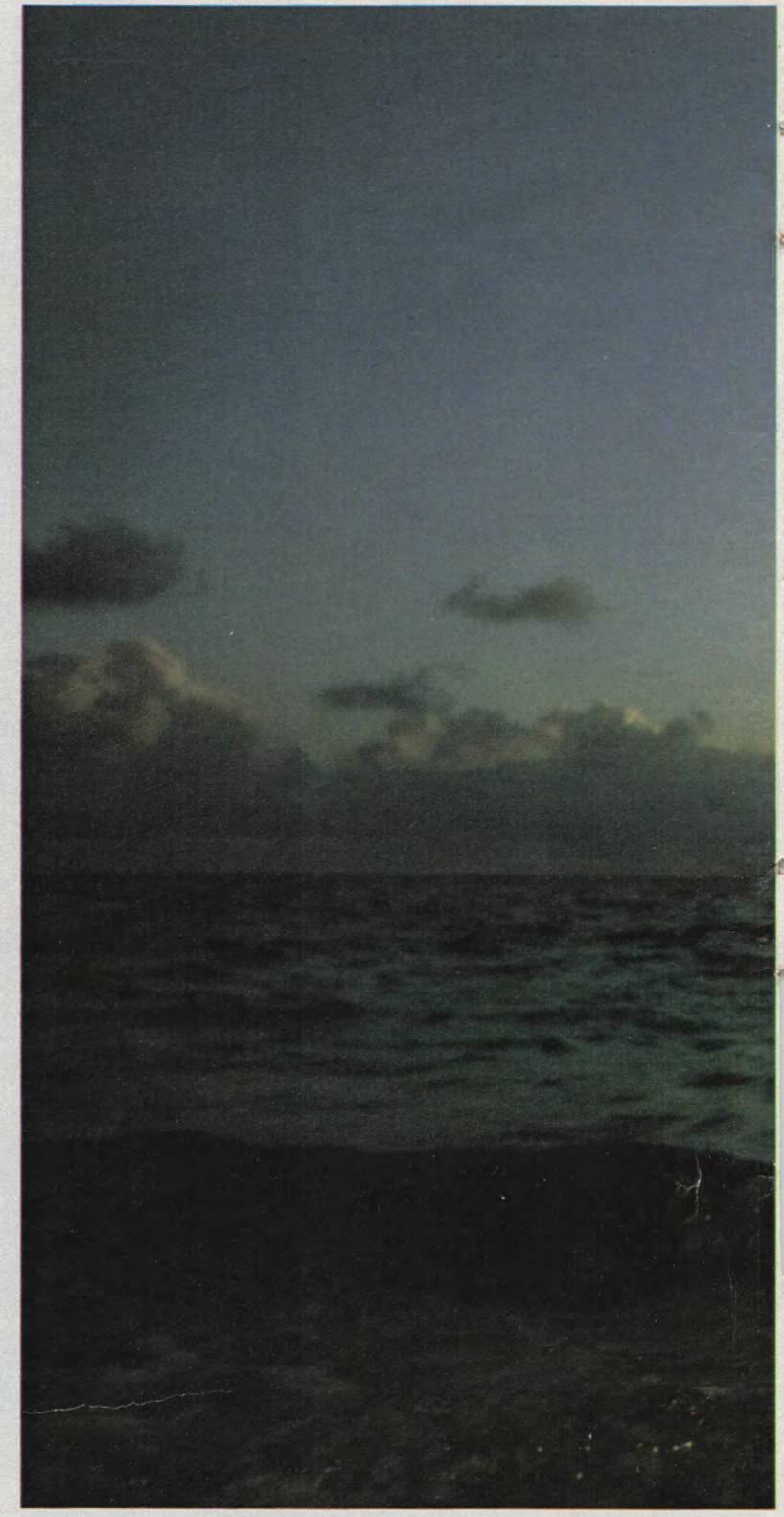


TARA

"Maybe someday she'll work for Penthouse, *shooting pretty young women like herself! After all, it takes one to know one..."*

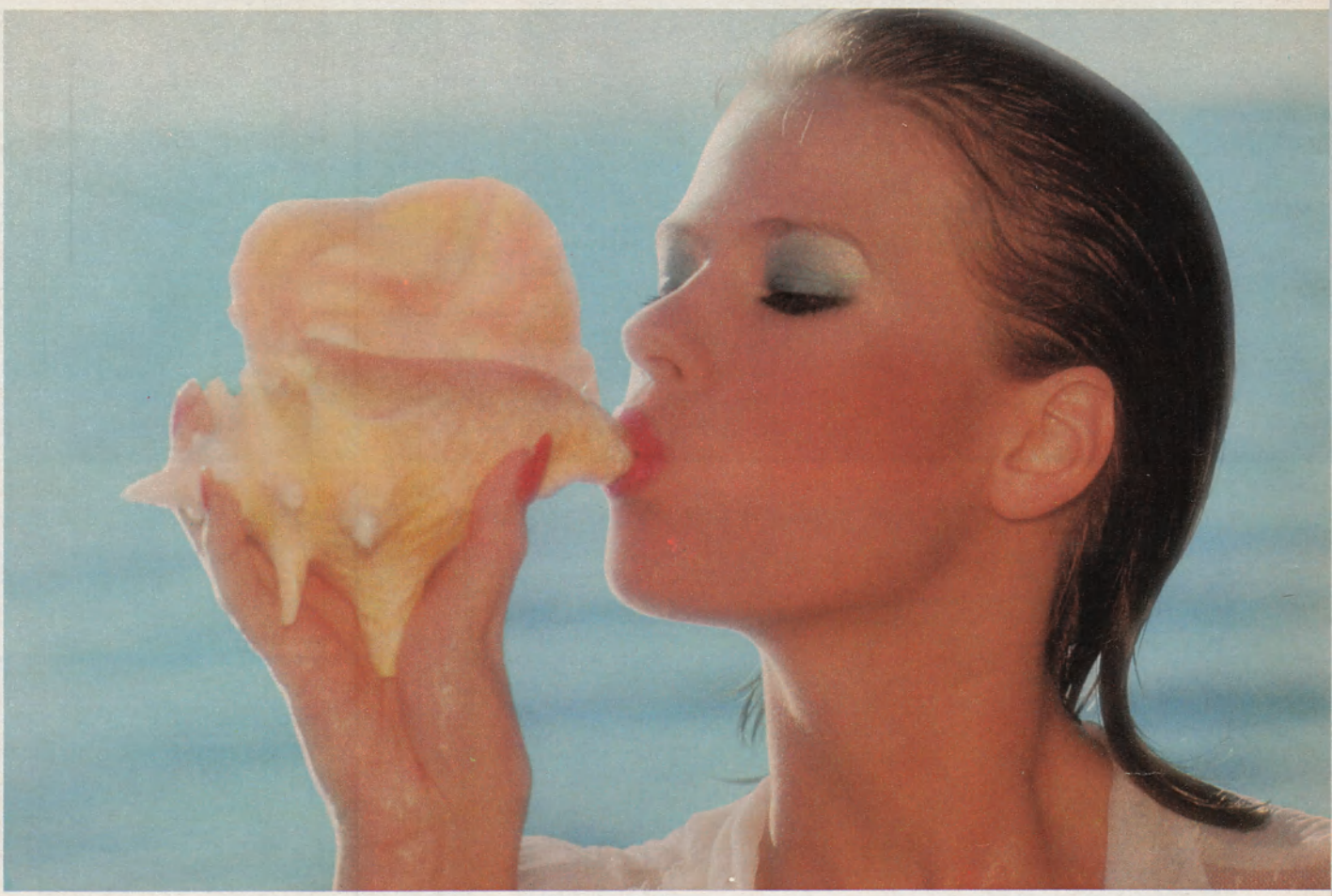
PLAYGIRL OF THE WESTERN WORLD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CITORE SEGAMI



"Wow, what a view!" our leggy young Pet remarks. We couldn't agree with her more—especially since ours is even better. Hawaii's scenic splendor makes it hard to have a care in the world, not that Tara Johnson does anyway. Being just a mere slip of a thing, she finds current events much too weighty. Her hands are full with the smaller problems of her own world: like breaking a fingernail, snagging her panty hose, running out of Haagen-Daz after the stores have closed. Not to mention the problem of juggling all those men! The demand is more than she can possibly ever supply. In the past five years Tara's broken a handful of hearts, chipped maybe half a dozen more. Her family is very well-to-do, she admits; perhaps she's too spoiled and self-centered (it's easy to see, in light of the evidence, why Tara's the apple of her father's eye). Still, she hates it when friends call her a playgirl...

But it's true that she's never done a single day's work. "This," she tells us, obediently pulling up her dress, "is the only real job I've ever had!"

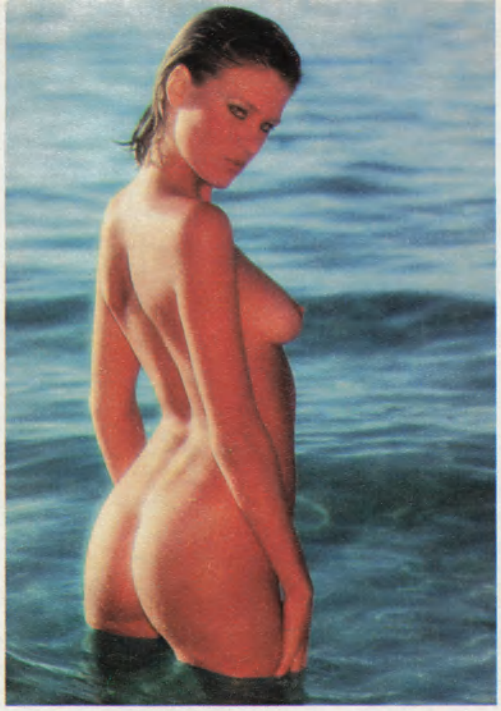


FIRE HOSE

"She's learned to let her imagination flow–does more loops and bends than a pretzel."

Inspired, she chooses her career on the spot. She loves taking pictures for a hobby; maybe someday she'll work for *Penthouse*, shooting pretty women like herself! After all, it takes one to know one.

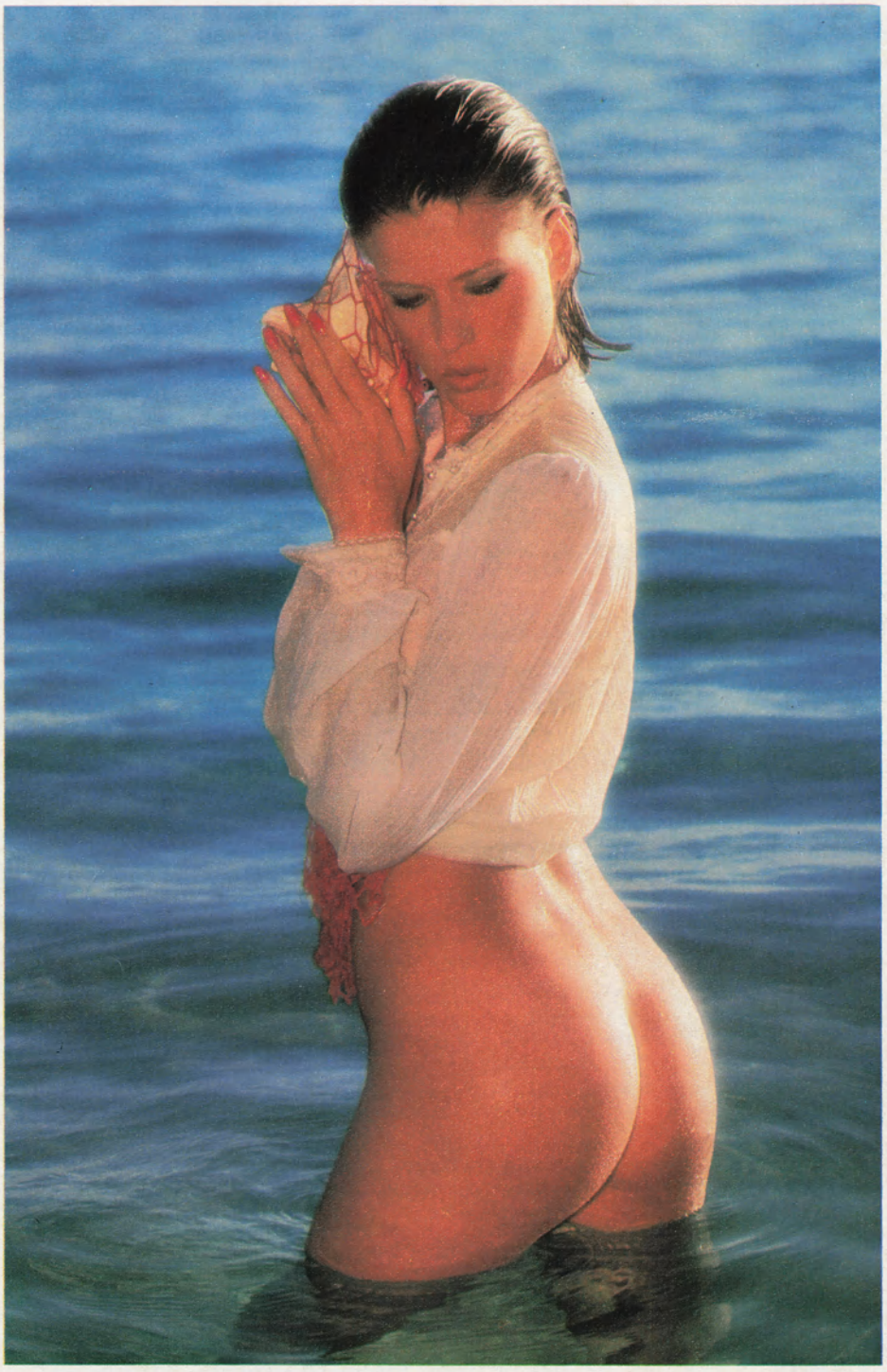
(Hmm, we think she's put her finger on something.) What else does she do for kicks, we ask, politely skirting the issue. "Drive," she says. Seems she got a white Mercedes for graduation last spring, and harbors this secret fantasy...



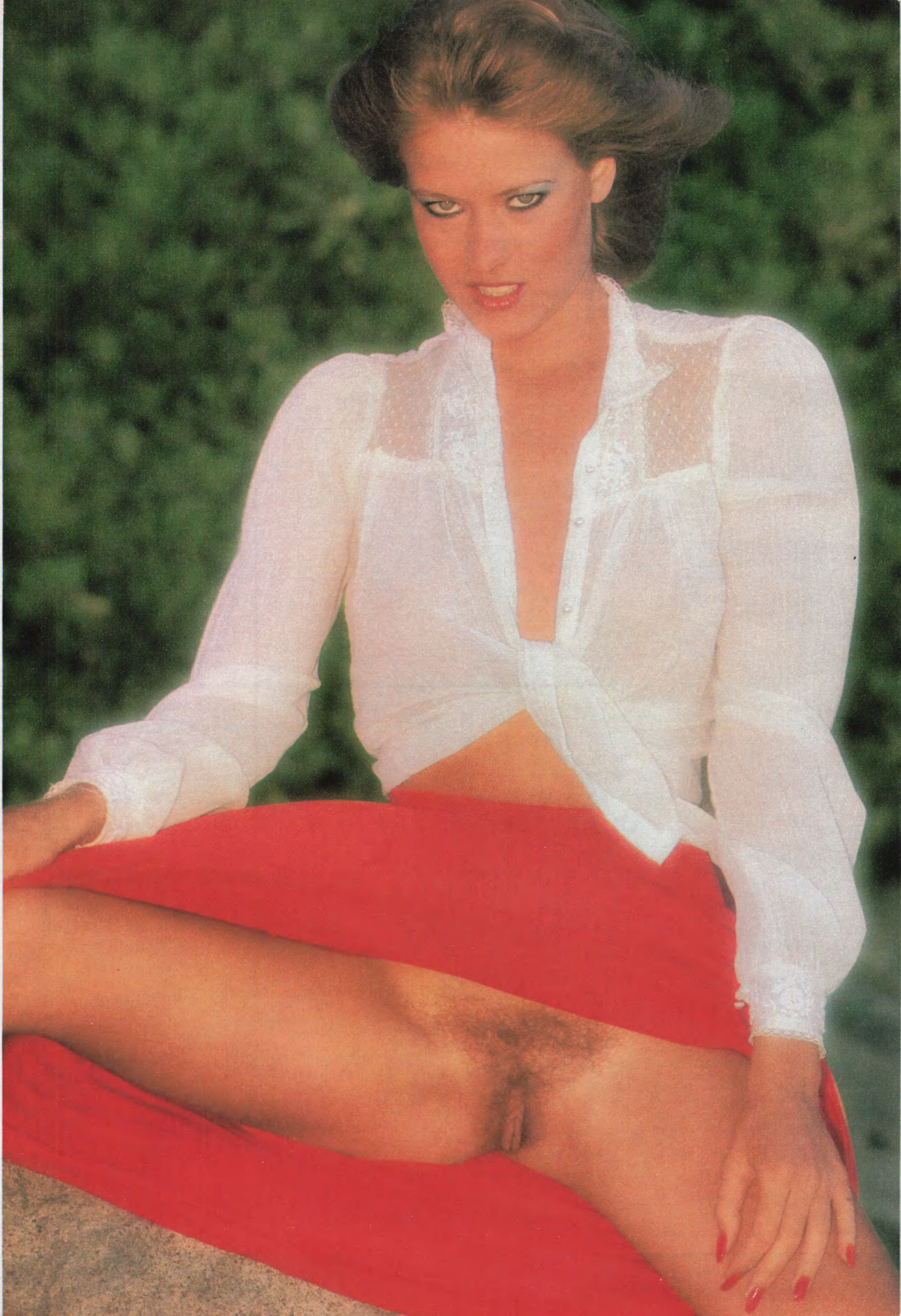
Namely, being ravished by a handsome hitchhiking stranger while she's sitting topless at the wheel of her convertible. The car will be on cruise control, of course, going at least a hundred miles an hour. It would make a great story for her grandkids someday, assuming she lives to tell the tale! Sounds about right for a rich girl's life in the fast lane...

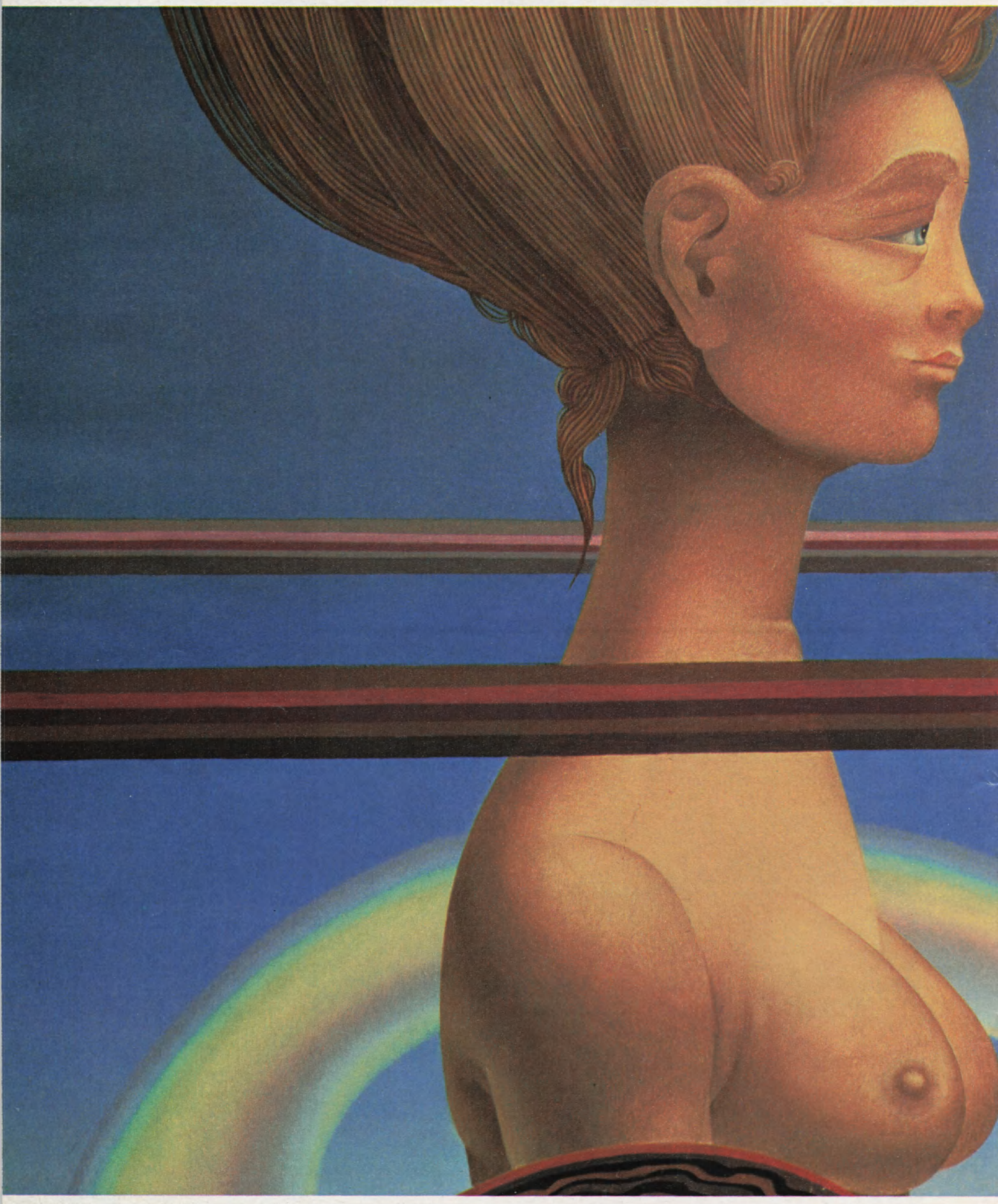
Her fantasy? To be ravished by a handsome hitchhiker while she's topless in her convertible.

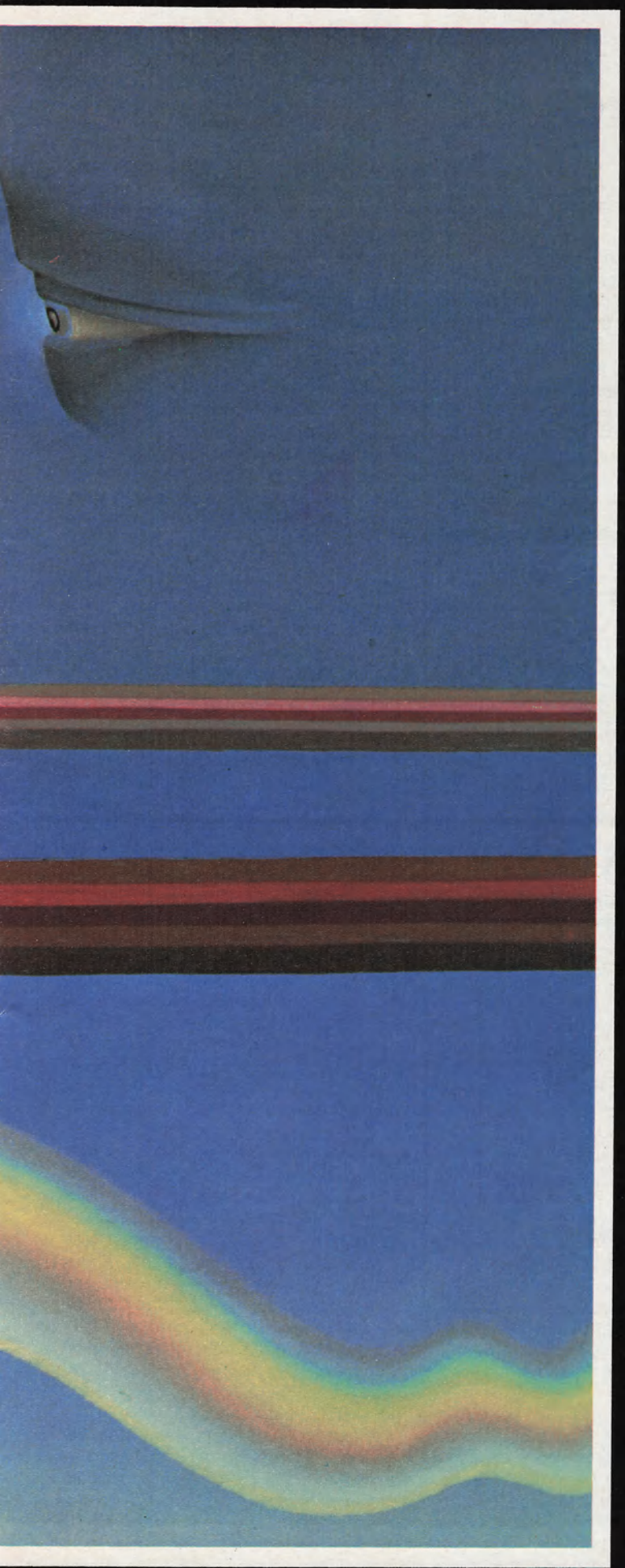
Once upon a time, such unabashed, happy motoring wouldn't have crossed Tara's mind. Then she switched to older men. Unlike the young ones who plunge right in, her new lovers test and stir the waters first. Results? She's learned to let her imagination flow. Now she does more loops and bends than a pretzel. And, sprinkled with the ocean's salt, our Pet looks equally tasty...



Like all young rich girls, Tara does have to worry that some man might love her for her money. Maybe, Tara, but speaking just for ourselves, we'd gladly love you for free.







JENNIFER'S LOVER

Dale Finch spent many lonely nights on the road imagining his wife with another man. But none of his fantasies came close to what he finally found in her bed.

FICTION BY ROBERT SILVERBERG

Finch had married very young—he had been only twenty-three, and Jennifer even younger—and even so he hoped they would live happily ever after. Marriage had been back in fashion for a few years, then, but all the same it was unusual to do it so early, and friends and relatives warned them of the risks. Get out and live in the adult world for a while, they said. There's plenty of time later for settling down.

But marrying was more than a matter of fashion for Finch. He had since adolescence felt himself to be a basically married person. Like one of the primordial creatures of Plato's *Symposium* is how he saw himself: a twofold being that somehow had been divided and could not be happy until it had been reunited with its missing half. He searched diligently until he found Jennifer, who seemed to be that separated segment of himself; and then he quickly took care to join her securely to him once again. They settled in a sleek and snug Connecticut suburb. He sold portable computer terminals for a dynamic little hi-tech outfit in Bridgeport, and she worked for a publishing company in Greenwich, and before long they had a daughter named Samantha and a son named Jason, after which Jennifer quit her job and began doing some volunteer work at the local museum. Their parents, who had been pretty wild items in their own day, doing dope and marching for peace and trashing campuses, were amazed at the way everything had come around full circle in just one generation.

Finch was on the road a lot, making sales calls in a territory that stretched from Rhode Island to Dela-

PAINTING BY WOLFGANG HUTTER

ware, and occasionally he wondered if Jennifer might someday amuse herself with a lover. But the idea was really too alien to make sense to him. Even when he was away from home three or four nights in a row, sleeping in drab motels in New Jersey or Pennsylvania, he saw no need to go outside his warm and secure marriage, and he imagined Jennifer felt the same way. He wondered if that was naive and decided it wasn't. As a couple they were complete, a single entity, a unity. Naturally the early raptures were only warm memories now, but the expectable cooling of passion had been followed by deep friendship. They were together even when they were apart; a lover would be a superfluity; Finch told himself that if he learned Jennifer had been unfaithful to him he would not so much be jealous as merely mystified.

And of course there were the children to bind them always. Samantha was already beautiful at seven, a slim, golden creature who was as apt to speak French as English. She awed them both, and they were immensely proud of her precocious elegance. Jason, not quite six, was of a different substance, a stolid and literal person whose toys were made of microprocessors and LEDs. He had his father's love of technology and Finch saw in him a chance to create what he himself had not managed to be: a genuinely original scientific intellect rather than a peddler of other people's inventions. Whenever he returned from a long trip he brought gifts for everyone, a book or a record for Jennifer, something pretty for Samantha, and invariably a computer game or mechanical puzzle for Jason. They were splendid children, and he and Jennifer often congratulated one another on having produced them.

At a computer showroom in Philadelphia one rainy autumn afternoon Finch bought a wonderful toy for Jason, a little synthesizer that played lively tunes when you tapped out signals in a binary code. Not only would it develop Jason's musical skills—and that side of the brain needed to be trained, too, Finch thought—but it would sharpen his ability to count in binary. It was so expensive that he felt guilty and eased his conscience by getting the new supercassette of *Die Meistersinger* for Jennifer and a sweater of some glittering, furry fabric for Samantha; but on the long drive home he thought only of Jason creating buoyant melodies out of skeins of binary digits.

Jason accepted it politely but seemed not very interested. He watched as Finch demonstrated it, and when it was his turn he generated a few fragmentary atonal squawks. Then a call from Jennifer's parents interrupted things, and afterward, Finch noticed, the child wandered off to his room without taking the synthesizer with him.

After dinner, feeling a little miffed, Finch took the synthesizer to Jason's room and found him hunched over an odd glowing thing the size of a large marble. When he saw Finch enter, the boy disingenuously pushed it into the clutter on his tabletop and pretended to be busy with his holographic viewer. "You left this in the living room," Finch said, giving him the synthesizer. Jason took it and obligingly hit the keys in his mild, obedient way, but he looked uncomfortable and impatient. Finch said, pointing at the little glowing thing, "What's that?"

"Nothing much."

"It's very pretty. Mind if I see it?"

Jason shrugged. He generated a jagged, screeching tune. Finch picked up the sphere. Jason looked even more restless.

"What does it do?" Finch asked.

"You press it in places. It turns colors. You have to get it the same color all over."

"Rubik's Cube," Finch said. "An old idea brought up to date, I guess." He put his fingertips to the sphere and watched in surprise as colors of eerie indefinable hues came and went, blending, shifting.

Jennifer met his thrusts with a vigor he had not encountered in months. It must be because Nort's done all the foreplay for me, he thought bitterly.

Touch it a certain way and there were stripes; another and there were triangular patterns; another and the surface of the sphere burst into thick, brilliant, throbbing patches of color, almost like a Van Gogh landscape. He had never seen anything like it. "Where'd you get it?" he asked. "Jennifer buy it for you?"

"No."

"Grandpa Finch send it?"

"No."

Finch felt himself growing annoyed. "Then who gave it to you?"

The child looked momentarily troubled, tugging at his lower lip, twisting his head at a peculiar angle. Then he began to contemplate the synthesizer, and the old serene Jason, imperturbable, studious, returned.

"Nort gave it to me," he said.

"Nort?"

"*You* know."

"I don't. Who's Nort?"

Jason was manipulating the synthesizer, quickly getting the hang of it, making something close to a tune emerge. He had dismissed Finch from his awareness as thoroughly as if Finch had been transported to Pluto. Gently Finch said, "You aren't answering me. Who's Nort?"

"He plays with me sometimes."

Finch decided to drop it. Jason would tell him about Nort in his own good time, he supposed. Meanwhile the boy was mastering the synthesizer with gratifying swiftness; no point distracting him from that. The mysterious Nort quickly slipped from his mind, and he might never have thought of him again at all if Samantha had not remarked, when he was in her room to say good-night to her, "I'm glad you're back. I don't like Nort, really. I hope he doesn't come here anymore."

Very calmly Finch said, "Oh, he was here again?"

"Two days, this time. Tell him not to come, will you?"

"I don't know if I can do that. You know who Nort is, after all, don't you?"

"Sure. *Maman*'s nephew. A nephew is something like a brother, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"A little bit," said Finch. He kissed her lightly. "I'll see what I can do about Nort, all right? And if he comes back when I'm gone, you tell me about it, sweet. I don't think I like him either. But let's not say anything about this to *Maman*, okay? She's very fond of her nephew, you know, and it would upset her if she knew that you and I didn't like him."

He paused a moment in the hallway, pressing his forehead against the wall, catching his breath. *Maman's nephew.* Jennifer had no nephews. Finch was trembling. Visiting lovers usually claimed to be uncles, he thought. A nephew? *Jennifer's lover?* It was craziness, a fantasm, a melodrama of a tired mind. Jennifer had no lovers. Finch could visualize their marriage, that abstraction, as a solid concrete thing, a gleaming polished marble sphere rather like Jason's glowing toy, and in the perfection of that sphere there was neither need nor room for lovers. In his own way he would find out who Nort was, he resolved, but above all else he would stay calm. He poured himself a drink and rejoined Jennifer, studying her covertly as if looking for signs of adultery on her forehead, in her cheeks. She was playing *Meistersinger,* humming along with the jollier choruses. When they went to bed, he turned to her as he always did when he came home from a long trip, but he imagined that something strange had descended between them like a curtain of metal links, and he was unable to embrace her. The unknown Nort lay as a barrier in their bed. Finch ran his hands halfheartedly over her breasts and flanks but did nothing else. "You must be very tired," Jennifer whispered.

"I am. All that rain—the traffic skidding around—"

She kissed the tip of his nose. "Get a good night's rest," she said.

He had trouble sleeping. He felt her presence inches away as a pulsating vibration that made his fingers and toes tingle disagreeably. That she might have a lover frightened him, for it meant that he held faulty assumptions about their relationship, that his evaluation of reality was

defective. And he had to admit that he was upset on a much simpler level: a stranger was creeping into his bed, and he hated that as a violation of his rights. He found his reaction embarrassing. Mere jealousy, he thought, is ugly and stupid and very much beneath me. Nonetheless, beneath him or not, he felt what he felt, and it hurt him keenly.

Eventually he fell asleep and when he woke, to brilliant October sunlight streaming through the blazing leaves of the red maple outside their bedroom, everything seemed normal again. Jason was using the synthesizer, getting it to play something that almost might have been "Three Blind Mice." Finch was intensely pleased by that. At work that day he thought sometimes about Nort, but not in any very painful way—some neighborhood person, he supposed, an artist Jennifer had met at the museum, maybe, who drops around for a drink and some artistic chitchat, most likely gay, gentle, fond of children, harmless. He was much more interested in that peculiar glowing sphere. That night he went into Jason's room to examine it again. Ingenious, the play of colors, the tantalizing way it *almost* went one-toned as you handled it and then slipped away into patterns. He had no idea how it worked. Sensitive to skin-temperature fluctuations, perhaps, or possibly even pressure-sensitive, though it was solid as a marble. And what generated the changing colors and projected them to the surface? He was tempted to ask Jason to get a second sphere from Nort that he could try to take apart.

The week after next he was up in Boston for three days on his regular monthly trip. The first two went well; but on the evening of the third, as he returned to his motel after an overly winy dinner with a buyer from a Cambridge data-shop chain, the incandescent image of Jennifer getting into bed with Nort suddenly blazed in his soul. The Nort that Finch invented was older than he, perhaps thirty-seven, dark and muscular, with a dancer's supple body and an easy, self-assured manner. Finch bit his lip and tried to force the unwanted vision away, but it grew ever more vivid and ever more graphic, and the pain of it was astonishing. He thought seriously of driving home in the middle of the night. But that would be insane, he realized.

He came home on schedule with the usual gifts, and when he gave Jason his—a little screen on which he could draw with a light-pen—he feared the boy, still enthralled by some phenomenal incomprehensible thing that Nort had just brought him, might snub it. But Jason said nothing about Nort and was instantly fascinated by the screen. Finch felt a surge of relief that lasted until Samantha drew him aside, an hour later, to tell him, "He was here again."

"Nort?"

"*Oui. Mardi et marcredi.*"

"*Mercredi,*" he corrected automatically. Her French still had flaws, but she was only seven. He turned away to hide his look of torment. Two nights, again. Tuesday, Wednesday. He had no idea what he was supposed to do. Confront her with his suspicions and demand an explanation? They had never even had a real quarrel. Swallow his agony and count himself grateful that there was someone here protecting his home and family while he was away? Sure. Sure. In a dull voice he said, "What do Nort and *Maman* do when he's visiting her?"

"They have dinner after we go to sleep. Then they stay up late and talk. In the morning he asks us questions about school and things and tries to be nice to us."

In the morning. Finch winced.

He forced himself to make love with Jennifer that evening, so she would not suspect that he suspected, but he was without desire and barely managed to enter her, which made it all even worse. Guilty herself, she would want to assume

Finch let himself in. Jennifer was sitting up in bed, her bare breasts blazing like beacons, and next to her was a slender, naked young man.

the worst in him, and this uncharacteristic failure of virility after three nights away from her probably would lead her to think he had been with women in Boston, which would encourage her to give herself even more flagrantly to her own lover, which—

In the two weeks before his next road trip he thought constantly of what would take place between Jennifer and Nort while he was away. He was jittery, remote, short-tempered, and morose; Jennifer seemed to be trying to please him, but whatever she did was counterproductive, and he was reduced to pleading business worries and headaches to keep from having to blurt out what was really on his mind. He wanted no confrontations with her.

But as he drove off toward Hartford under gray November skies, he imagined Nort's car gliding into the garage, Nort entering the house with his hands on her breasts, Nort leading her toward the bedroom. The absurd intensity of his obsession alarmed and dismayed him. But he could not control his feelings. In Hartford he checked into his motel and drifted like a man in a daze through his first three calls; he must have seemed in terrible shape, because everyone commented on the way he looked; he had two drinks before making his fourth call, which he never did, and then he canceled the call and returned to the motel. There he had another drink, ate a hamburger in the coffee shop, and stared unseeingly at the television set until midnight, when he abruptly rose, dressed, stumbled outside, and grimly began to drive homeward. He knew that this was absolute madness. He would let himself into the house and catch them in bed together, and then the three of them would sit down and discuss things. And he had no idea what would happen after that.

Just before two in the morning he parked in front of his house and saw, with perverse satisfaction, that a lamp was lit in the bedroom. Strangely calm, Finch peered through the garage window, but saw only Jennifer's station wagon inside. So Nort *was* a neighborhood person, Finch thought. She phones him, and he walks over here, and she lets him in.

Noiselessly Finch unlocked the door, punched in his identity code on the burglar-alarm keyboard, slipped off his shoes, and tiptoed upstairs. His heart pounded with such startling force that he began to fear real damage to it. At the top of the stairs he paused, paralyzed with shame and misgivings. Leave them alone, he told himself. This is unquestionably the most stupid and reckless and self-defeating thing you've done in your life. He was quivering. He did not dare go forward.

"Dale?" Jennifer called from the bedroom. "Dale, is that you? It *better* be you!"

"Me," he croaked and lurched into the room.

She was alone, sitting up in bed, looking frightened and surprised. Finch, ashen and shaking, still had the presence of mind to scan the room for spoor of Nort, an overlooked wristwatch, a stray sock. Nothing. Jennifer was naked. She slept that way with him, but she had once told him that she always wore pajamas when he was away, for warmth. Certainly Nort was still here. Nobody jumps out a second-floor window to escape an angry husband. In the closet? In the bathroom? Under the bed? Finch knew he had created a preposterous farce.

"I felt ill," he mumbled. "Dizzy—hot flashes—I couldn't be alone. I just climbed into the car and headed for home—to be with you—the kids—"

"Dale, what's the matter? What hurts you?" She was as tense and anguished as he was, but she seemed to be recovering her poise. She got out of bed—were those the red imprints of Nort's fingers on her breasts and thighs?—and pulled on her robe and came to him. "If you were so sick, you shouldn't have tried to drive all the way from Hartford. Why didn't you call first? Why didn't you try to have the motel get you a doctor?" He swayed. His legs felt like concrete. He leaned against her, sniffing for the other man's cologne or even the smell of his sweat, and let Jennifer ease him down to the bed. He wanted

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CANCER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

plete with studies and articles demonstrating the worthiness and appropriateness of this new avenue of cancer research, but neither the National Cancer Institute nor the American Cancer Society has provided significant funding for CG research.

In a 1981 book published by Pinnacle Books, *The Cancer Conspiracy*, authors Robert E. Netterberg and Robert T. Taylor describe the frustrating and futile struggles of CG researchers:

"Throughout this book, we have been writing about research by excellent, highly-recognized scientists, a very few of whom have been funded by either the NCI or ACS. . . . It has taken place practically *in spite* of the cancer establishment, with its emphasis on cancer centers and private industries. . . . Scientists like Drs. Hernan Acevedo and Malcolm Slifkin, who have made important contributions to the study of tumors and cancer-associated bacteria, have been dependent upon small grants from individuals or foundations."

Dr. Acevedo, a pioneer in CG research, told *Penthouse* that while he has received one American Cancer Society grant in the amount of $25,000 for CG research, requests for additional funds since the grant's expiration have been rejected by the ACS. He feels that the reviewers of his application at ACS do not have "a willingness to understand the strategies and importance of CG research." An ACS reviewer did conclude in 1980: "Although there are aspects of this work that seem somewhat foreign to our way of thinking about malignancy, the authors are qualified, and I would suggest an approach such as this be strongly considered." But Acevedo's grant application was rejected. Because neither ACS nor NCI has been responsive to the promising area of CG cancer research, it was included in a bill passed by Congress in 1980 to provide $25 million annually for cancer research, to be carried out under the auspices of the National Institutes of Health and the Department of Agriculture.

ACS's public-education program—"programs designed to inform the public about cancer prevention and symptoms and to encourage periodic physical examinations"—is more controversial than its research funding. In 1973 ACS approached NCI with a novel idea for the detection of breast cancer in women. The project, known as the Breast Cancer Detection Demonstration Program (BCDDP), encouraged women to undergo testing for breast cancer. With breast cancer striking one in thirteen women, ACS did not have a difficult time convincing American women to heed its advice, and more than 250,000 of them underwent mammography tests.

Unfortunately, the BCDDP's mass radiation program actually has the potential to cause breast cancer in epidemic proportions among women under fifty years of age. (The effects of radiation will not be known for ten years, the period of latency for the disease.) It has been estimated that 135,000 women under fifty years of age were included in the BCDDP.

ACS and NCI had no real evidence that there would be any benefit from the mass screening of women under the age of fifty. On the contrary, there was evidence that the tests could be very dangerous. As early as October 1974, NCI official Dr. Nathaniel Berlin told the President's Cancer Panel that NCI did not have any data to support ACS's urging of mammographies on an annual basis, but ACS ignored him.

Its intense "public education" campaign also ignored warnings from other establishment cancer experts. For example, Dr. John C. Bailar, former head of NCI's Cancer Control Division, warned in 1975 that for every breast cancer detected and cured, another would be induced by BCDDP. But ACS replied:

> The American Cancer Society has always suggested that somehow the cancer victim is to blame for his or her condition.

"One of the most significant discoveries made over the past year was that mammography is nearly as effective for detecting cancer in women 35 to 50 years of age as in those over 50. In response to some publicly expressed fears that mammography might pose radiation risks, ACS and NCI medical officials announced that they are convinced the benefits from the screening techniques far outweigh any possible risk involved."

In 1976 the American Cancer Society's New York City division released a flyer entitled, in bold letters, *Urgent Message*, with the subheading *Mammography: Benefits Versus Risks*. When the flyer was seen by Dr. Bailar, at the time editor of *NCI Cancer Journal*, he was horrified and immediately prepared a memorandum—which would be buried in NCI files. A few phrases from Bailar's memorandum are enough to indicate how reckless ACS had become in educating the public and physicians. The memorandum was addressed to the acting director of the National Cancer Institute, Dr. Guy Newell:

"I have just become aware of a problem that has the seeds of a major disaster. . . . The 'Urgent Message' itself is plain hogwash—an emotional and political reaction to the embarrassment and disappointment of earlier error. . . . the statement is seriously faulty, and hence presents a grave danger to that block of women who should avoid mammography."

At the House hearings on the National Cancer Program in June 1977, it was revealed that the ACS flyer had been sent to every hospital in New York and to some 15,000 physicians. In 1977 NCI officialdom had come to accept the wisdom of its scientists arguing against unrestricted mammography tests, and, exasperated by the ACS determination to continue them, the NCI unilaterally tightened the guidelines for participation. Acting Director Guy Newell was asked if he thought it was "advisable or appropriate for ACS to circulate a flyer in that manner" and replied: "I suppose, Mr. Chairman, if we did not think it was appropriate to print it, I guess I would have to say that we did not think it was appropriate to send it." But by this time 135,000 women had placed their lives in danger.

It may be a coincidence, but during the following year (1978) ACS was no longer receiving government money. Lane W. Adams, executive vice-president of the American Cancer Society, explained the end of the ACS-NCI partnership this way: "In November, the ACS took an action which will profoundly affect our future efforts to control cancer. By voting to decline federal aid, we issued a careful, considered declaration of our independence. The amount of money involved was not very large; but a central principle was at issue.

"As a voluntary agency, we bring distinctive strengths to the struggle against cancer. We cannot afford to have that identity blurred or compromised. We must be able to speak without equivocation and act without hesitation. We must avoid the impression that what we do is in any way secondary, supplementary, or subordinate."

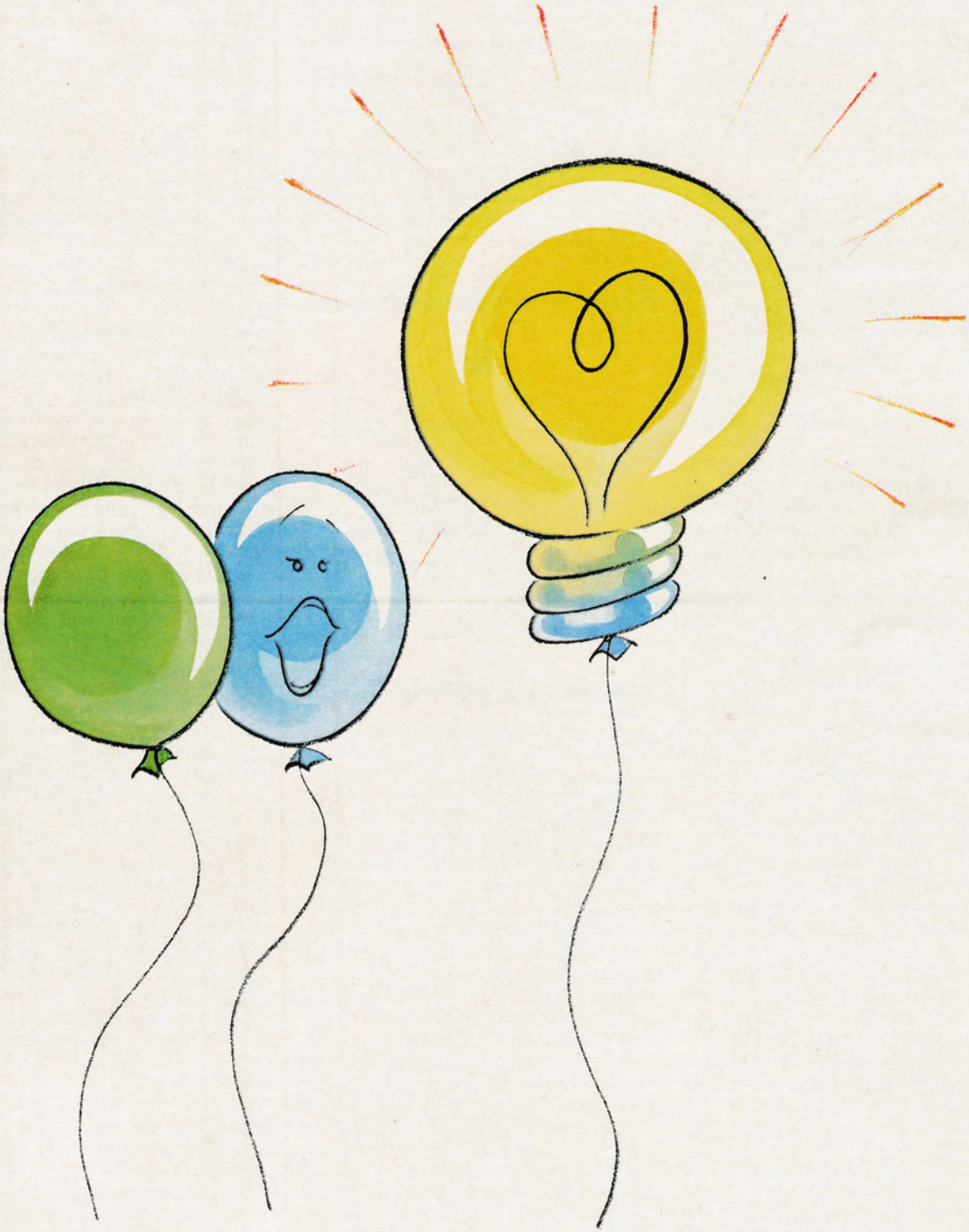
And, although both parties deny that BCDDP had anything to do with the split, the same *1978 ACS Annual Report* that contained the statement of Mr. Adams also continued its "public education" urging women to subject themselves to mammographies.

In the fiscal year ending August 31, 1980, ACS reported that it raised over $150 million. But as Greenberg and Randal had reported a few years earlier in the *Washington Post*, "The power of ACS doesn't come from its money. . . ." Instead, "ACS's power comes from its ability to influence the spending strategy of the politically passive NCI. . . . ACS accomplishes this through an intricate network of influential people who have been enlisted in the crusade."

This "intricate network" of influence has operated since the mid-forties. It has included such powerful businessmen as J. Leonard Reinsch, chairman of the board of Cox Cable Communications;

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Wait . . . I think he's got another idea."

Travis T. Wallace, founder of the Great American Reserve Insurance Company; and Emerson Foote, cofounder of the Foote, Cone, and Belding advertising agency. Every year ACS courts its good friends in the media by holding "science writers' seminars," hosting and feeding the party line to friendly writers from all over the country.

As we've noted earlier, pharmaceutical-company executives have been heavily involved in running ACS and in that capacity have promoted at the NCI and in Congress the interests of their companies—in the area of cancer chemotherapy drugs. For several years ACS officials lobbied in Congress to have control of chemotherapy drugs transferred from the Food and Drug Administration to the National Cancer Institute.

Dr. Sidney M. Wolfe, director of the Public Citizen Health Research Group, told Congress in 1977 that in many situations NCI actually had endangered the public health with less-than-rigid controls in the testing and treating of cancer patients with extremely toxic chemotherapy drugs, and he warned: "The American Cancer Society, in Washington at least, has demanded new legislation to remove from FDA the authority to regulate this category of drugs."

In Washington former ACS lobbyist Nathaniel Polster received a total of $221,917 from 1979 to 1981 to fund his work. Polster, who, after our second telephone call to his office, slammed down the receiver on us, gave us very little information as to what the American Cancer Society was buying for this money. Nor would the American Cancer Society tell us.

Perhaps the greatest demonstration of ACS's political clout was the passage of the 1971 Cancer Act, the most significant piece of legislation passed in this country's war against cancer, which enabled the National Cancer Institute to waste tens of millions of tax dollars.

On December 9, 1969, the "Citizens Committee for the Conquest of Cancer," led by ACS officials Mary Lasker and Dr. Sidney Farber and others, paid for a full-page advertisement in the *New York Times* entitled "Mr. Nixon, You Can Cure Cancer." It claimed that a cancer cure was at hand and that all that was lacking was the dollars needed for victory over the enemy. The advertisement implied that cancer could be defeated by 1976. Dr. Samuel Epstein has written that this lobby "effectively misled the Congress into believing that the cure for cancer was imminent, needing only a massively funded national effort."

While Mary Lasker had powerful friends in Congress, such as Edward Kennedy and Hubert Humphrey, ACS's Elmer Bobst had an influential ally—his old friend Richard Nixon. Bobst wrote in 1973: "Because he knew of my experience and knowledge, President Nixon called on me to consult with him before he decided to commit his administration to a national program for the conquest of cancer. . . . I urged the president to support a proposal that would make the [National] Cancer Institute autonomous, thus stripping away the bureaucratic layers on top of it, give it an annual appropriation without any definite limitations."

But the 1971 Cancer Act did not go as far as Bobst and Nixon would have desired in making NCI "autonomous," because many congressmen felt that the cancer agency, like all other health agencies of the government, should be answerable to Congress. As Greenberg and Randal wrote: "With all this social and business power at its command, the ACS has usually been able to overwhelm the civil servants of the NCI." And Rep. David Obey (Dem.-Wis.), an NCI critic, believed that "ACS wants to keep the Cancer Institute strong in bankroll and weak in staff so that it can direct its spending without too much interference."

And in 1977, at the House Overview of the National Cancer Program, Rep. Henry Waxman (Dem.-Calif.) asked Dr. Donald Fredrickson, director of the National Institutes of Health, the parent body of NCI, "Would you recommend that officials in the National Cancer Institute not be directors of the American Cancer Society?" Fredrickson replied, "I have that under study now, but my preliminary impression is that they should not." In April 1981, Fredrickson was firm in his impression and told *Penthouse*, "I think that because there is a potential for apparent conflict of interest, it would be undesirable for NCI officials to also serve as directors of ACS."

> The ACS's breast-cancer detection program actually has the potential to cause breast cancer in epidemic proportions among women under fifty years of age.

The relationship between the American Cancer Society and the mass media has also been cause for concern. The annual Science Writers' Seminar, which began in 1959, was supposed to give science writers the opportunity to meet members of the scientific community in an informal setting. But former ACS science editor Patrick McGrady, Sr., charged that instead the meetings became a "medium of self-serving propaganda" for the society. In 1979 author Robert Houston wrote: "Held at holiday resorts to lure and pacify reporters, it can usually be counted on to generate a barrage of breathless copy about how a mote in a scientist's lens spells imminent victory against the dread disease. Softened up by the exalted false hopes (most of which later turn out to be cul-de-sacs or, worse, bottomless pits), the public is an easy prey for the Society's volunteer army."

The media's coverage of ACS activities is too often less than critical or insightful. For example, in 1979 the Associated Press distributed a cancer series, *Taming the Killer Cell,* written by science writer Alton Blakeslee. It appeared in 230 newspapers with an estimated total circulation of 13 million readers. Mr. Blakeslee, who had worked for the Associated Press, was in the employ of ACS; yet the articles never identified him as a member of the society. Moreover, the ACS, not the AP, paid Blakeslee for the articles. Dan Perkes, news features editor of Associated Press, told *Penthouse* that the point of the series was to inform the public about the latest advances in cancer research; however, in retrospect, he would not accept such material from ACS. Blakeslee told us that the American Cancer Society requested that the Associated Press note the author's affiliation, but AP failed to do so. It should be noted that Mr. Perkes believes that Associated Press removed all "puff" or ACS propaganda from Blakeslee's series before printing the articles. However, there is little doubt that the 13 million who read the series were unaware that the cancer series was an ACS publicity piece and not an objective series on the disease.

Another influential reporter, Jane E. Brody, chief medical reporter for the prestigious *New York Times*, actually collaborated with a top ACS official, Dr. Arthur I. Holleb, on a book, *You Can Fight Cancer and Win*, which among other things advocated annual mammographies. Although they stressed that the book does "not represent official statements of either the *New York Times* or the American Cancer Society," it reads like a long ACS pamphlet. In her effusive introduction, Brody credits the ACS with the "promise of continuing—even accelerating—progress" in the war against cancer. The book is riddled with uncritical references to the ACS and, in an appendix, lists all the chartered divisions of the ACS in the United States and Canada. Ms. Brody, whose articles on health appear with great frequency in the pages of the *Times* and other newspapers, may not be an ACS official, but it is often hard to tell the difference.

Perhaps, whether wittingly or unwittingly, the media also served ACS's purposes when they promoted the "magic bullet" cancer cure, interferon. In 1977 ACS began a program that would "provide needed funds quickly for top priority projects" in cancer research. The following year in this program ACS announced a major breakthrough in interferon research—"a natural body substance produced when cells are invaded by viruses"—and committed $2 million of society funds for the

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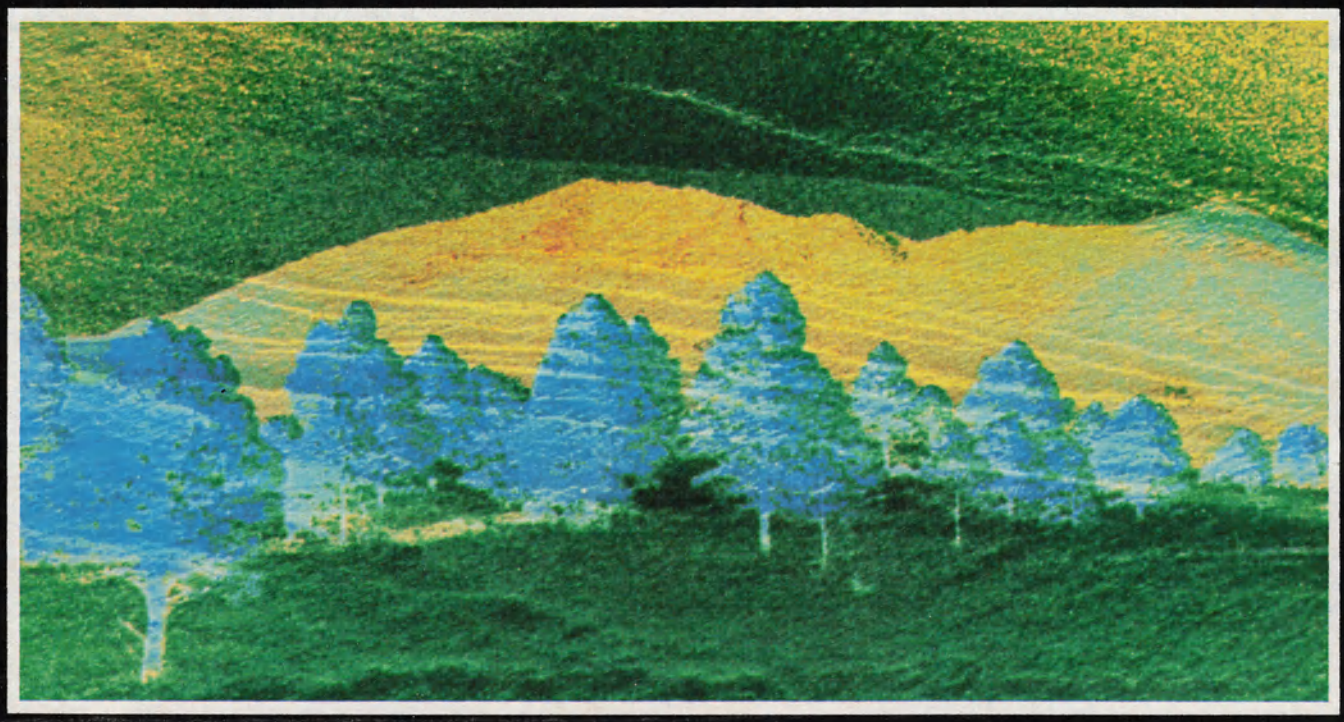

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purchase of the substance. It was the largest single commitment of funds ever made by ACS. The recipient of ACS's generosity was M. D. Anderson Hospital at the University of Texas at Houston. Coincidentally, former ACS president Lee Clark was in charge of the hospital in Texas.

What was to follow ACS's commitment to interferon cancer research was a media blitz about the new magic bullet to cure cancer. Optimism reigned as television news shows and popular magazines featured stories on this latest cancer breakthrough, with much of their content supplied by ACS. All of it was encouraging, but little of it was based on any scientific finds about the efficacy of treating cancer with interferon. Ralph Moss, author of *The Cancer Syndrome*, told *Penthouse*: "Interferon is not a fraud, but the announcement of the program was suspiciously timed. The ACS got the maximum mileage out of it. There was a crisis in fund-raising, they were having a PR crisis. . . . It was at the height of the Laetrile controversy, and they were looking stuffy. . . . Interferon was the Laetrile of the establishment."

And the ACS itself seemed to admit failure when Irving Rimer, vice-president for public relations, told us: "It is not necessary for the ACS to continue the funding of interferon acquisition. It'll take much more time to determine the effectiveness of interferon. What looked at first like a more immediate promise for the role of interferon has become more complex, long-term."

ACS's control over cancer policy and practices in the country is further extended by its heavy lobbying in state legislatures. In Sacramento, Calif., for example, Charles Olson is paid $25,000 a year by the society to urge state legislators to continue the ban on Laetrile. Mr. Olson told us that he could not discuss his activities with *Penthouse* until he cleared it with ACS. He then became unavailable for comment; our repeated requests for him to return our telephone calls, left with his service, went unanswered.

However, the office of Sen. William Campbell, minority leader in the California Senate, was less reticent. Jerry Haleva, Campbell's executive assistant, told us that he finds ACS's activities offensive considering the fact that ACS has prevented even hopeless cancer patients from using Laetrile.

"Our greatest concern is that the efforts of the American Cancer Society to defeat our Laetrile legislation have been funded by contributions of thousands of Americans who believe they are donating to improve cancer research to help find a cancer cure," he told us. "The American Cancer Society has allocated $25,000 of their funds to retain a lobbyist in Sacramento just for the purpose of defeating the 'Laetrile freedom of choice issue.' That is really onerous to us in the light of the fact that our bill, as restrictive as it is, only provides an alternative therapy to terminally ill cancer patients—those patients for whom orthodox therapies have given up all hope. And to have the American Cancer Society squandering hard-earned dollars of contributors on this kind of legislative effort is completely obnoxious to our office."

Haleva emphasized that Laetrile was not the issue in the legislation but rather that "the issue is one of freedom of choice: of how government says to dying cancer victims in California that we can't cure you, but we won't allow you to experiment with a therapy in which you have faith."

Jerry Haleva's remarks concerning Laetrile's being an issue "of one of freedom of choice" for dying cancer patients raise questions about another major effort of the society, namely, its "Unproven Methods of Cancer Management" list. The society's pamphlet on the subject states: "Unproven methods of cancer management are as much a part of the cancer problem as is the capacity of the disease to kill."

> An expert charged that the ACS "is interested in cancer in the workplace not out of concern for workers but rather because of their usefulness as guinea pigs."

The "unproven methods" pamphlet is intended to warn both patients and physicians about quackery in cancer treatment and includes a list of those methods cancer patients should steer clear of. Also, there are checklists for determining whether such medical specialists are "quacks," discussion of the psychology of cancer patients who frequent such medical specialists, and a brief essay on the conspiracy of propaganda by cancer quacks to impress and interest cancer patients seeking help.

This "service" is one of ACS's major efforts. It involves publishing articles in important medical journals, a national information service, lobbying activities to pass restrictive legislation, and participation with government agencies—for example, the FDA and the U.S. Postal Service—in preventing circulation of information and material associated with quack cancer cures.

Many of the cancer cures included on the society's "unproven methods" list seem to be obvious frauds. Few can argue with the service that the ACS is performing in warning the public about their dangers for the cancer patient. On the other hand, there are substances and treatments on ACS's unproven-methods list that may be more legitimate.

For example, just before *Penthouse* had published its article on Dr. Joseph Gold (January 1980) and the results that he had obtained with hydrazine sulfate, the American Cancer Society acknowledged that it had erred in placing the substance on its unproven-methods list since 1976. Hydrazine sulfate was taken off the list in November 1979, when the ACS was aware that the *Penthouse* story was about to hit the newsstands. As Gold had told *Penthouse*, he had labored unsuccessfully for more than three years in trying to get the society to reconsider its earlier decision, but the ACS ignored the scientific data presented by Gold and other researchers that demonstrated hydrazine sulfate's positive results with cancer patients.

While ACS has no direct legal powers to prevent any physician from practicing an unorthodox cancer treatment, its awesome power of lobbying and public-relations machinery are very effective in discrediting alternative treatments. Many cancer patients believe that a particular mode of treatment has been outlawed by the government simply by its inclusion on the list, although many of the treatments are not prohibited by law. The ACS obviously fails to recognize any freedom of choice for cancer victims.

One reason for the medical establishment's great responsiveness to the American Cancer Society is the considerable amount of money the society spends on "professional education." ACS spent $16.3 million for this program in 1980. According to ACS, "The professional education program of the Society provides factual information and the means for education to physicians, dentists, nurses and to members of the allied health professions, to persuade and stimulate them to carry out new or special procedures in the detection, diagnosis, and treatment of cancer and to recognize the importance of their individual roles in determining the extent to which cancer is controlled."

But the National Cancer Institute already spends millions of dollars for professional training (in 1980 the amount was $42.9 million). Private contributors to the American Cancer Society may well ask themselves if it should be their burden to educate one of America's highest-income groups.

In general, the American Cancer Society has ignored or refused to comment on the critical issues raised in this article. While it is all too eager to have the media spread its version of cancer truths, it appears that the society is unwilling to respond to any criticism of its vital and central role in determining cancer policies in the United States. Perhaps it is time for the millions of ACS contributors to force such a public accounting.

The great American
obsession still gets top billing.

Stan Malinowski

TITILLATION

Hewed from limestone some 30,000 years before Christ, the little ochre-stained statuette called the *Venus of Willendorf* is our most ancient female image. Since her discovery in 1908 in a prehistoric hunting camp in lower Austria, learned men of all nations and hat sizes have argued the precise mystical nature of the chubby goddess. One aspect, however, is agreed upon by all: she's got big ones.

Since the dawn of his creation, man has worshiped the soft protuberances of the female thorax. This is rightly so, for the bounties of the breast are wondrous and many. In tender infancy the breast gives man the very sustenance of life, and in the hale manhood that is the fruit of that sustenance, the breast gives him something to diddle with during commercials.

Although mastomythology is a relatively new field (in fact, it came into being just this very moment), its study is rewarding and fruitful, and while it will by no means unlock for us the secrets of the universe, it will lead us to a better and truer understanding of at least those parts of the universe that are usually found tucked away inside brassieres. This knowledge, like all other knowledge, has not come cheaply. But, unlike the gentleman on TV from the data-processing school, I offer it for free, asking you to send no money, but only to remem-

HUMOR BY NICK TOSCHES

Culver Pictures

Stan Malinowski

Stan Malinowski

ber who your friends are.

Man has mixed religion with many unlikely things—war, money, Pat Boone, and such—but rarely has his imagination been so fired as when he mixed his religion with titties. At Ephesus, one of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World, early Greeks worshiped the pre-Olympian goddess Artemis. The statue they devoutly adored, now known as the *Diana of Ephesus*, was the image of a beautiful woman, normal in all respects save one—she had more tits than a Guernsey cow.

To the south, in the central shrine at Knossos, stood an icon no less strange, no less revered, but certainly more menacing, than the *Diana of Ephesus*: the Minoan snake goddess. Her full dress covered all her body but for her gorgeous breasts, and in her outstretched hands were two writhing vipers. (The snake-tit effect has proved no less striking in our own time, as Theda Bara showed in *Cleopatra*. I am sure that psychiatrists have much to say on this point. I, however, do not.)

It was the Romans who devised the notion that our world and all its stars were the effusion of a tittie. The story had it that one night while Juno was nursing Hercules, her divine boob snapped out of his mouth, spraying milk into the heavens, thus creating our galaxy, the Milky Way. (The big-squirt theory.)

Tit worship was by no means restricted to the pagan world. The cult of *Maria Lactans*, one of the most pervasive cults in the history of Christianity, venerated the breast and milk of the Virgin Mary. Lucky among men, taught the Church, was the twelfth-century St. Bernard of Clairvaux. Reciting his prayers one day before a statue of the Virgin in the church of St. Vorles at Châtillon-sur-Seine, Bernie was miraculously greeted by—*shazam!*—the Virgin herself, who, pressing her breast, let three drops of her precious milk fall onto his lips. (And, boy, were the other monks jealous!) This scene was later depicted by Filippo Lippi in *The Vision of St. Bernard.*

The cult of *Maria Lactans* got so far out-of-hand that by the time of the Renaissance, churches throughout Christendom boasted of possessing sacred vials of Mary's milk. In his *Treatise on Relics,* Calvin complained that "there is no town so small . . . that it does not display some of the Virgin's milk. There is so much that if the holy Virgin had been a cow . . . she would have been hard put to yield such a great quantity." Although the *Maria Lactans* cult was eventually squelched, in the late sixteenth century, by lobbyists for the Immaculate Conception, one still encounters phials of the stuff in Italy.

Where there is worship, there also is fear. Women, real and imagined, have

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wielded their tits fearsomely since time immemorial. In the *Iliad* Hecuba bares her breast to her son Hector in an attempt to dissuade him from fighting Achilles. Phryne, the fourth-century B.C. Greek courtesan who modeled for many sculpted images of Aphrodite, persuaded a jury to acquit her of impiety charges by dramatically exposing her bosom in court. The Norse Sagas tell us that when the Norsemen were on the verge of being vanquished by the American aborigines in Vinland, Freydis, the bastard daughter of Eric the Red, saved the day by ripping open her blouse and slapping her breasts with a sword, thus scaring off the natives. Lola Montez, the infamous nineteenth-century actress, won the undying favors of Ludwig I of Bavaria by baring her boobs to him during a formal audience. But the greatest depiction of tit power is Giotto's personification of Anger on a wall of the Scrovegni Chapel in Padua: a woman rending her bodice to reveal herself in vague and utter defiance of all.

Freud, who comes in handy at times such as this, believed that all men fear the breast, and that their fear is rooted in infancy. "Not without surprise," he wrote, "do we hear the accusation: Mother has not given the child enough milk, she hasn't suckled it long enough. . . . So great is the voracity of the infantile libido! The aggressive oral and sadistic wishes are then encountered in the form which early repression forces on them: namely, the fear of being killed by the mother." (And if you buy that one, I've got some coastal real estate you might be interested in.)

But what of the simple, natural beauty of the breast? To capture the essence of that beauty, we should perhaps turn to our poets, that noble race which, lacking the skills of any useful trade, teaches us lesser beings to read the subtle soundings of our senses. While literature certainly has employed some rather unique similes in describing breasts—"like two young roes," offers the Song of Solomon; "like flapping sails," says Meleager of Gadara; "like bouquets of hyacinth," muses Federico García Lorca—most poets fall into one of two groups when they are confronted with the breast. The first and more popular of these groups comprises the Dessert-Menu School of tit poesy. Our oldest surviving example of boobie verse, found on a scrap of Egyptian papyrus dating to around 1300 B.C., is of this type, describing milady's breasts as "love-apples." The classical poet Rufinus referred to "the golden apples of her breast." Paulus Silentiarius, writing in the sixth century, used the phrase "two apples" in several poems, before finally falling overboard with "to clasp in my hands your apples nodding with the weight of their clusters." By the sixteenth century, apples alone would no longer suffice for the menu. "Her brest like a bowle of creame uncrudded," dreamed Edmund Spenser. The award must, however, go to that horny cleric Robert Herrick, whose seventeenth-century poem "Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breast" manages to work in not only cream and two fruits but also a floral setting for the table:

Have you beheld (with much delight)
A red-Rose peeping through a white?
Or else a Cherrie (double-grac't)
Within a Lillie? Center plac't?
Or ever mark't the pretty beam,
A Strawberry shewes halfe
drown'd in Creame?
Or seen rich Rubies blushing through
A pure smooth Pearle, and Orient too?
So like to this, nay all the rest,
Is each neate Niplet of her breast.

Secondly, there is the Surf-'n'-Ski School, the prototype of which is found in the Homeric "Hymn to Aphrodite" and its phrase "her snow-white breasts." Rufinus, taking time out from his apple-picking, gave us "her breasts like the spring-tide." And in the ninth-century Arabian Nights, we encounter breasts that are a combination of both: "Your breasts are snow; I breathe them like sea-foam." In *The Rape of Lu-*

Bob Guccione

Movie Star News

Movie Star News

crece, Big Bill Shakespeare offered "Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue, a pair of maiden worlds unconquered." Nice, Bill.

Writers of prose have seemed to be more concerned with the size of breasts. This had been especially true in the modern era. Emile Zola, in *Germinal*, told of a widow "with a pair of breasts each one of which required a man to embrace it." For this sort of thing, however, I much prefer the fine beatnik novelists of several years ago. In the much-ignored *Jazzman in Nudetown,* Bob Tralins labors over "those *huge mountainous breasts.*" Not to be outdone, Richard E. Geis, in his *Like Crazy, Man* ("Adult Reading"), says, "Her large breasts swayed and moved like huge hanging melons," and, several pages later, "Gosh! Her breasts were out of this world. They were cantaloupes, self-supporting and silky-smooth, big and round and full."

Many women that I have encountered share much with these notable beatnik authors regarding their concern for breast size. I cannot recall knowing many women who have not, at one time or another, confronted me with the question, "Do you like my breasts?" (And this includes my thirteen-year-old stepsister and my shut-in aunt in Weehawken.) What, I wonder, do such women suppose one might answer? "No"?

The discomfort, folly, and expense that some women have put themselves through in their quest for mammary splendor is truly astounding, from the stiff, long-waisted corsets of the 1600s to the wire-reinforced brassieres of today. (The modern, cupped uplift bra as we now know it was devised by a Russian-born retailer named Ida Rosenthal. She called her brassiere Maidenform, as in "I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night in my . . . " The alphabetical cup sizes came along later, a 1935 Warner's invention.) Patented falsies hit the market in the mid-nineteenth century and immediately became a boom business. By the turn of the present century, fortunes were being made selling "bust creams," ointments that promised to increase the size of milady's bosom. These wonder drugs are still advertised in various Hollywood fan magazines and tabloids.

Yet, in spite of all this, the message has always basically been, to quote an old Coasters song, "You can look, but you'd better not touch." A further irony is that those women who seem to regard their breasts as the center of their being are often offended (whether sincerely or affectedly, I leave to Messrs. Freud and Geis) when someone deigns to agree with them. I personally have known certain women to take exception to the most casual and innocent comments of this nature, such as, "I judge all broads by the size of their tits." (Many women, like many men, would rather be judged by the quality of their minds than by the simpler and more efficient standards of breast, penis, or hat size. It is, perhaps, best to humor such people.

But, ah, yes, tits. My mind goes back to the wild and wanton salad days of my youth, before I decided to settle down to a life of faithful tranquillity with my right hand (don't worry, I say the same thing every year along about this time), back to the days when a tit was a tit.

First there was La Margaret, the flame of my adolescence, with whom I explored the miracle of love, or at least that part of the miracle reserved for unrequited hard-ons. I wanted her more than I had ever wanted anyone, except perhaps for Irish McCalla, who played "Sheena, Queen of the Jungle." We were fourteen, both of us, and had never been laid. "I'm too young to be an unwed mother," she kept telling me. I'd try to creep my hand upwards beneath her skirt, but whenever I reached her garters, she would yank my hand away, complaining, "Whadaya messin' with my apparatus again, Nicky?" So I concentrated on her breast. I wanted that tittie. It had nothing to do with spring-tide or golden apples—I just wanted that tittie. But she wouldn't let me have it. More than a year passed before the day of jubilee arrived. I remember it clearly. We were sitting in a Times Square movie theater watching, or at least looking at, *Invasion of the Animal People.* (I am convinced that, in the course of my search to get laid, I saw every film that was made between 1962 and 1965.) Halfway through the movie, I had a fine idea. With my arm draped over La Margaret's shoulder, I pretended to fall asleep. After a few minutes, I threw in a couple of fake little snores. Before long, she did as I had expected: slowly tugged my hand down from her shoulder to her breast, as I grinned the grin of the wise and listened to the rest of *Invasion of the Animal People* with my eyes closed.

Most of my experiences among breasts have been quite pleasurable. But I do recall one rather traumatic occurrence when

Enrique

Movie Star News

United Press International

I was twenty years old. It was a Friday night, and I was sitting alone in Louie's Bar on Bleecker Street in New York, drinking beer and figuring out how to spend my first hundred. The largest, most prodigious woman that God had ever made—no, God could never have made her; she must have escaped from a forbidden Babylonian creation epic—strode into the barroom, ducking so as not to strike her head against the ceiling beams. Her high heels thundered with the slow cadence of an unfurling apocalypse. With terror I sensed her approaching me from behind. Then I felt her. Forget cantaloupes. Forget huge mountains. Forget Zola's widow. These were all the primordial oceanic might that Einstein's curved space could ever contain. They were pressing upon me, driving me downward into the horrible unknown. Then I heard her voice. She was whispering, but still it pained my ears, like low waves of infrasound:

"I wanna take ya between my breasts, baby," she said.

Right then and there, my penis shrank two inches. Don't laugh: I've never regained them.

Anyway, those are just a few of the tits in my life.

Yes, we have come a long way since the *Venus of Willendorf.* But what of the future of breasts? Within recent years they have diminished noticeably. Something happened there, on the way from Jayne Mansfield to Bo Derek, and I don't think we can blame it on phosphates in the water. Buns, buns, buns—that's all we hear these days! Whatever became of knockers, howitzers, torpedoes, Elsies? To paraphrase the Kingston Trio, where have all the titties gone?

Are breasts becoming vestigial organs? Will there be no more sprouting chicken fat among the girl-creatures of our once great land? Did Olive Oyl know something that we don't? Will there be no more cantaloupes in Nudetown? Must Dolly Parton die to teach us our errors? Are designer-denim bras all that can save us? Was it all just a dream, or did it really happen?

These are questions that urgently need to be answered, preferably by someone, unlike myself, who knows what he's talking about. As for my own part, I can only say that, though I care little about the future of humanity as a whole, I care a great deal about that of her breasts. Let whales and seals and soaring condors be damned; it is the great American tit that must be saved. While I may not agree with a person's cup size, I shall defend to the death, or at least to the point of risking a bad cold, her right to hold her tits high; for that is the way it must be. I'm doing my part. Can you say the same?

EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic, lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information culled from the nation's press

EXTRA

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HIS MOM SAYS HE'S... THE MEANEST MAN IN AMERICA

In a ruthlessly coldhearted act, Sammy Stewart is evicting his mother and crippled father from their modest home.

And Sammy, of Bakerton, W. Va., has got his whole family up in arms over his dirty deed.

"I'd like to choke him to death!" fumed Sammy's brother, David. "To think he's my brother makes me want to throw up!"

Sammy's own mother, Lilian, sobbed, "He's the meanest man in America. He just doesn't have a heart!

"People don't know anything about pain until a deputy sheriff comes to their door with an eviction notice from their son!"

Until about a year ago, the Stewarts were a happy family. Lilian, 58, and her partially paralyzed husband, Frank, 59, lived in a house trailer near 37-year-old Sammy's nine acre lot.

Then came a huge fight over family softball games. "Sammy stormed out of our house, and we haven't spoken to him since," said Lilian.

Added Frank, who was seriously injured in a construction accident in 1972, "Sammy let us move our trailer onto land he owned, about 250 yards from his house. We were happy to have it. Our only income is my Social Security check."

Transworld Feature Syndicate © National Enquirer

Frank and Lilian Stewart

Sammy's lawyer, William Martin, stated flatly, "Sammy wants his parents to move. Property rights are property rights."

Frank concluded, "I guess Sammy would love to see us leave everything here, so he could rent it all out. But I'd rather have someone take a bulldozer to the place than leave it for Sammy." (*National Enquirer*)

We can't argue with that!–Editor

MAN'S LEGS SHORTENED TO FIT COFFIN

The family of a tall man who died sued the funeral home–for shortening his legs to fit him in a cheaper coffin!

Relatives of the 6'5" man noticed that the coffin was too short.

Authorities were notified by the relatives, and, after checking out the man and the coffin, found that the morticians had cut bone from the man's thighs to shorten his legs.

The cops in Manila, Philippines, said the funeral home did it so the man would fit in a cheaper coffin than the family had paid for. (*Weekly World News*)

Talk about cutting costs!–Editor

Rex Features Ltd.

UNHOLY ROW OVER JAPANESE POSTER

More than 800 of these shocking posters were put up in the Tokyo subway system to warn passengers not to leave anything in the trains. The poster shows Christ, in a parody of the Last Supper, looking at a pile of umbrellas. The caption reads: "We are constantly asking God that you won't leave your umbrellas behind."

But only hours after the posters went up, protests rained down on subway officials, who quickly had them removed. Officials say they were unaware of the religious implications–they just wanted to stop the loss of 700 umbrellas. (*Globe*)

Besides, more and more people are beginning to lose their sense of humor.–Editor

MONTHLY MADNESS OF THE BERSERK BARMAID

Mild-mannered barmaid Sandie Smith becomes a murderous animal every 28 days–unless she gets daily injections of a drug that calms her dangerous fits of pre-menstrual stress.

Over the past 10 years, the soft-spoken, blue-eyed 28-year-old has exploded into killing rages, murdering a teenage girl and committing 32 acts of arson, assault, and burglary.

When Smith isn't able to vent her uncontrollable rage on others, she turns on herself. She has attempted suicide 23 times since she was 19.

Although she has been convicted of murder and a recent knife-attack on a policeman, an understanding judge has refused to send Smith to prison.

The judge said she wasn't responsible for her acts because of her acute fits of pre-menstrual stress–a condition that affects 40 percent of all women between the ages of 14 and 50. (*Weekly World News*)

Someone ought to knock her up–fast!–Editor

HUSBAND'S FEET SMELLED

A husband's smelly feet drove his wife out of their bed and into the divorce court.

Norma Dady, 36, of East London, England, told the divorce judge that her 55-year-old husband Cornelius refused to take a bath more than once a week, never changed his clothes, and had sweaty feet. She said she'd refused to have sex with him and hadn't spoken to him for 18 months, although they still lived in the same house.

She said he used to come home at night from his job as a paper cutter with his ears full of shredded paper.

The judge ruled that there was no future in the marriage, and said there was already a "deadly atmosphere" in the home. (*National Examiner*)

Nothing deadlier than seeing shredded paper in his ear when you're feeling romantic. –Editor

LIFE REALLY BUGGED HIM

It was fourth-time lucky for Rogelio Hipolito, 38, of Manila, Philippines. After futile attempts to kill himself by hanging, slashing his wrists, and throwing himself in front of a train...he died by drinking 42 glasses of insecticide. (*Globe*)

And if that didn't work?–Editor

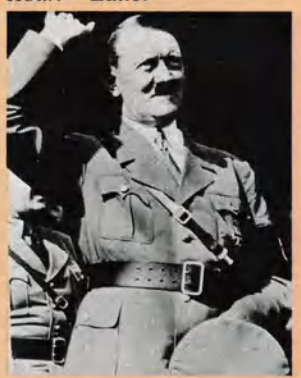
Adolf Hitler's voice scares off coyotes

Adolf Hitler is helping sheep ranchers frighten away coyotes, bears and cougars from their flocks.

A Texas rancher has put recordings of the Führer's speeches in the middle of a field–but he admits it has met with only limited success.

"This is just one of a host of coyote frightening techniques," researcher Jeff Green told a meeting of the Idaho Wool Growers' Association. (*Weekly World News*)

Wait till they play a few tapes from the "Old Time Gospel Hour."–Editor



UPI

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

The Penthouse Humorist in
Residence Takes a Long Satirical Look at

THE WORLD'S GREATEST QUESTIONS

SATIRE BY BILL LEE

Doug Bruce/Camera 5

Will the world really come to an end if *Johnny Carson* leaves "The Tonight Show"?

Curt Gunther/Camera 5

Donny and Marie: Are those really teeth? It is rumored that no member of the Osmond family can cross the border into Canada without first obtaining a license for the import of ivory.

Jim McHugh/Sygma

Who is *Don King*'s barber?

Ben Weaver/Camera 5

Have you ever met a *Wayne Newton* "fan," and why is he the highest-paid nightclub performer in the world?

R. Melloul/Sygma

Is *Bo Derek* planning to sue her drama coach for malpractice?

What does *Ralph Nader* drive? (Editors' suggestion shown here.)

Ken Regan/Camera 5

At this point, is it okay to refer to *Billie Jean King* as a "jock"?

TO THE READER:

What are your "Greatest Questions"?
Forward correspondence to:
The Humor Editor,
Penthouse Magazine
909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Curt Gunther/Camera 5

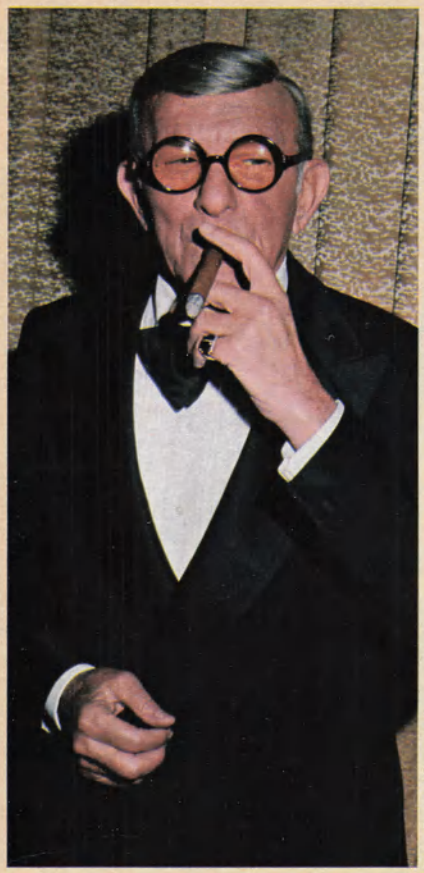
Does anybody *really* take *Vanessa Redgrave* seriously?

Sygma Paris

What is *Ron Reagan, Junior's* national security clearance rating?

Teddy Thai/Sygma

Why would anyone in his right mind consent to an interview with *Mike Wallace*?



Peter Borsari/Camera 5

Who is *George Burns's* taxidermist?

How many different brands of designer jeans are sold in America today?

Terry Arthur/Camera 5

Does *David Stockman* have a conscience?

The Official Magazine of the
Toyota Grand Prix
of Long Beach
welcomes
Reggie Jackson
to our editorial staff!
Watch for Reggie's
exciting automotive features
in the months to come!

JENNIFER'S LOVER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 123

to ask her where she had hidden Nort. But the words would not come. She helped him undress and brought him aspirins and turned the thermostat up because he was shivering so violently and clasped him in her arms. Her body was so warm and yielding and tender against him that he nearly began to cry. He let himself relax in her embrace, and to his amazement his desires rose, and he reached for her. She tried to quiet him, telling him she was too exhausted for any such thing, but there was no halting him, and he took her quickly and with uncharacteristic force. Jennifer met his thrusts with a vigor he had not encountered in months. It must be because Nort's done all the foreplay for me, he thought bitterly, and came at once with a sob and collapsed against her breast. At once he was asleep, and in the morning it all seemed like a dreadful dream, nothing more. Finch insisted on going back to Hartford and making his rounds and would hear no objection from Jennifer. But first he went into Samantha's room, and, cutting short her expression of surprise at seeing her father returned from his trip so soon, asked her bluntly whether Nort had come for dinner the night before.

"Yes," she said. "He was here when I got home from school. Is he still upstairs with *Maman*?"

Finch asked himself, as he drove shakily back to Hartford, whether to seek the advice of friends, his parents, the local minister, a therapist. He had never done any of that. His life had always been an amiable progression toward deeper happiness. By the time he reached the motel he knew he would consult no one, would take no action at all, would simply wait and see. He would let Jennifer make the next move.

But she said nothing and he said nothing, and after his next trip, a brief one, he found Jason with another strange new toy, an arrangement of gleaming wires that crossed and recrossed and seemed to disappear at one juncture into a baffling uncharted dimension, visible only as a dazzling flicker of green light. Yes, the boy said, Nort had given it to him. Finch felt a surge of frantic anger. He was almost desperate now to bring this thing to some sort of resolution, for it was devouring him. Jennifer remained tender and loving and outwardly unchanged. Finch suffered. He could not push his fears and confusions below the threshold of awareness for more than an hour or two at a time; he was losing weight; everyone commented on his frayed and frazzled appearance. He was drowning in the silent turbulence of his altered life.

A second time he returned prematurely from a sales trip, hoping to catch them together. Again the light was on in the bedroom in the middle of the night. Again he stumbled in to find Jennifer flustered but alone. He explained that he was drunk and bewildered. "I think I'm having some sort of a breakdown," he told her, and this time he called in sick and took a week off, though the Christmas holidays were coming and it looked very bad to do that now. Impulsively he went with Jennifer to Bermuda for four days, leaving the children with his parents, and it was like a second honeymoon for them, the pink sandy shore, the palm trees. But the moment they came home his mind was full of Nort again.

A few days before Christmas he had to go to Pittsburgh for a meeting, but when still at the airport he was consumed with the awareness that Nort was in his house, joking amiably with Jason and Samantha. Grimly Finch boarded his plane, sat in a cold funk of silence all the way, and in Pittsburgh bought a ticket on the next flight back to JFK. A light snowfall had begun, and his car, sitting in the vast lot, looked dainty and virginal in its thin, white mantle.

Nort said, "It is a kind of incest, I imagine, but is not very serious, outside the direct maternal line, yes?"

He reached home at midnight. The bedroom light was on. Finch let himself in and took the stairs two at a time. Jennifer was sitting up in bed, naked at least to the waist, her bare breasts blazing at him like beacons, and next to her, relaxed, comfortable, his hands clasped behind his head, was a slender, naked young man, perhaps thirty at most, with cool green eyes and dense red hair that clung to his head in a curious caplike way.

Finch felt a kind of relief. "You're Nort?"

"Yes. Is time we finally met, I think, Mr. Dale."

"Mr. *Finch*. Or Dale." Nort had some slight accent. Finch said, "I don't know what the protocol is in a thing like this. I suppose I should be furious and smash things and make threats. But I'm hollow inside by now. I've known about this a long time."

"We know," Jennifer said. "Why else would you have kept coming here trying to catch us in the middle of the night?"

"Twice," said Nort. "This be the third. I thought this time I stay and talk with you."

"You were here the other two times?"

"Certainly. But Jennifer wanted no face-to-face. So when the Dale-detector went off I did the vanish. You follow?"

Finch stared wearily at his wife. "Jennifer, who is this man, and how did he get into our lives?"

"He's my nephew," she said.

"You have no—"

"—eleven generations removed."

"What?"

"A remote descendant in my sister's line. He comes from A.D. 2215. He's here to do research."

Finch thought of the toys Nort had given Jason. His eyes glazed.

Nort said, "I make the field trip, you follow? I do genealogical research, visit the ancestors, family anecdotes. In my era is very important, knowing the history. I have made many journeys over a long span."

"He has my whole family tree," said Jennifer. "I never knew it, but I'm descended from Millard Fillmore and Johann Sebastian Bach and possibly John of Gaunt."

Finch nodded. "That's fascinating."

Nort said, "We do not interfere, you know. We move around like spies, doing our studies and never interacting with the past-folk, out of fear of consequences, of course. But this was an exception. I was captived by Jennifer instantly."

"Captivated," said Finch bleakly.

"Captivated, yes. We became lovers. It is a kind of incest, I imagine, but is not very serious, outside the direct maternal line, yes? My studies suffer. Now I come only to this year. Jennifer is a wonderful woman."

"I know, yes." Finch looked toward Jennifer. "I haul my ass over eight states peddling primitive data-processing devices while you amuse yourself with a lover from the twenty-third century. That absolutely captives me, Jennifer. I can't tell you how—"

"Dale, please. You know I love you."

Nort looked troubled. "You are not accepting of this?"

"I am not accepting, no," Finch said.

"But this is the late twentieth century, a decadent time for the marriage custom, and you are sophisticated educated elite persons. It is my understanding that toleration of nonmarital sexual interpersonation is widespread in your cohort. You are displeased I love your wife?"

"Very," said Finch in a gray voice. He lowered himself into the chair by the window and said, "You're a hell of a guy for keeping a straight face, Nort. I have to admire that. Throughout this whole routine you've been very convincing. But I'm worn out, and I can't take any futuristic rigmarole anymore. Please put your clothes on and go away, and don't come back, and leave us to pick up the pieces of our marriage. Okay? Because if I catch you here again, I might do something violent, which is against my nature, and I'll probably have to divorce Jennifer, which is the last thing in the world I want to do even now."

"You doubt I am from a future time?"

"I doubt you are from a future time, yes."

Nort climbed out of the bed. Finch noticed a thin plastic band of some constantly oscillating greenish color around his left thigh. He touched it and disappeared, and when he reappeared, a moment later, he was in a different corner of the room, holding out a folded newspaper to Finch. Finch glanced at it: the *New York Times* for April 16, 2037. The main headline was something about Pope Sixtus performing Easter services on the Moon. Finch made a little choking sound and started to scan the other stories, but Nort, with an apologetic smile, took the paper from him, vanished again, and reappeared without it, back in the bed. "I have sorrow," he said softly, "but I am forbidden to let you inspect the newspaper in detail. Shall I do other things?

Finch wanted to sob. He shook his head and said, "Don't bother. I don't need to know. You probably are what you say you are. Will you go away now? Go annoy Millard Fillmore."

"I am loving your wife."

"You *have loved* my wife. That's the correct grammar. It's over. Listen, I'm a ruthless late-twentieth-century man, and you're on dangerous ground. I have weapons. If you're killed while on a field trip, will you stay dead in 2215?"

Jennifer said, "Dale, stop talking that way."

"What do you want me to say? He flashes in here like something out of Buck Rogers, he screws my wife every time I look the other way, he upsets my daughter and alienates my son with his crazy future toys, and now I'm supposed to—"

"You mustn't threaten him, Dale. You're behaving *extremely* prehistorically. Haven't you ever had an affair?"

"Never. Not once."

"Those motels—"

"Not once. I suppose you've had plenty, though."

"Two before this one," she said, reddening a little. "I thought you knew. This isn't 1906, after all. They were both absolutely casual."

Finch thought of that polished perfect sphere that was his metaphor for the flawlessness of his relationship with Jennifer. He thought of the two-bodied male-female entities of Plato's *Symposium*. His face was leaden and his hands shook.

She said, "This is more serious, Dale. I'm terribly fond of Nort. I love you as much as ever, but he's shown me other aspects of life, things I never dreamed of, and I'm not talking about sex, I mean spiritual concepts, human potentialities, the—"

"All right," said Finch. "I won't try to compete. I won't shoot him, and I won't punch him, and I won't do anything else uncivilized. Why don't the two of you get the hell off to A.D. 2215 and carry on the rest of your affair there, okay? Go have a flying fuck in the century after next and let me alone. Okay? Okay? The two of you. *Let—me—*"

Nort disappeared. So did Jennifer.

"Alone," Finch finished weakly. "Jennifer? Jennifer? Where are you? Hey, I wasn't serious! Jennifer! God damn it, what kind of sadistic stunt is this? Where are you?"

The cruelty of their game astounded him. He waited for them to pop back into the room, as Nort had done with the newspaper, but they did not, and as the minutes went by he began to suspect that they were not going to. Numb with disbelief, he prowled the house, searching closets for them. Suddenly horror-struck, he rushed to Jason's room, then to Samantha's, but the children were still there, Jason asleep, Samantha awake and troubled by the shouting she had heard. He picked her up and held her a long moment, and tears came to him. "It's all right," he murmured. "Go back to sleep." He returned to the bedroom and sat there until dawn, waiting for Jennifer.

In the morning he phoned the office to say that severe family problems had forced him to return from Pittsburgh suddenly and that he needed an indefinite leave of absence, with or without pay. His supervisor was wholly understanding, not at all skeptical, as if Finch's voice communicated precisely how stunned and bewildered he was. Finch managed to deliver the children to school and then spent the morning by the telephone, hoping to hear from Jennifer. But no word came from her all day. In late afternoon he called his parents to say that Jennifer had gone off somewhere without warning and could they please come early for their holiday visit, because he wasn't sure he could handle all this domestic stuff alone. They arrived the next day and asked blessedly few questions. In their generation, he thought, it must have been the usual thing for marriages to break up without much warning.

Jennifer did not come back. He felt like someone who had been given a single wish and had used it stupidly: now she was off in the inconceivable future with Nort. Was that possible? Was this not all some kind of bizarre dream? Apparently not, for on Christmas Eve a note from Jennifer materialized inexplicably on the living-room table, dated 14 Oct 2215 and wishing him happy holidays and assuring him of her love and telling him not to expect her back. "Sometimes you simply have to follow your destiny," she concluded. "I had only a fraction of a second to make my decision and I made it, and maybe I'll regret it, but I did what I had to do. I miss you, darling. And you know how much I miss Samantha and Jason." Next to the note was a little package, with a tag marked MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM NORT. It contained a tiny crystal ball that when held close to his eye showed him what looked like an Antarctic landscape, gales howling and placid penguins wandering around on an ice floe. He put it down, and when he picked it up a second

". . . 99 bottles of beer on the wall, 99 bottles of beer . . ."

The next step in turntable technology: Technics linear-tracking with plug-in cartridge capability made affordable.

Utilizing the same linear-tracking concept featured in the renowned Technics SL-10 and SL-15, Technics now introduces both the album-sized SL-5 and the compact SL-DL5. Each of these two new models offers you the same incredible performance and uncanny accuracy of Technics linear-tracking at prices equal to many of today's conventional turntables.

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Technics new linear-tracking SL-5 and SL-DL5. Just place the record on the platter, close the cover and press START. Everything else is automatic. Including the pleasure.

Technics
The science of sound.

time, it displayed the Pyramids, with a long line of tourists milling about. Finch flung it against the wall, and it cracked in half and turned cloudy. He wished he had not done that.

Getting through the holidays was even more of an ordeal than usual, but his parents were an immense help, and his friends, once they discovered that Jennifer was gone, came magnificently to his aid. He was scarcely alone the whole week, and he suspected that it would not have been hard for him to find company for the night, either, but of course that was out of the question. The children were perplexed by Jennifer's disappearance, but after some disorientation they appeared to adapt, which Finch found more than a little chilling. He hired a housekeeper early in January and, feeling like a sleepwalker, went back to work.

Sometime in early spring he started genuinely to believe that Jennifer had skipped away into the future with her lover. Notes from her arrived now and then, always friendly, with regards for the children and reminders about oiling the furnace and taking the cars in for tune-ups. She said she was having a wonderful time but missed him terribly. There was never any mention of coming back. From time to time, also, little gifts appeared—gadgets, toys, knickknacks of the future. Perhaps they were meant for Jason, but Finch kept them himself, hoarding them in his closet and examining them at night with awe. He had always loved gadgets—computers, remote-control devices, wrist-videos, and such—but these seemed more like miracles than gadgets to him, and he ceased to doubt that Nort was what he said he was. Finch hoped another of the crystal balls would turn up, but it never did.

When summer came, he drifted with surprising ease into a romance with Estelle, the company's PR consultant, and that carried him into late autumn. Gently she extricated herself from the relationship then, but he had learned how to meet and win women once again, and he ran through a lively bachelorhood in the months that followed. The first anniversary of Jennifer's disappearance passed. The notes from her and the gifts from Nort came less frequently and then not at all. He was quite competent at running a family without a wife by now, but he had never lost that old sense of himself as an innately married man, as half of a couple; and so, admitting that Jennifer was never coming back, he filed for divorce and won an uncontested decree. That was the strangest part thus far, the knowledge that he was no longer married to Jennifer. He looked for a new wife in his diligent, serious-minded way and within six months found one. Her name was Sharon, and she was warmhearted and lovely and rather like Jennifer, though her interests ran more to drama and poetry than to music and painting. She had had an unhappy marriage just after college and had a boy of four, Joshua, very bright. Joshua got along wonderfully with Jason and Samantha, they accepted Sharon readily as their new mother—Jennifer was only a hazy memory to them now—and everything seemed to have worked out for the best. Sometimes Finch called Sharon "Jennifer" when they made love, but she was very understanding about that. Sometimes, too, he woke up drenched with sweat, wondering where he had misplaced his one true wife, his sundered half; but whenever that happened, Sharon held him until he regained his grasp of reality.

He moved up nicely in the firm, which was expanding at a remarkable rate, and stayed trim and agile all through his forties. Samantha and Jason turned out well, too: Jason went to Cal Tech, joined a West Coast company, and invented an information-encapsulating device that made him a stock-option millionaire by the time he was twenty-two. Samantha grew tall and radiant and even more beautiful, pursued her interest in French, achieved splendid translations of Rabelais and Ronsard, and married the French ambassador. Finch saw less and less of his children once they were grown, of course, but they always came home for a family reunion at Christmas. They were with him that afternoon twenty-three years after Jennifer's disappearance when Jennifer reappeared.

> Finch looked toward Jennifer. "I haul my ass over eight states while you amuse yourself with a lover from the twenty-third century."

Finch did not know who she was, at first. She quite suddenly was *there* in the living room, a handsome, slender, full-breasted young woman of about thirty with golden hair in tight waves against her scalp, who wore a clinging garment of metallic mesh. She blinked and looked about and gasped as she saw Finch.

"Dale?" she said doubtfully.

He let his drink clatter to the floor. "No," he said. "It isn't possible. Christ, what are you doing here?"

"I had to come back. Oh, Dale, it's the wrong year, isn't it? I wanted to see the children again!"

"There they are," he said stonily. "Take a look."

"Where—which—"

Jason was there and Samantha and also Joshua and some of their friends; and obviously Jennifer did not recognize her own. Finch pointed. The stocky, broad-shouldered young man with the earnest myopic gaze was Jason. The long-legged, awesomely beautiful woman was Samantha. Jennifer's glossy poise seemed to shatter. She was trembling and close to tears. "I wanted to see the children," she whispered. "They were so small—he was six, she was seven—oh, Dale, I've set the timer wrong! I've made a mess of it."

Samantha, quick as always, was the only other one who understood. She went toward her mother and stared at her as though Jennifer were an intruder from some other planet. Finch had heard that Samantha often used her beauty as a weapon, but he had never before seen it. Jennifer appeared to shrivel before the sleek, dazzling woman she had helped to create. In a low, husky voice Samantha said, "You don't belong here now, you know. This is a happy time for us, and we don't need you, and we don't want you. Will you go away?"

"Wait," Finch muttered.

Too late. Jennifer, reddening, dismayed, nodded and said to Samantha, "I'm terribly sorry. I'm sorry for everything." She ran from the room. Finch raced after her, out to the hall, but of course she had disappeared. White-faced, Finch returned to the party. He looked toward Sharon, who was both smiling and frowning. He had never told her or anyone else exactly what had become of his first wife.

"Who was that?" Sharon asked amiably. "Some girl friend of yours, Dale?" There was nothing like jealousy in her voice. She was only mildly curious.

"No—no, nothing like that—"

"I wonder how she got in here. Like coming out of thin air, almost. Strange. Why did she dash away like that?"

"She didn't belong here," Finch said hoarsely. He poured himself another drink. "She was in the wrong time, the wrong place." She glanced at his daughter, who was flushed with triumph. What power she had, what force! All the same, he was starting to regret that Samantha had driven her off so quickly. With a wobbly hand he raised his glass. "Merry Christmas, everybody! Merry, merry, merry Christmas!"

For a few years after that he found himself wondering, as the holiday season approached, whether Jennifer would make another appearance, like some ghost of marriages past coming round again. Had she tired of Nort and Nort's century? Did she yearn for all she had abandoned? Though there was no longer any room in Finch's life for her, he held no grudge after all this time; he was almost eager to go off and talk with her a little, to find out who she had become, this woman who had once been part of him. But she never again returned. Perhaps she spent her holidays with Millard Fillmore now, he thought. Or singing carols by the blazing Yule log at the fireside of great-great-great-grandpa Johann Sebastian Bach.

Football legend Frank Gifford
runs fast and fancy in summer sportswear.

HOT OFF THE GRIDIRON

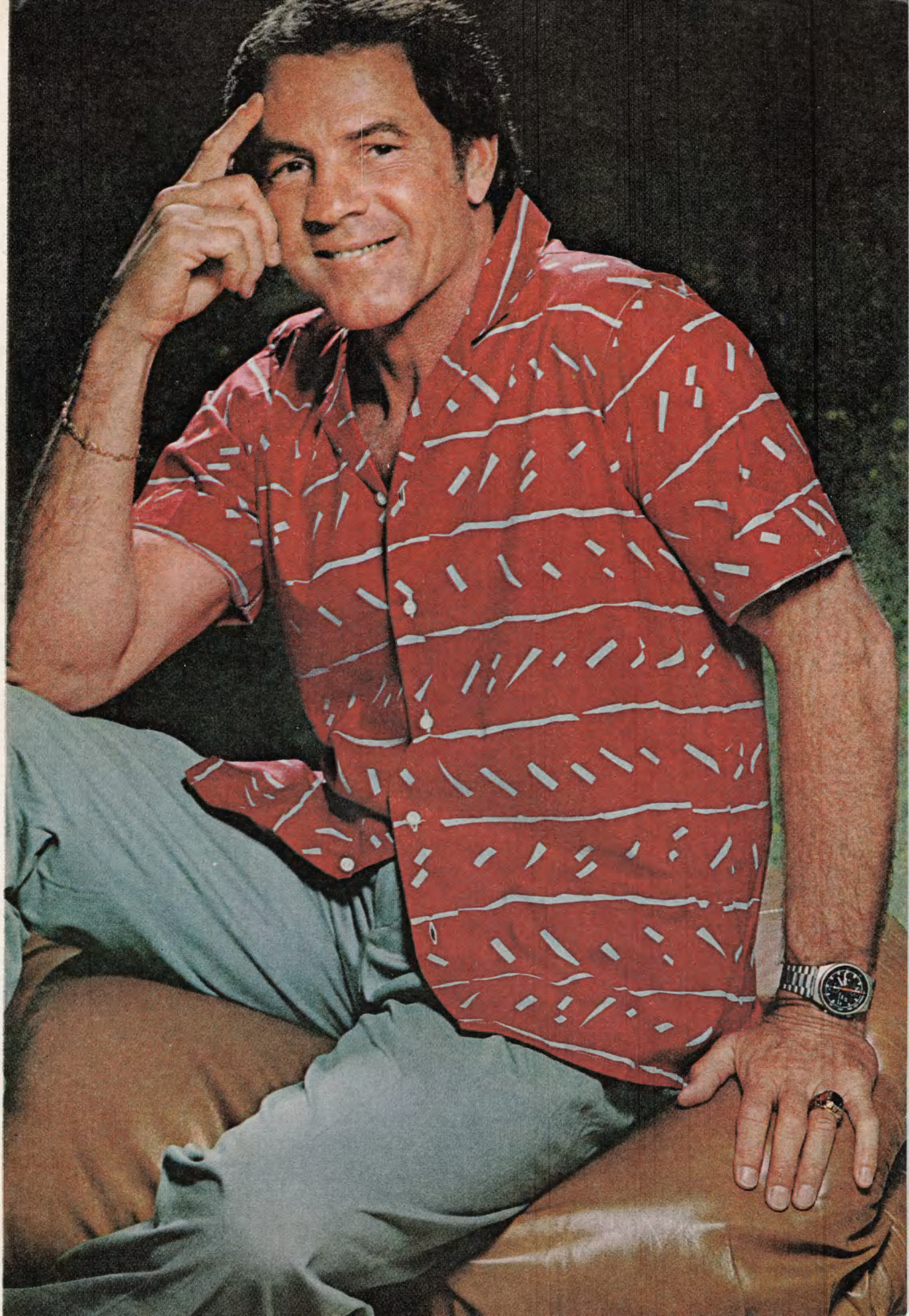
FASHION BY ED EMMERLING

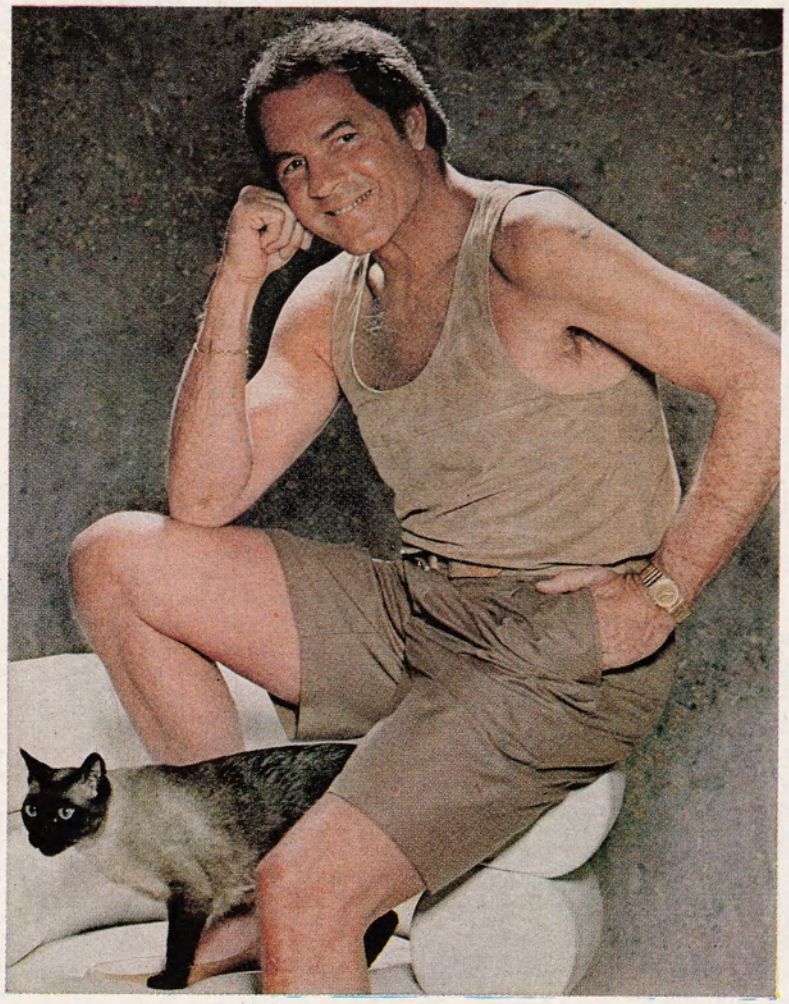
Few football stars have made the transition from athlete to media personality with the panache and success of ABC's Emmy Award–winning sportscaster Frank Gifford. In clothes, the halfback Hall of Famer takes an end run around trendy, faddish fashion, preferring a tasteful, conservative style in traditional cuts and fine fabrics. Indeed, all Gifford's suits, jackets, and coats are custom-made from natural fabrics by the famous designer Piero Dimitri. Dressed in the latest casual sportswear—lightweight suede, classy color, and plenty of eye-catching stripes—Gifford broadcasts a hot, high-scoring summer.

(Above) Red-and-white-striped cotton-and-silk crewneck sweater ($60) Jean-Paul Germain; white cotton pleated chino pants ($45) by Calvin Klein Menswear; linen boat shoes ($100) by Piero Dimitri.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GUY LEBAUBE

Red-and-white-striped wing-collar shirt in cotton sateen ($32) and white cotton pleated pants ($55) by Jean-Paul Germain; shoes ($110) by Cole Hann; waterproof watch ($850) by IWC. (Opposite) Red-and-gray print cotton shirt ($28) and pleated cotton twill pants ($35) by Sahara Club; stainless-steel waterproof watch ($750) by Porsche Design.





Beige antelope-suede tank top ($400), cotton plaid Bermuda-length shorts ($100), and two-tone leather loafers ($150) all by Piero Dimitri. (Opposite) Rust-colored antelope-suede shirt ($500) paired with yellow Bermuda-length shorts ($100), both by Piero Dimitri. Gold "Mariner" link bracelet watch ($6,950) is by Concorde.

For more information on merchandise featured here, see page 150.

SPACE WARS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

by a nuclear reactor? (The use of nuclear reactors for satellites is a growing trend; large satellites in the four-ton-plus range use vast amounts of power which can be provided efficiently only by a small reactor.)

No one knows for sure exactly what would happen, but a fair idea of the danger may be gleaned from a quick look at what happened to *Cosmos 954*, the jinxed Russian satellite mentioned earlier in this article.

In December 1977, *Cosmos 954* had been on station for three months, making a rough polar orbit across North America while keeping track of U.S. Navy ship movements. As U.S. intelligence was aware, *Cosmos 954* was one of three satellites in orbit at the time (one of them American) that used some form of nuclear reactor, about the size of a watermelon, for power. The Americans were also aware that the Russians had developed fail-safe systems aboard the satellite in the event that something went wrong and the satellite suddenly fell into the atmosphere. In that case, the guidance system was to eject automatically the nuclear-power package far out into space, rendering it harmless (or at least until its nuclear material decayed). Then the satellite would separate into three pieces, which were supposed to burn up on reentry into the earth's atmosphere.

However, it didn't happen that way with *Cosmos 954*. In December of 1977, the satellite began to show signs it was going out of control. It tumbled in its orbit while ground commands from the Soviet Union to eject the nuclear-power package went unanswered. With each passing orbit, the satellite began to come closer to earth, and like Edgar Allan Poe's pendulum, *Cosmos 954* began an irreversible collapse toward the North American continent. Alarmed American trackers who had been watching the satellite deduced that *Cosmos* would probably impact someplace in the United States. Such an impact had a good chance of becoming a major catastrophe, since the nuclear reactor aboard the satellite was unshielded—if it blew up in the atmosphere, it could release a nuclear explosion.

Through the first weeks of January 1978, as *Cosmos 954* tumbled closer and closer to earth, U.S. government officials discussed whether to alert the American public. The decision was not to—a decision predicated, *Penthouse* has learned, on the fear that such an announcement might create what one participant in the discussions called an "Orson Welles-type situation." He was referring to Welles's 1939 radio dramatization of H. G. Wells's *War of the Worlds*, a fictional Martian invasion that was so realistic on the air that there was mass hysteria in some parts of the country, where listeners thought the broadcast was for real and began heading for the hills.

While government officials were busy concealing the real possibility of disaster from the public, they hoped that the satellite would somehow miss land areas and fall into the ocean—although all calculations showed that it would probably hit land (but nobody knew exactly where). The real sweat came on the night of January 21, when *Cosmos 954* just grazed the atmosphere above Miami; if it had hit that night, Miami would have been showered with radioactive debris at best and a possible nuclear explosion at worst. The next night, *Cosmos 954* barely grazed Detroit, and in the early morning of January 24, *Cosmos 954* finally slammed into Canada's Northwest Territories.

It was a closer call that anyone outside the small circle of experts in on the secret could have guessed. As these men were aware, there had been five other such accidents in the past several years, all of them involving satellites with either nuclear reactors or some sort of radioactive material entering the atmosphere. Fortunately, with each reentry, the nuclear material had burned up in the atmosphere, and although no one knew for sure, there seemed to be no increase in radiation levels sufficiently dramatic to cause alarm. Still, the important fact was that there had been failures in the fail-safe systems to prevent nuclear material from reaching earth, which raised the question of just how fail-safe they were (and are).

There were still more secrets to be concealed about *Cosmos 954*. Officially, it was announced that some pieces of the Soviet satellite had survived reentry but that the reactor had been burned up in the atmosphere. This was a lie. In fact, U.S. and Canadian experts, working under an operation code-named MORNING LIGHT, were frantically searching for the reactor, which their sensors told them had survived reentry. Again, they got a lucky break: the satellite had left a swath of debris across 600 miles of new snow; so it was relatively easy to spot. The reactor itself was seen by the navigator of a commercial airliner flying near the area, who noticed a large hole in the ice on the surface of a lake. On the bottom of the lake was the reactor. It had not exploded, but there was apparently some bad radiation leakage—Geiger counters detected radiation over an area of more than 18,000 square miles, and several Indians living in the area suffered radiation burns when they tried to pick up some of the satellite debris.

The American deception over *Cosmos 954* had another purpose: to deceive the Russians into thinking that only a few small pieces of the satellite had been recovered, thus lulling them into believing that the secrets of the spy satellite were safe. How much the Russians were fooled by this lit-

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tle charade is open to question; it seems unlikely that they would take the chance of assuming that no measurable pieces of the satellite emerged for analysis.

The *Cosmos 954* incident is a perfect example of rampaging technology mated to military requirements, a circumstance that leads to gross expediency. For their part, the Russians decided to save a few precious pounds on their spy satellite by not shielding the reactor, this despite the fact that they were perfectly aware of Murphy's law—anything that can go wrong will go wrong, meaning that there was the possibility that an unshielded reactor would enter the earth's atmosphere if anything went wrong with *Cosmos 954*. As for the Americans, they chose to keep the extraordinary danger of the satellite a secret, in the hope of scoring what at best would be a minor intelligence coup.

But there is an even better example of this kind of technological expediency, one that poses even greater dangers: the idea of using large-scale electronic weapons in space. There are two types: lasers and so-called charged-particle beams. Of the two, CPBs, as they're known, pose the greatest potential danger. The weapon, a true Buck Rogers "death ray," focuses and projects atomic particles at the speed of light, creating a truly awesome weapon that dwarfs anything ever developed before. (Under one concept being worked on in this country, for example, a space "bus" in orbit would emit a charged-particle beam to be reflected off a giant mirror in stationary orbit far above the earth; the beam would be directed at ground targets, literally incinerating millions of square acres at a clip.

This is no drill: five years ago, under a super-secret project called SEE-SAW, American scientists tried to figure out a practical CPB weapon, but they abandoned the search when it seemed that CPBs on a large scale were impossible, given the current technology. In 1977, however, an American spy satellite equipped with special detection gear recorded strange emissions from a secret Soviet test center near Semipalatinsk, in Central Asia. Analysis revealed that it was testing equipment necessary for building large-scale CPB weapons.

At the same time, there was another clue, a curious incident involving Leonid I. Rudakov, a Soviet nuclear scientist from the Kurchatov Institute in Moscow, Russia's top nuclear-research center. In this country on a scientific exchange visit, Rudakov—Russia's leading expert on atomic fusion technology—delivered a lecture at the Livermore Laboratory in California, a lecture that set the American nuclear-science world on its ear. In his lecture Rudakov outlined major breakthroughs made by the Soviets in fusion technology, some of them directly applicable to CPB weapons. Rudakov's revelations, which caused a great stir among the American scientists present, indicated a big Russian lead in such technology. The revelations, in fact, were so stunning that the U.S. government clamped a veil of secrecy around the lecture, forbade scientists in attendance to discuss it, and actually seized the blackboard on which Rudakov had written some equations (which was then declared "classified material," with only those holding certain security clearances authorized to look at it).

Not long thereafter, not so coincidentally, an American research program into CPB was restarted. Code-named SIPAPU, the program is highly classified. It is known, however, that the Pentagon would like to have some sort of practical CPB weapon relatively quickly, before 1990, even on a small scale, as a deterrent against an unexpected Soviet deployment of such a weapon.

But until CPB comes along, there's plenty of futuristic weaponry to occupy both the American and Soviet military in space. This would include lasers (laser is an acronym for "light amplification by stimulated emission of radiation"). Basically, a laser is a single, narrow beam of concentrated monochromatic light that has tremendous energy, and since it moves at the speed of light, 186,000 miles per second, it is also one hell of a weapon. Used in the Vietnam War as guidance "paths" for bombs, lasers have been a top military priority since then.

Space, being a near vacuum, is the perfect place to use a laser. There are still tremendous engineering problems to be overcome, but the Pentagon has already developed a small laser that shot down an airplane in flight and another that destroyed an antitank missile before it reached its target. On the drawing boards are such things as a "missile-melter," a super-sized laser beam that would literally melt incoming missile warheads. Other projects include a laser "trigger" to set off thermonuclear weapons and smaller-scale laser weapons to destroy enemy satellites. This year the Pentagon will spend about $1 billion in laser development, most of it for projects to use lasers as weapons in space.

And while money for space is increasingly directed toward military projects, the so-called peaceful exploration of outer space—once a standard rationale for the billions spent on space (getting to the moon cost nearly $23 billion)—seems to have fallen by the wayside. That's a phrase hardly heard anymore in the appropriations committees these days. What are heard instead are such phrases as "the new space race," meaning the military race. The arguments there center mostly on which side is ahead or behind and how much money is required to keep the lead.

This is of some moment, but the larger truth is that if things like *Cosmos 954* keep falling on our heads and if the mad race for military supremacy in space continues, it won't make much of a difference which side is ahead. All that will count is that the rest of us will be dead.

An analysis of your subconscious fantasies—what they say about you and how they can affect your life

Dream Watch

ANALYSIS BY DR. ALBERT ELLIS

Bob, age twenty-seven

I'm a male in my late twenties who's been married for nearly two years now to a girl in her early twenties. I'm a blue-collar worker, and she works as a typist in an insurance office.

In my dream my wife and I are home one night talking about sex. As the conversation goes on I tell her I wouldn't mind her fucking another man (I really don't know how I would take it in real life). After the conversation is over I leave.

When I return I find my wife in bed. She's nude and has obviously just been screwed. When I come into the bedroom, she tells me how she was laid by the man in the apartment above us. (The man I know she means is really a guy I used to work with; he doesn't live in that apartment.) I become very interested in what has happened.

First she tells me what a great time she had. I ask her about the size of his cock, and she holds her hands well over a foot apart, telling me how she handled the whole thing. I don't know if the man I worked

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT JOHN BILLINGS

with—I'll call him Joe—is hung like that or not, but he used to brag as though he were.

I ask her if she gave him a blowjob or not. She answers yes, and tells me she took about nine inches of him deep down her throat. My wife cannot deep-throat and can just get a bit of my thick seven inches in her mouth. But the penis she describes in my dream is even thicker than mine.

I become very turned on and ask her to call him down so I can watch. She tells me she is too sore to fuck him again but she agrees to call him back so I can watch her give him another deep-throat job while I hide in the closet. Before this can happen I wake up. Could you tell me why I have this dream and why I dream only in images or shadows with no colors?

Dr. Ellis comments:

Although you and your wife may have good sex, your dream seems to show that you find at least two things lacking: your cock is only seven inches long and your wife cannot give you deep throat. In your dream your cock doesn't grow, nor does your wife's throat expand. But you stretch things a bit (no pun intended!) by creating a sort of substitute who is molded on the guy you used to work with. So the dream gives you, indirectly, what you want.

You would probably be better off sexually—and so would your wife—if you accepted your own cock size and stopped demanding that she improve her deep-throating. It would be nice if she were the best cocksucker in town, but hardly necessary!

As for colorless dreams, most of us have them most of the time. Personally, although I have several dreams every night, only about one out of twenty is in glorious technicolor. Somehow I manage to survive and enjoy them!

> "She agrees to call him back so I can watch her give him another deep-throat job."

Jean, age thirty

I am a housewife, married twelve years to an unemotional man who does me a big favor by having sex with me once a week after I insist on it. We have two children, by my first marriage. My present husband is sterile.

In my dream I'm alone in my bedroom holding my *Penthouse* magazine in one hand and masturbating with the other. The covers are over me. I feel someone is watching me from the doorway. I'm using my fingers, rubbing my clit hard and fast.

I put down the magazine as I notice this tall, well-built, well-hung man peeking at me. He tiptoes up to the bed so as not to disturb the mood and action.

Ever so gently he lifts the covers from the bottom of the bed and holds it high so he gets a good view of my cunt, with the lips spread wide apart and my fingers rubbing the clit. The thought of being so exposed, all spread out, excites me more. I give him a better view by spreading my legs farther apart and raising my ass slightly from the bed. He places his huge hands on each side of my inner thighs and pushes outward to spread my cunt lips even wider. He looks directly into my pussy as I continue to masturbate. I can't orgasm and want to so badly. I'm very aroused.

He begins to talk directly to my pussy, as if to talk it into coming. He says, "Come on, pussy, shoot your juice, get all that poison out." He always says these exact words.

He says he's going to fuck me with his twelve-inch cock and ram it into my pussy over and over as soon as I come. He's only an inch away from my cunt now, holding the lips of my pussy open, stretching them as wide apart as they will go. It hurts a little but I don't mind.

He's always telling me he's a doctor and has to examine every inch of my pussy very carefully to see why I can't shoot my juice. He tells me he must examine my pussy to help me come, so with both hands he opens my pussy hole wide, stretching it beyond its capacity, and looks into the hole all the way up. He scrapes my clit with his sharp fingernail and the sensations drive me wild so that I'm wiggling my ass all over the place, but I still don't have an orgasm. He tells me in order to come I must assume a more degrading position, must expose myself even more. He also says he needs an assistant for the orgasm operation.

So he makes a phone call and another doctor arrives in minutes. They place me on my hands and knees with my legs spread as far as they will go. The assistant doctor spreads apart my ass cheeks roughly and holds them wide apart for a good view of the entire area. The first doctor spreads my pussy lips very wide apart and stretches the hole open again.

While I'm in the same spread-out, hands-and-knees position, they take turns ramming their cocks into my hole until each has an orgasm. One watches while the other fucks.

As they fuck me they ask me to moan "Oooh" and "Ahhh," opening and closing my mouth each time as far as I can. I love doing that, especially when instructed to do so.

Too bad it's only a dream. I would love to have it done to me in real life.

Dr. Ellis comments:
Your last sentences seem to give the real meaning of your dream. You obviously consider yourself sexually deprived and would like a partner—or two!—who, unlike your husband, loves to spy on your fully exposed cunt and ass, adores your juiciness, really wants to see you come like crazy, thrives on milking your clit, and loves to fuck you to a state of moaning exhaustion. Your dream lovers do exactly what you lasciviously crave and can't get enough of.

If this dream reveals your real lustfulness, as I think it does, you'd better have a good talk with your husband and, in one way or another, get more of your heart's—and cunt's—desire. Otherwise, imagine where you, and your marriage, may be a few years from now!

Jeremy, age twenty-four
I am an uncircumcised male. For the past several weeks I have had the same dream: I am about twelve years old and out alone on a plain, where I am picked up by an Indian warrior and taken back to his tribe. There I am placed with his squaw, who for about a year breast-feeds me. As I enter puberty, an older Indian shows me how to masturbate and discovers my foreskin. For the next two years I am taught hunting and fishing and the arts of war. At sixteen, the medicine man comes and prepares me for a special ceremony that he says will last about a month. He says it will at first take great courage and that after the ceremony I will be a warrior.

That night the warriors come for me and take me out of the camp up into the hills. There I am held to a platform and my clothing is removed. One of the men comes forward and begins to masturbate me. For the next hour or so I orgasm three or four times. The medicine man then comes forward with a knife and picks up my penis and begins the rite of circumcision. I do not flinch or move. The ceremony is concluded and I am taken back to my tepee.

There my arms are tied and one of the young girls feeds and relieves me. Slowly, over several weeks, my penis begins to recover. I start to have erections again. I am still tied, though, and can move only when helped.

After five weeks the warriors come for me again. I am blindfolded and led out into the camp. My clothes are removed again; something is rubbed on my penis. My balls are covered with the same stuff. For several minutes I'm fine, but suddenly my penis begins to expand and I get a very strong hard-on. The medicine man whispers that it is time for me to mate; like the stallion and the bull I have to have a female. The blindfold is removed and I see the girl who had fed me.

I struggle and break free of the warriors; I chase the girl. Finally I catch her and make her kneel before me. I enter her and begin to come immediately inside her. All through the night I continually fuck her. In the morning the medicine man proclaims her mine. There the dream ends.

I do not really understand this dream but it comes to me every night. Since it began I've also begun to have nocturnal emissions again. I usually masturbate once a day but now have had to start wearing underwear to keep the mess off my sheets. I used to go to bed nude.

> "He begins to talk directly to my pussy, as if to talk it into coming."

Dr. Ellis comments:
This sounds like a typical wish-fulfilling dream, showing that you want to prove yourself sexually by (1) being circumcised, (2) bravely standing great physical pain, (3) fucking with "a very strong hard-on" and like a stallion or bull, and (4) ecstatically screwing virtually any female who happens to cross your lustful path.

Nothing sounds unusual about this, since probably most twenty-four-year-old males have similar horny wishes. The one questionable thing is your implied desire to be circumcised, since the dream hints that circumcision is beneficial. But there is no evidence that it makes a male stronger or sexually more competent. By all means accept your uncircumcised state and what goes with it, since you seem to be highly arousable and orgasmic and are doing damned well for a youngster still in his first quarter of a century!

Lydia, age twenty-six
For the past few years I've had recurring dreams that are basically the same in context yet are always very puzzling.

In the first one a young woman whom I don't know comes to visit. As I shut the door behind her, suddenly dozens of black cats come through holes that have just appeared in the bottom of the door. I am shocked and turn to the young lady to see if she too is startled. When I turn to her, though, she is completely naked. Again I'm shocked but, sexually aroused, I completely forget about the cats. As she approaches me I'm hot. I feel like running at the same time but cannot move. She embraces me and I feel aroused as never before. Finally I decide to be brave and hug her back only to feel that what had once been a rounded mound is now a

"Finally I catch the girl and make her kneel before me. I enter her and begin to come immediately inside her. All through the night I continually fuck her."

very large penis!

Unfortunately I wake up before anything else happens. What could this mean?

Dr. Ellis comments:

Could be that you have ambivalent desires and would like sex with both women and men. Women's bodies and breasts arouse you and you would enjoy making love to them; but when the chips are down, you also seem to want to be fucked to your navel by a very large penis. The black cats going through holes may be another symbol of a large, active penis going into a woman's (that is, your own) cunt.

If you do like sex with both men and women, don't think that is exceptional or shameful. Many normal women are somewhat bisexual even though they prefer to end up with regular intercourse. Although some sex acts—such as screwing in Macy's window—are foolish or misguided (because they will lead to trouble), none are self-damnably shameful—except when you think *they are!*

Cindy, age twenty-three

As my dream begins, a friend and I are on our way to see a bat exhibit at a nearby college. Suddenly we realize that I don't have a student card but she does. You need one to get in, but we decide to give it a try anyway. When we arrive, there are a lot of people waiting in line to see the bats. When it's our turn to go in, we pretend we're really busy talking and walk by the guard as fast as we can.

But the guard is no ordinary guard; he's dressed as if he is in a rock-'n'-roll band. I think it will be easy to talk him into letting me in without the student-body card.

I try to hide behind a door, but he sees me and says he's sorry but I have to leave. I try to ask him really nicely to let me in, but he begins to act mean to me before I say a word. We argue until he finally gets me out. I look at my friend, who gives me this look like "How disgusting!" I can't understand why she's looking at me that way.

I keep getting back in and the guard keeps coming to get me out. We argue; the crowd waiting in line cheers for me every time I get in, and boos when he gets me out. He's getting madder at me every time and I'm getting furious, too. The next time he comes and grabs my arm we start yelling at each other. I start to hit him with my fists. He tries to stop me and we both fall to the ground, me on the bottom, face up, him on top of me but also face up. Neither one of us moves.

All our anger with each other has suddenly disappeared. He feels so good on top of me. We don't say a word to each other. I just feel how good it is lying there with him. I look over at the crowd near the door. Everyone is just staring at us in amazement. He turns over and starts kissing me. I stop him because I'm worried about what everyone watching us is thinking. Then I wake up.

I'm not sure if this dream has anything to do with something that has recently happened in my life. I can't figure out where the bats fit in.

You see, I have had a crush on this guy who plays in a band here in town for the last year. About a week ago I went with a bunch of people to watch his band play. I got very drunk, and at five in the morning called him up. I guess he could tell I was drunk. He asked me to come over, and when I got there he took me straight to his room. We got in bed and I guess you know the rest.

After I got home the next morning, I was so embarrassed about what I had done I wanted to move out of town. All my friends know how much in love I am with him but they also know he has a girl friend and is not interested in me at all. Needless to say, I didn't tell a soul about being with him. But he did. I felt so ashamed when a friend told me she had heard about it.

Right now things aren't going so well. I'm unemployed, so I'm at home a lot. Guys ask me out but I turn them down because all I think about is that one guy I'm in love with.

Oh, please tell me: do you understand what the bats mean?

Dr. Ellis comments:

Your main feeling, as shown in the dream, seems to be shame—exactly as it is in your real life. You seem ashamed of the fact that you are infatuated with a musician who only wants your ass, that you keep after him, and that others view you with disgust.

Actually, you're *down on yourself for being so "foolish," while your friends probably don't even give that much of a damn. If you stop blaming yourself for being so "wrongly" in love and stop caring too much about what others may (but probably don't) think, you can enjoy even this kind of unrequited affair, and one of these days go on to one where the guy is just as interested in you as you are in him.*

Since bats are stealthy, nocturnal creatures, you may see yourself as a sneaky person who is trying to steal the musician's love away from his woman friend and who is only capable of assaulting him temporarily in the dead of night. Which may "prove" to you how "shameful" you are!

"Dreamwatch" is a regular column that will try to interpret your dreams, to see what their "real" or underlying meanings are, and to determine what you can possibly do to fulfill these meanings—or to change them when they are encouraging you to engage in self-defeating behavior. Dreams, of course, may have many interpretations, none of which may be perfectly accurate or "true." To make the interpretations in this column more correct and useful, it is best that when you submit a dream for consideration, you include the following information: (1) Describe the dream itself, with its main details. Be as specific and graphic as possible. (2) Give your age, sex, marital status, and vocation. (3) Tell something about your present life condition, especially things you are worried or bothered about in your love life. (4) Note any significant or unusual event that occurred during the day or night preceding your dreams. (5) Give your own personal interpretation of what you think your dream may mean. Readers who wish to have their dreams analyzed and printed in the magazine should write in confidence to: The Editor, "Dreamwatch," *Penthouse* Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

ARE YOU A WILD AND CRAZY GUY?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty questions to help you measure your sense of humor

PSYCHOGRAPH

If you're Steve Martin or Rodney Dangerfield, you can skip this psychograph. You've proven your sense of humor. For the rest of us, however, evaluating one's personal sense of humor isn't easy. Sure, friends laugh at our jokes, but maybe they're just being polite, right?

This psychograph attempts to give you an idea of just how likely you are to see the light side of things. In a magazine format like this we can't listen to your jokes or measure how loudly you laugh at something funny. But we can test to see whether you exhibit the personality traits, behavioral patterns, and social influences that characterize the person with a good sense of humor.

The psychological study of humor has had a checkered history. Freud had a strong interest in the subject and devoted a full book to it: *Jokes and Their Relationship to the Unconscious*. He concluded that humor is a way of coping with sexual and aggressive anxieties. We make jokes about the things that trouble us the most. It eases the tension. Recent research under controlled laboratory conditions indicates that Freud's conclusions were substantially correct.

After Freud interest in humor among psychologists and psychiatrists often languished. In the last decade, however, there has been renewed activity in the area. Dr. Paul E. McGhee of Texas Tech University has been one of the leading researchers in the field. According to him, the ability to recognize and enjoy incongruity is what sets the humorous person off from his peers. In his comprehensive survey, *Humor: Its Origin and Development*, McGhee says, "Sexual and aggressive elements play an important part in much of our everyday humor, but sex and aggression are not funny in the absence of an incongruous context." In short, the funny man is the man who can turn logic on its head.

Researchers have confirmed some stereotypes about humor and disproved others. They've found, for example, that humor is indeed contagious. We'll laugh at a joke more if we're in a group than if we're alone. It has also been found that fat preschool kids are funnier than skinny ones, but the correlation between chubbiness and funniness disappears after that. Research data also indicate that women's favorite jokes are those that make fun of other women. This sets them apart from just about all other groups, which rarely enjoy jokes made at the expense of members of their own class.

According to McGhee, the most crucial time in the development of your sense of humor is the period just before you entered elementary school. Personality patterns set in those few years will last your whole life. Consequently, many of the following questions ask you to recall early childhood experiences. Take your time, probe your memory, and answer the questions as accurately as possible.

1. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with the following statement? "When I was a little kid, my parents discouraged me from using my imagination. They rarely played 'make-believe' games with me. They felt that pretending and fantasizing were a waste of time."
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

2. Would you say that you're basically an impulsive or a reflective person?
   (a) impulsive
   (b) reflective

3. Did at least one of your parents joke a lot when you were young?
   (a) yes
   (b) no
   (c) Neither was a comedian, but they weren't scrooges.

4. Did you have a strong relationship with any grandparent who joked a lot?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

5. How do you feel about this statement? "When I was a kid, I always felt I needed more affection than I got. I was never sure if anybody really liked me."
   (a) This was very true of me.
   (b) This was quite true of me.
   (c) This was a little true of me.
   (d) This was not at all true of me.

6. Would you say that, during your first years in grade school, your mother overprotected and babied you?
   (a) yes, very much
   (b) yes, quite a bit
   (c) somewhat
   (d) not much
   (e) not at all

7. Were you:
   (a) an only child
   (b) the firstborn kid in your family
   (c) the second-born
   (d) third-born
   (e) fourth-born or later

8. Did your parents argue a lot when you were young?
   (a) yes, always
   (b) quite a bit
   (c) somewhat, but probably no more than other parents
   (d) very little
   (e) not at all, or if they did, I didn't notice

9. Did your parents divorce while you were a kid?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

10. When you were a kid, did you ever create an imaginary friend or a fantasy playmate?
    (a) yes, frequently
    (b) occasionally
    (c) rarely or never

11. How was your relationship with your mother when you were growing up?
    (a) good
    (b) average
    (c) poor

12. How was your relationship with your father when you were growing up?
    (a) good
    (b) average
    (c) poor

13. Did you get into a lot of fights when you were a kid?
    (a) yes
    (b) some, but probably no more than average
    (c) no

14. Were you bigger (taller and/or heavier) than other children when you were a preschool kid?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

15. Do you feel that people picked on you and belittled you when you were growing up?
(a) yes, very much
(b) somewhat
(c) not much

16. How do you feel about this statement? "I think I had a normal, enjoyable childhood. I never felt particularly deprived or neglected. On the whole, I'd say I was a contented, happy kid."
(a) agree strongly
(b) agree quite a bit
(c) disagree strongly
(d) disagree quite a bit

17. Which of the following statements comes closest to describing you?
(a) When I was a little kid, I was more talkative and precociously verbal than other kids. I was the type of kid who never shut up.
(b) I was about as talkative as any other kid. Sometimes I was quiet; other times I was noisy.
(c) I was less talkative than other kids. I tended to be the quiet type.

18. Does this statement apply to you? "When I was young, I was a fanatic when it came to physical activity. I couldn't sit still. I was like a hyperactive kid. I was constantly running, climbing, playing sports, etc."
(a) This statement describes me perfectly.
(b) I was quite a bit like that.
(c) I was somewhat like that.
(d) I wasn't very active at all.

19. Does this statement apply to you? "When I was a kid, I loved crafts and games. I could spend hours doing puzzles, playing Twenty Questions, reading, or putting models together. I think I enjoyed the intellectual challenge, although I probably didn't realize that at the time."
(a) applies strongly
(b) applies somewhat
(c) applies very little or not at all

20. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement? "I've always had a good idea of who I was. I've never had many doubts about myself. I've had a good understanding of my strengths and weaknesses."
(a) agree strongly
(b) agree quite a bit
(c) disagree strongly
(d) disagree quite a bit

SCORING

All possible answers on this psychograph have been awarded point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you chose. The highest possible score is 100; the lowest, 20.

1. a-1, b-5
2. a-1, b-3
3. a-5, b-1, c-3
4. a-4, b-1
5. a-7, b-4, c-2, d-1
6. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-4, e-5
7. a-5, b-5, c-3, d-1, e-1
8. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-2, e-1
9. a-5, b-1
10. a-5, b-3, c-1
11. a-5, b-3, c-1
12. a-1, b-3, c-5
13. a-5, b-3, c-1
14. a-3, b-1
15. a-6, b-3, c-1
16. a-1, b-2, c-6, d-4
17. a-6, b-3, c-1
18. a-6, b-4, c-3, d-1
19. a-1, b-3, c-5
20. a-4, b-3, c-2, d-1

If you scored 80–100 points:

Judging by your score, you should be about the funniest guy on your block. You exhibit all the feelings and psychological traits that characterize the inveterate humorist. In any group you're likely to be the first to say, "Did you hear the one about . . ." You'd probably shoot your grandmother if you thought it would get a laugh. While you are probably a good joke teller, a score in this category does not necessarily guarantee that you'll be the world's best comedian. What it *does* mean is that you always see the light side of things. You may or may not be the next Mark Twain or Dan Aykroyd, but you'll always be the first to enjoy their punch lines. Your sense of humor, however, may be a facade—as it is with many comedians. Underneath you may have a deep sense of insecurity and a need for affection. Your quick wit may be a way of attracting the love and approval you thirst for.

60–79 points:

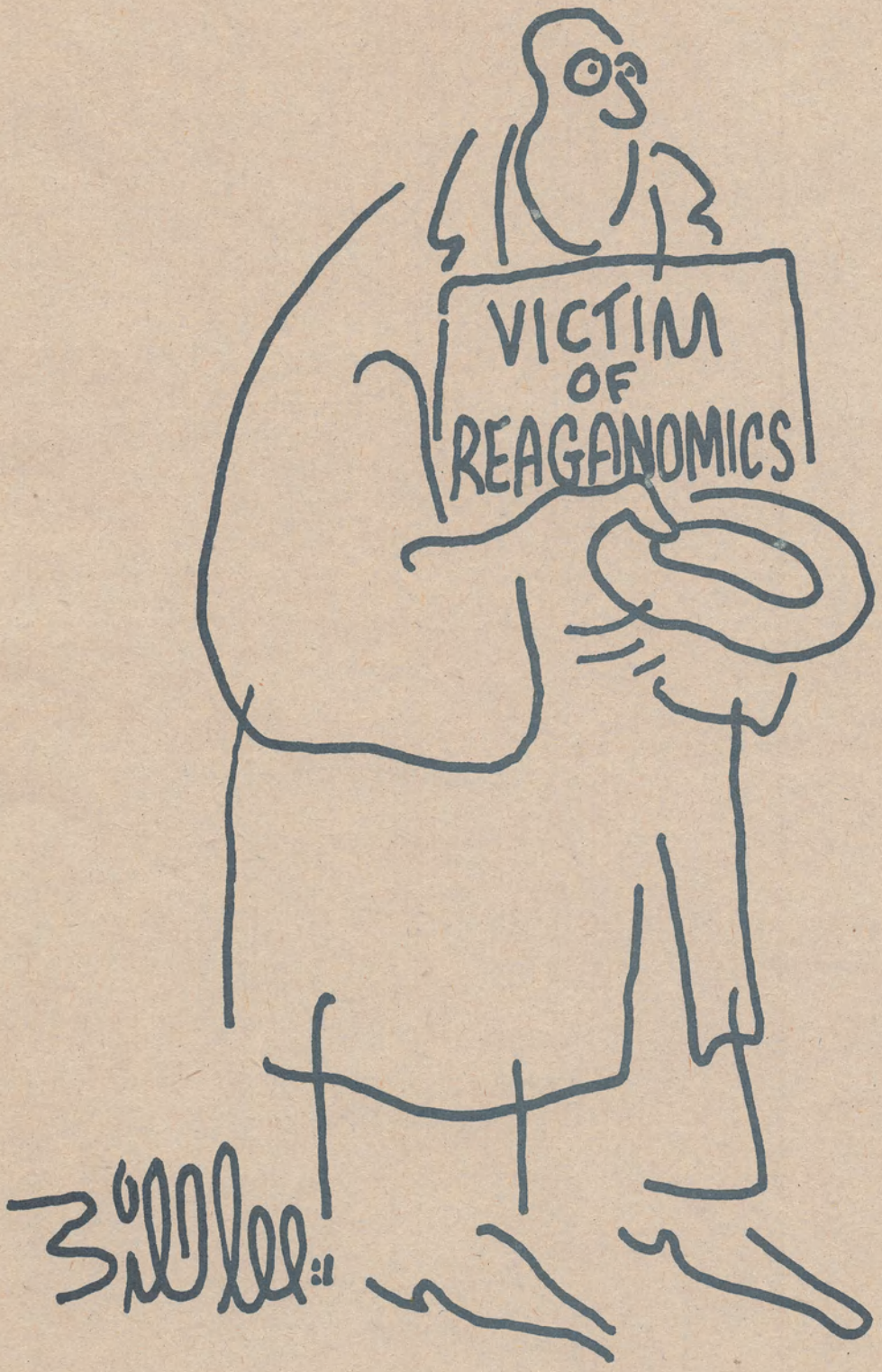
You have a better-than-average sense of humor. You intuitively sense the comic possibilities of almost every situation. You react to humor quickly and heartily. You're the type who, when he goes to a movie or a play, will invariably choose a comedy over a drama. However, you don't have the manic compulsion to be funny that men in the above category often exhibit. You may be more likely to have a droll sense of humor—appreciating the subtle riposte more than the pie-in-the-face routine. You are probably funnier than most people you run into, but you're also likely to be better balanced and more well-rounded than people in the high-scoring range on this psychograph.

40–59 points:

You have an average sense of humor. Sometimes your jokes are funny; sometimes they bomb. You are likely to prefer middle-of-the-road humor, not far-out, weird, or avant-garde stuff. You probably like the obvious funny line more than the urbane witticism. Basically, though, you are a relatively serious person. You enjoy a good laugh now and then, but humor doesn't play a major part in your life, as it does with men in the two scoring categories above. While you are not the funniest guy around, you are likely to be one of the more successful. You are viewed as being serious without being a drudge. This can be one of the best combinations for career success, especially in the corporate world. The guy who is serious—but who can also take a joke—is the one who rises to the top.

20–39 points:

You're about as funny as a dead baby. The entire original cast of "Saturday Night Live" could come to your home for a private performance, and you'd probably fall asleep from boredom. You are earnest about everything you do. You may tolerate humor when you're in a crowd, but basically you consider levity a frivolous waste of time. When other people are rolling on the floor after hearing a joke, you're likely to be standing there with a puzzled look on your face because you didn't understand the punch line. But that probably doesn't bother you, since you find so little value in humor. Actually, people with your outlook often achieve extraordinary things. They are the single-minded men who, eschewing the amenities of social intercourse (such as humor), go on to become reformers, zealots, crusaders, dictators, and saints.


VICTIM
OF
REAGANOMICS

INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

think of giving you a shot?

LaMotta: He didn't have the power to do that.

Penthouse: Even if he wanted to?

LaMotta: No. But when Cerdan came back to fight me in the return bout after I had won the title from him, his plane crashed in the Azores and everybody was killed. Then I signed to fight Rocky Graziano, but Rocky broke his hand in training, and the fight never came off.

Penthouse: Who would the Italians have been rooting for in a fight between you and Graziano?

LaMotta: Two Italian boys? Both of us, I guess. We were both big favorites in those days. But when Rocky broke his hand, I decided to fight Tiberio Mitri, the European champ, an Italian guy, too. And I won a fifteen-round decision from him. Then I fought a Frenchman who had previously beaten me—Laurent Dauthuille—and with thirteen seconds left in the fight, I was behind. I couldn't win the fight. I knocked him down. They counted ten. They counted ten when there was thirteen seconds left. So I was very lucky to win that fight. Then I fought the greatest fighter, pound for pound, the boss, Sugar Ray Robinson. And the referee stopped the fight in the thirteenth round while I was still on my feet, with Robinson pounding me up against the ropes. If the referee had held it up another thirty seconds, Robinson would have collapsed from hitting me!

Penthouse: He was hitting you that much?

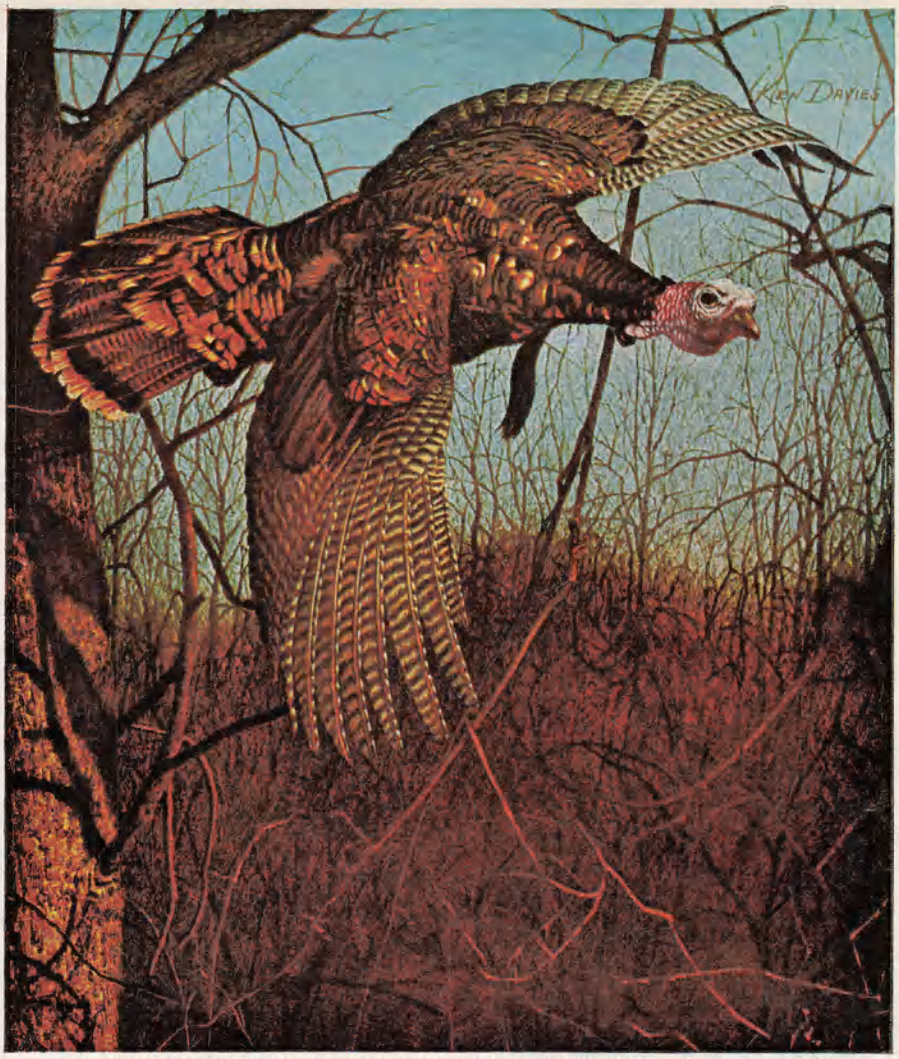
LaMotta: Yeah, he had no power left in his arms. You saw the scene in *Raging Bull*—that's how it was. I was on my feet; the referee stopped the fight, with me on my feet.

Penthouse: Robinson was the best you fought?

LaMotta: No question about it. That's not just my opinion but the opinion of all the experts. He's the best fighter, pound for pound, that ever lived.

Penthouse: You once said that, when looking back, you didn't think you needed to take all those punches. That it was something psychological, that you wanted to be punished. What do you think now?

LaMotta: I didn't know it in those days, but I realized that fact later. You see, I thought I had killed somebody many years ago—a bookmaker—when I was sixteen. I hit him over the head with a pipe to rob him. There was an article in the newspaper the next day that said he was found dead. But it was a misprint, because he was found *dying*. But I thought I'd killed him. He'd just left the hospital, left the Bronx, and gone to live in Florida to recuperate and retire. I carried his death on my conscience for many, many years. And get this—when I won the championship of the world, we had a party in the hotel. And he was there! He recognized me, I recognized him. And I was *shocked*! I hadn't killed him! I won the championship of the world, and I find



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out that I'm not a murderer—*all in one night.* I love that.

Penthouse: So did you tell him about it?

LaMotta: No. I was just so happy he was alive. I even fixed him up with a broad!

Penthouse: If you had to do it over again, would you dump the fight to Billy Fox?

LaMotta: I'm not sure. I probably would have done the same thing today.

Penthouse: The championship meant that much to you?

LaMotta: Put yourself in my position. I had almost everything. Everything. I had money, fame, a beautiful wife, children. I had sacrificed. I had determination. The only thing I lacked was the championship. I was the *uncrowned* champion for five years. Time was running out. What would you have done?

Penthouse: What kind of satisfaction did the championship bring you?

LaMotta: To be champ of the world? Oh, my God! That was a great, great feeling. And when they handed me the belt—Joe Louis handed me the belt—I cried like a baby. I got pictures—geez. That was *it.* It was like becoming president of the United States.

Penthouse: What had been your goal when you first started fighting?

LaMotta: To have security.

Penthouse: Because you grew up in such poverty?

LaMotta: That poverty idea is all wrong. I grew up during the Depression, and all the fighters that I fought grew up during the Depression, too. We grew up in the thirties; we were boxing in the forties. But yes, I came from poverty. But it didn't bother me. I had more fun when I was poor than when I made money. Maybe it affected my mother and father, but us kids—I went around barefooted, ran around robbing, stealing this and that. We had a lot of fun. I never suffered from poverty because I felt that was the way everybody lived. I didn't know any better. Then, when I got old enough to understand, I started to make money, and I've been making money ever since—except the period when I came to New York, when I was broke for fifteen years. I was surviving, just getting by, until this movie deal came up and put me back on my feet again.

Penthouse: Do you think the forties, when you were boxing, were the golden age of boxing?

LaMotta: Right. Because of what they had to go through in the thirties. No question about it. There were more fighters fighting at that time than at any time in the history of boxing. Any first-class fighter in my division could have been champ today.

Penthouse: How do today's fighters compare?

LaMotta: The fighters today are bigger and stronger. Because of nutrition, I guess. But they lack the toughness. Things are pretty easy for them. After ten fights they're getting a million dollars. And the referees stop the fights so soon. I don't know whether that's good or bad. They're making the fighter live to fight another day. You can make a fighter get destroyed all at once; this way he doesn't suffer. If he doesn't have the talent, let him find out sooner than later. Why stop him and let him fight another day? That might sound cruel, but maybe it's not so cruel. They're saving him. But I think they're just prolonging his agony by being so-called humanitarian. They're just keeping him alive so he can suffer some more.

Penthouse: Who today could have held their own back then?

LaMotta: Muhammad Ali would have easily fit in my era. I think he's the greatest heavyweight of all time. And Sugar Ray Leonard. But you will never be able to compare him with Robinson. Never. Because he will never have that many fights. Robinson had 200 fights. He won the middleweight championship five times. Also, Duran would have been great in my era.

Penthouse: How did you feel about boxing, the act itself?

LaMotta: I liked it. The sacrifice, the training, the conditioning, the challenge. I was good at it. I was very good at it. I trained very hard. I did an excessive amount of boxing in the gym. The average guy would do maybe fifty rounds of boxing; I would do 500. I loved to box; I loved to train. It was something that came very natural for me.

> The Mob tried to blackball me. They put me in with the black guys, figuring one of them was going to beat me. They figured wrong. I beat all the black guys.

Penthouse: Did you feel respect for your opponents?

LaMotta: I knew we both had a job to do. I respected the fact that the other guy was in the ring to do the best he could; so I was in there to do the best I could, and whoever was the better man was the guy who was going to get less punishment. So I figured the quicker I destroyed him, the better it would be for me. But I'd go the distance, you know? I tried and I knew he was trying. Do you know why fighters always hug each other after their fight?

Penthouse: No. Why?

LaMotta: Because they're just so glad it's all over. It's that simple.

Penthouse: Did you plot ring strategies?

LaMotta: I had only one way I could fight, and that was to keep going forward. Never back up. Always go forward, forward, forward. Work on the body. I was always shorter than my opponent, and it was a disadvantage for me to reach up for the head right off the bat. So I would make myself even shorter and concentrate on the body. That was my strategy. It was very simple for me.

Penthouse: Analyzing yourself now, as a boxer and a fighter, what made you so good?

LaMotta: I realized, from the beginning of my career, that nobody could hurt me. I psyched myself up so well that nobody could hurt me. And I took chances. When you take chances, you're aggressive.

I think the secret was that my reflexes were exceptional, and a lot of punches that people thought I would get hit with, I was actually riding with them. I was not taking the full power of the punch. It's like when you catch a hard ball and you keep your hand stiff—it's going to hurt your hand, right? But when the ball comes in and in that fraction of a second . . . and you just move along with it, then you don't feel the sting of the ball. So with my reflexes, my eyes that great, I could just move that little bit and it took 50, 75 percent of the power of the hit away. And the fact was that when I did get hit solid, I still could take a helluva punch, because I psyched myself at an early age that nobody could ever physically hurt me.

Penthouse: Was this perhaps because of the beatings you took from your father?

LaMotta: Maybe that's got something to do with it. He didn't use his fists, though. He had a whip, a handle with seven, nine strands of leather, a cat-o'-nine-tails. He put grooves on the back of my neck, my arms, my face. He was a mean bastard. He mellowed with the years, but when I was a kid, he was a mean bastard. I went to visit him in Italy last year for the first time in twenty years. He's eight-five years old, and he's in great shape. And he's a nice old man now. His wife was complaining to me that he still wants sex! I said, "Pop, you're too old for that!" and he said, "No, *she's* too old for that!"

Penthouse: How old were you when the beatings stopped?

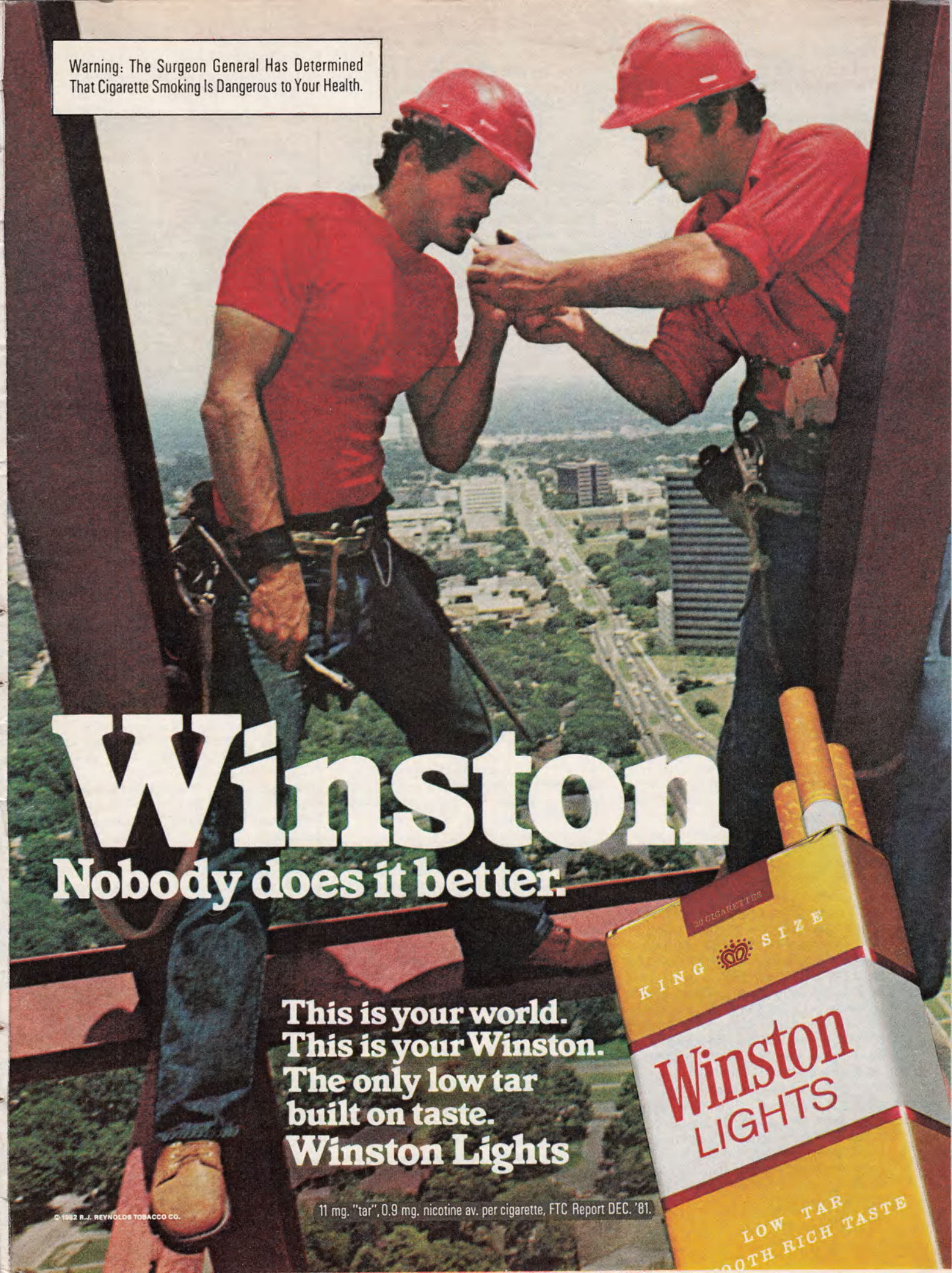
LaMotta: I was about fifteen.

Penthouse: Did you ever hit him?

LaMotta: No. I respected my father and I feared him. When I got older, I bought him an apartment house in the Bronx. But he always wanted to sell the house to retire and move to Italy. I said, "Well, sell the house, and with that money you can go back and live pretty good in Italy." He said, "No. I got to get my Social Security first." So he waited until he got his Social Security, sold the house, and went back with $125,000 cash, back to Italy. He's been living great ever since. When I was broke, a few years after he went to Italy, I sent him a telegram and said, "Give me some money," and he never answered the telegram. Mean bastard!

Penthouse: Was your mother dead when he left for Italy?

LaMotta: No, Momma's still alive. He divorced her a long time ago.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Penthouse: Did your father hit your mother?
LaMotta: Oh, sure. He hit all of us. He was just a mean guy.
Penthouse: How did you feel when he hit her?
LaMotta: I was too young to know it was wrong. When we got older, he would never touch her.
Penthouse: Do you think some of the problems you had later on with your wives stemmed from that early home life of violence?
LaMotta: Probably. I was like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. When I was in the ring, I had one personality. But then with my family, I had an entirely different personality. But later on that personality I had when I was fighting eventually carried over into my personal life. That's when I had problems—that's when I needed help.
Penthouse: Why do you think this happened?
LaMotta: Because I was frustrated. I always had a problem making the weight; I was always starving myself, always hungry, always tired. And my dedication to make something of myself, to become champ, was catching up with me. All these pressures combined, I guess. That's what I think happened.

And then the fact that I would refrain from having sex for such long periods of time, because in those days we believed that it was bad—weakening—for you. It was supposed to take your strength away. I would go a month, two months, without having sex. It *worked* for me because it made me a vicious animal, which is what you have to be to become a good fighter. You can't go into the ring and be a nice guy. You're not playing checkers, you know what I mean? You can't fight if you have any compassion or anything like that. But eventually that attitude carried over to my personal life, you see? And it took over. I got wildly jealous. I was married to the most beautiful girl in the world, and I was always worried crazy that she was seeing someone else.
Penthouse: If you abstained from sex so much, did you ever have problems when you *did* want to have it?
LaMotta: Well, when I had an important fight, I would never have it. And then, when I *did* try it once in a while, nothing would happen, because I had that abstinence thing on my mind. So psychologically I wouldn't allow myself to have sex. But I did have something going for me. After a fight I would put on a lot of weight, and a week before I went into training for my next fight I would have a lot of weight to take off. So a week before I started training, I'd have sex. And after a fight I would always have sex. I'd try to make up for lost time. But the week *before*, I'd put on a sweatsuit and screw for four, five hours in a hot room with steam coming out of the radiators and the windows closed—and I could take off ten pounds that way. I had my own method of prolonging the sex—of screwing for hours and hours without coming. This would work for anyone who has problems with premature ejaculation, I think. Every time I felt like having an orgasm, I'd pull out, put my penis into a pitcher of ice water, then go back in and try again.
Penthouse: You did this?
LaMotta: Oh, yes. I figured it out myself.
Penthouse: You screwed in a sweatsuit, delaying yourself with ice water?
LaMotta: Yeah. Vikki was so cooperative, she was such a babe in the woods, she would do anything I'd tell her to do. When I first started to do it, I'd have a premature ejaculation, and I'd say, "Well, this is no good. I'm not working up enough of a sweat." So I'd stick my penis in the ice water and keep going. I would do this for days, *days* at a time, not having an orgasm. Screw for four hours, five hours. Not come. And then do the same thing the next day. Eventually I got so used to it that I didn't have to use the ice water anymore. I could put off ejaculating *mentally*. But I lost the weight. The sheets would be soaking wet; Vikki would be soaking wet. I'd lose ten pounds a night. Then I would put back three or four. Then the next night I'd lose another ten, put back three or four. But I would lose all my excess weight before I started training.

> To be champ of the world—oh, my God! That was a great feeling. And when Joe Louis handed me the belt—I cried like a baby. It was like becoming president of the United States.

Penthouse: Was this healthy?
LaMotta: Well, I started getting awful pains and cramps. I went to a doctor and told him what I was doing and he said, "That's the worst thing in the world, mentally and physically. You've *got* to come!" So then, after I fooled around for two or three hours, I'd have an orgasm. Instead of holding it for three or four days. But it was like an explosion—you could hear it all over the Bronx! I'd go—WOW! And in the meantime, Vikki was having a lot of fun.
Penthouse: Even when you withheld orgasm?
LaMotta: She was young, and she adored me. I was like a god to her. She believed everything I said. Sometimes there would be long periods when we wouldn't have sex—I would say an average of six weeks. And she was young and healthy and beautiful and normal and had a sex drive like everyone else. But she was so obedient and loyal and so great that she would do anything that I'd tell her to do; she was just a real beauty, a real beauty. We would sleep together, but I gave her orders that if she ever bothered me or tried to make me weak, I was going to give her a beating. She was such a beautiful person, she understood. Remember, she was only fifteen-and-a-half years old when I met her. And when she was eighteen, we had two kids, you know? She was just perfect. That's why we're still crazy about each other. And we still love each other and have a great respect for one another. We've always kept in touch. All my wives after Vikki knew that I still loved Vikki.
Penthouse: Do you think your jealousy of Vikki had anything to do with your strange love practices?
LaMotta: I had to satisfy her, keep her happy, because I felt there were long periods of time when I wouldn't bother with her, so I had to make up for it. I screwed her all the time after a fight. But then while I was fighting I was thinking in the back of my mind, "Geez, she's not being satisfied." I would never have thought of oral sex to satisfy her. I would never think of that. So subconsciously I would think, "How is she feeling? Maybe she's seeing somebody else." I realized later that she was so great and adored me so much that she would never do anything behind my back. She was very much in love with me. She was more in love with me than I was with her.
Penthouse: Why wouldn't you think of satisfying Vikki with oral sex?
LaMotta: There was a real taboo about oral sex in those days. If a man went down on a broad—forget it! That was considered to be the lowest form of degeneracy. Later on I came to understand that anything is okay when you're making love as long as it's okay with both people. I myself never had oral sex until after I retired. I was sure it was wrong. They'd say it was real weakening for you, that it played you out.
Penthouse: What are the major regrets in your life?
LaMotta: Major regrets? Marriages. I should have stayed married to Vikki. We would have had a nice life, I think. I know. And I regret not taking care of my money. I should have been more frugal. I should have hired somebody to manage my money—someone smarter than me.
Penthouse: What is your "power of positive thinking"?
LaMotta: My belief that whatever the mind can conceive the mind could achieve. I made up my mind that I was going to be champ of the world. I *believed* it. At that time I had neither the vocabulary nor the education to understand what I had set out to do. I just did it. Today, psychologists explain it with terms like "the power of positive thinking" and "self-hypnosis." Most athletes simply call it psyching themselves up. The power of positive thinking—don't ever underestimate its potential. I psyched myself through positive thinking into be-

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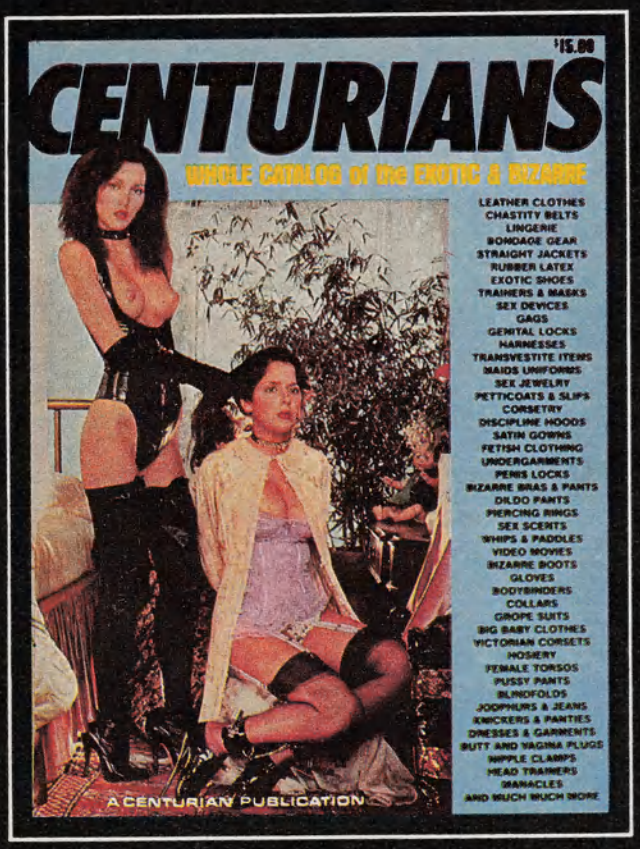

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lieving that nobody could ever physically hurt me. I destroyed all negativism by conditioning myself with positive thoughts and by reinforcing that conditioning until I was firmly convinced that no human being could ever physically hurt me. I went through my whole career and fought the toughest guys, who nobody else would fight, and never once felt pain.

Early in my boxing career I had an extraordinary emotional experience: my opponent's thumb went into my eye. I believed at that moment that I had lost my eyeball. I became temporarily insane and went into an uncontrollable rage. At that moment it was simply kill or be killed. I brutally attacked, destroyed, impaled my opponent with a viciousness much more intense than I had ever previously experienced. A strong survival instinct caused my body to shoot so much adrenaline into my system that I performed far in excess of what I felt were my physical limitations. And I had made up my mind that I was going to become champ of the world. I believed, believed, believed. So my obsessed dream became a reality.

But anything taken to extremes can have extreme repercussions. Buddha once said, "Excessive desire makes us slaves of whatever we crave." In order to perform to the best of my ability in my professional career, I had made myself into an angry, frustrated, mean, tough, vicious, cruel person. I psyched myself so well that eventually that attitude carried over into my personal life. I had to pay the price for the suffering I left behind. Life has a way of evening the score. Remember Newton's law: "For every action there is an equal and opposite reaction."

When I defended my title against Sugar Ray Robinson in Chicago on St. Valentine's Day, 1951, they called it the St. Valentine's Day Massacre. The referee stopped the fight in the thirteenth round while I was still on my feet, with Robinson pounding me against the ropes. I almost died. But I lost my title with honor, pride, self-respect, and dignity. Isn't it ironic that one of the greatest and most proud moments of my life took place while I was in the process of losing my most cherished possession?

Penthouse: And then your life started going downhill.

LaMotta: Well, I thought that I could find happiness by owning a nightclub in Miami Beach—by keeping late hours, stuffing my body with food, soaking my brain with liquor, and suffocating my lungs with smoke. But instead of finding happiness, I was obviously self-destructing. I got in a lot of trouble. Ended up in the chain gang. It struck me: from champ of the world to *this*? How low could I get?

In the solitary confinement of my jail cell, I came face to face with my opponent. It was myself. Well, my frustration, anger, and self-pity reached a peak, and I finally broke down. I let myself feel the pain that the poet Kahlil Gibran described as the breaking of the shell that encloses your understanding. It was in solitary confinement that I experienced a spiritual catharsis that was the turning point of my life. I realized that the mean, tough, vicious, and cruel Jake LaMotta that I had psyched myself into becoming throughout my boxing career was the exact opposite of what I had to become if I wanted to be successful as a human being. I realized that with my proven capacity for positive thinking, I could once again take charge of my life and reestablish my self-respect. Everything is possible in this world. Anything, anything. Whatever the mind can conceive and believe, the mind can achieve.

That predicament reminded me of one of the most dramatic fights of my career, when I was defending my title in 1950 in Detroit against Laurent Dauthuille. I entered the fifteenth round too far behind on points to have any chance of winning the fight by decision. I had to do something drastic. For the first two minutes of that round I pretended to be seriously hurt. Having hypnotized myself not to feel pain, I just kept my arms down while my opponent exerted all his gleeful energy into a relentless barrage of punches. During that time I let vengeful rage build up inside of me until it reached its peak and exploded. In the final minute I completely reversed the flow of energy, and with thirty seconds

left in the fight I knocked him out to retain my title.

Penthouse: What are you doing with your life now?

LaMotta: Mostly I give college lectures. I'm working on a few television commercials that I hope I get. And I'm satisfied; I'm content. The only thing is, I wish I was doing more. Unfortunately, in this world today, people have to work at things they don't necessarily like just because they have to survive. It's the lucky people who can make a living doing something they *like* doing. I'd like to work with kids. I hope some politician here in New York will read this and contact me to work with kids. I'd really like to do that. I've got a lot to teach them, a lot to talk to them about. Maybe I could have a school, like Sugar Ray Robinson has out in California.

Penthouse: What do you talk about when you give these college lectures?

LaMotta: My talk is mostly about life, my philosophy, my way of positive thinking, self-hypnosis. I give them a little comedy; I give them a little drama. I mix it up pretty good. And I always have a beautiful audience. They really listen and ask questions. I learn so much about myself doing things like lectures, interviews, or just talking to kids. Every day I'm learning something new about myself. I've learned an awful lot so far.

Penthouse: How do you describe your "philosophy" to your college audiences?

LaMotta: This is what I tell the kids:

Well, do unto others, then cut out. No. You can only get out of life what you put into it. The more you put into life, the more you get out of it. The less you put in, the less you get out of it. And you have no alternative in life but to do the proper things if you want to be happy. In order to decide what is proper, you must possess the clarity of thought that comes with a healthy mind and a healthy body. When in doubt as to what is proper, use a little common sense and abide by the Golden Rule: Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

Following those beliefs is why destiny's retribution and karma are turning in my favor again. Right now I'm happy to say I finally made it big. My life story is now on film, and it's called Raging Bull. *It was nominated for eight Academy Awards and brought Robert De Niro a well-deserved Oscar for best actor. I told the producer I'd like to play myself in the picture. He said to me, "Jake, you're not the type." So they were thinking of using Sammy Davis, Jr., instead. But he couldn't do it either, because he was too Jewish. Anyway, I'm happy to say that my picture is rated PG, so you can bring the whole family. They cut out my entire sex life. But that's okay. You won't miss those thirty seconds anyway. Anyway, it's a thrill to be standing here talking to you wonderful people. In fact, it's a thrill to be standing. I lost my title in 1951. Thirty years later I won it back again. Thank you and God bless you.*

Nice ending huh?

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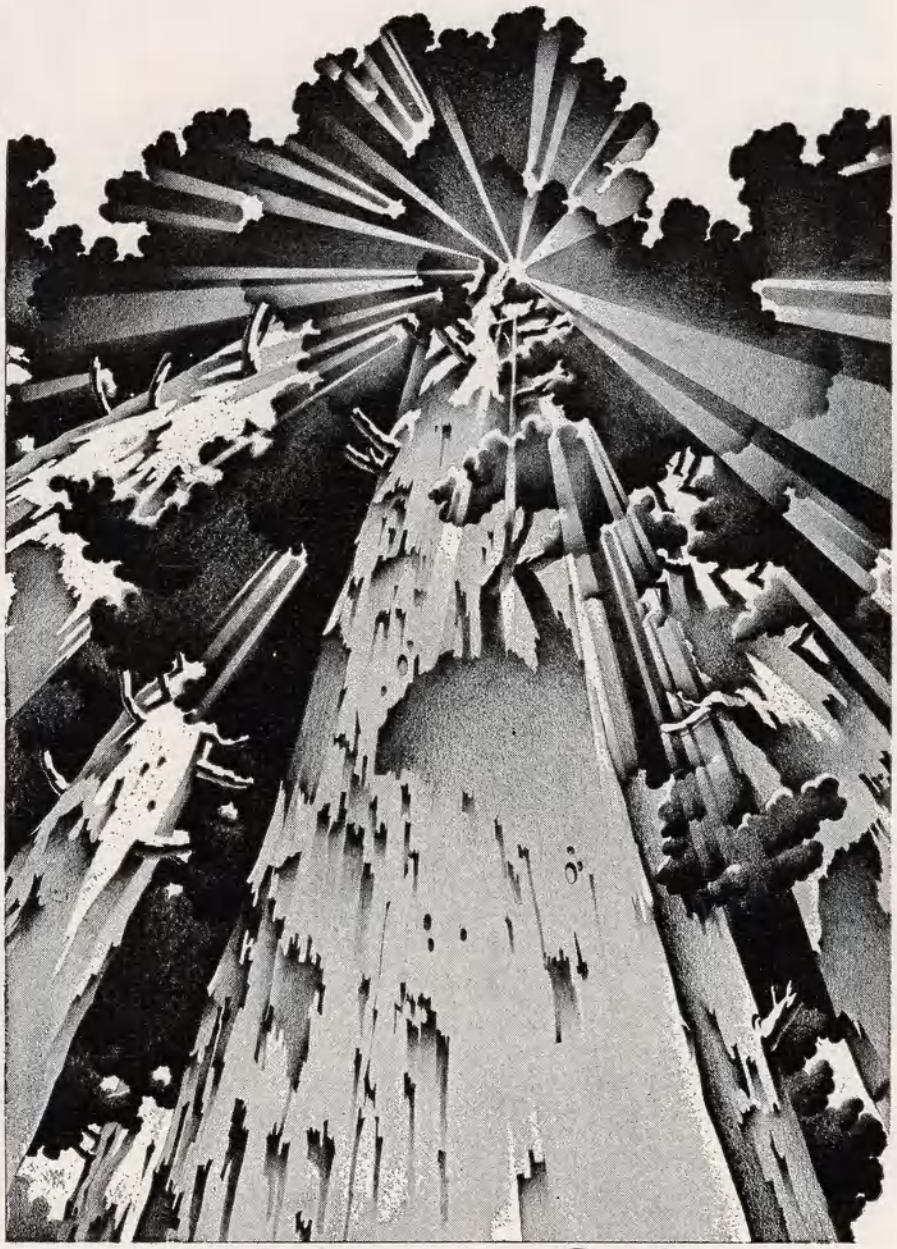

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SEX CRIMES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

strangling him at the moment of orgasm. She complied, then carved herself a set of souvenirs off the corpse. Sada was found four days later wandering the streets of the city, a bundle containing Kichi's privates tied to her kimono and clutched in her hand.

Sada swiftly became a folk heroine, symbol of sexual emancipation and dedication to the highest pleasure. Convicted of the murder, she was apparently still in prison when the war ended and was released by mistake with some political prisoners.

A leading Japanese filmmaker, Nagisa Oshima, made a spectacular film about the case, *In the Realm of the Senses*. Sada's name is now recognized throughout Japan; it has come to symbolize the search for the ultimate in human relationships.

3. Fritz Haarmann: Butcher's Dozen

Fritz Haarmann, the master mincer of Hanover, turned to crime for profit. And sexual pleasure. He was a good German merchant who improved on the commercial practices of all but a few of his kind. He sold the clothes of his victims more or less routinely. But his real business, from 1918 to 1924, was their bodies, which, after sodomy and murder, he then butchered.

Fritz sold meat in the Scheibermarkt (profiteers' market) next to the train station. The master mincer specialized in the chopped, the minced, and the boneless. His customers asked few questions. Meat was virtually unobtainable in defeated, war-torn Deutschland, and one did not harass one's butcher.

As if supply and demand weren't protection enough, Haarmann also had a police connection. He spied for them and had a small badge to prove it. The job paid next to nothing, especially in a currency that lost its value while the ink dried. But his special relationship with the police was Haarmann's license.

Haarmann liked to hang around the train station, the Hanover Hauptbahnhof, an enormous, ghoulish place aswarm with young men interested in what the traffic might bear. It was as evil a place as today's Port Authority Bus Terminal in New York City, and in much the same way. Haarmann was gay—no surprise in a city of 450,000 with a homosexual population estimated at 40,000. Young drifters came in from all over North Germany. They were ready for anything.

And Haarmann gave it to them.

He routinely toured the station's waiting rooms at three in the morning or so, culling the lads for looks and, apparently, plumpness.

He had his standards. Accused eventually of killing one Herman Wolf, the master mincer said; "I have my taste, after all. Such an ugly creature as, according to photographs, your son was, I would never have taken to."

Haarmann was forty in 1919, when he met Hans Grans, a chunky but pretty thing half his age and better educated. It was love. Grans, a lazy, shiftless fellow, sometimes helped with the butchering. William Bolitho says in *Murder for Profit* that Haarmann let it be known he smuggled meat, and boys were constantly coming to his house with wrapped parcels. Neighbors heard him chopping away at all hours of the night.

Deutschland was in those days a live-and-let-die sort of country. Not even the finding of four human skulls within a month in the depleted River Leine moved the police to action. Then a huge cache of bones and another skull were discovered. Rumors swept the town. Hanoverians lined the Leine to peer into its inhospitable waters, and the newspapers made a fuss. Finally the police dragged the river, and came up with 500 bones, enough for some two dozen skeletons.

They moved decisively against Haarmann after a bereft mother recognized her son's coat on the back of Haarmann's landlady's son. In the end Haarmann claimed a grand total of thirty or forty victims, explaining he wasn't sure which, and blamed Hans Grans for everything. He

was a vociferous defendant, conducting some of his defense himself. "I want to be executed on the marketplace. On my tombstone there must be put this inscription: 'Here lies Mass Murderer Haarmann,'" he told the court. Neither wish was granted. He was decapitated. Grans got life in prison, of which he served twelve years.

4. Sylvestre Matuschka: Wrong Track

Sylvestre Matuschka, a Hungarian citizen, lived in Vienna, Austria, and had interests there in housing, timber, and wheat. He was allegedly a happily married man but did not achieve his best orgasms in the bedroom. Matuschka reserved that distinction for the railroad tracks. He was a train-crash freak.

On New Year's Eve 1936, a damaged rail was discovered twenty-two miles north of Vienna, just barely in time to stop the express train that was to have sped through on its way to Passau, in southern Germany. A month later the locomotive on the same train left the tracks when it hit a steel bar lashed to the rails. An engineer saw the bar in time to brake but not to stop.

Late that summer an express from Basel, Switzerland, crashed forty miles outside Berlin. Eight cars toppled down a thirty-foot embankment. No one was killed, but a hundred people were injured. Homemade bombs had caused the crash.

Five weeks later the Ostend Express from Budapest to Vienna exploded pyrotechnically. The engine and five cars hurtled eighty feet down a hillside. Twenty-five people were killed and 120 badly injured.

Matuschka finally had his act perfected, which meant, in a familiar phenomerotic pattern, that he had to start running new risks to keep the kicks coming. To heighten the sense of danger and sexual excitement, he claimed compensation for facial injuries and lost luggage in the Ostend Express accident. He said that he had been riding in the first coach of the train. Everyone in that coach, however, had been killed in the crash.

Matuschka was initially regarded only as a swindler, someone looking for money. Nevertheless, the police were thorough. They found that he'd been away from home the night of the two crashes north of Vienna and staying in Berlin for the crash near there. A map, with presumed crash sights across Europe marked in red ink, was found in his home. Detectives said he had told them: "I wrecked trains because I like to see people die. I like to hear them scream." Matuschka went to jail for life in 1937 but escaped during World War II and has not been heard from since.

5. Ed Gein: Gentlest of Lovers

Necrophilia is one of the great clichés of strange sex crime. The prototype of the modern practitioner may be Ed Gein of Plainfield, Wisc., a farmer, handyman, and bachelor who was fifty-one when arrested

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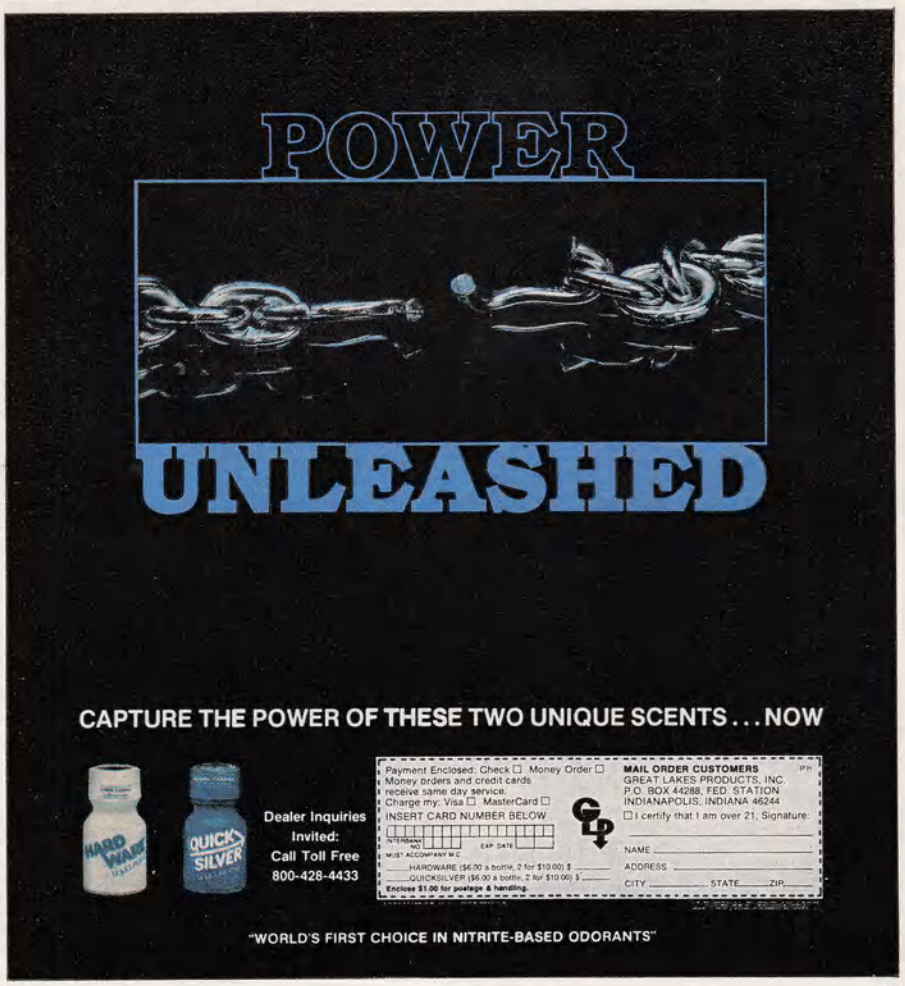
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FICTION

LOREN EISELEY'S LOST NOTEBOOKS—For more than 20 years the revered and celebrated naturalist Loren Eiseley kept a private journal of his thoughts on nature, the universe, and his fellowman. Some of these musings found their way into his published work, but others lay buried in the pages of his notebooks, nearly forgotten. Now, in an *Omni* exclusive, the excerpts from his journals are being published for the first time. For a special look at one of the "great gentle spirits of this century," as he's been called, see our May issue.

FUTURE FASHION—Heat-molded suits will come with solar collectors to keep us warm. Men will wear makeup, and women will don paper dresses and, after a day's wear and tear, throw them away. And the super-rich, the masters of the race, will dress in "demigod" costumes of silver and gold. These are the speculations of some of the world's top fashion designers, including John Stavros and Scott Barrie. To examine their spectacular future fashions in detail, pick up your copy of this month's *Omni*.

ELECTRONIC ECONOMISTS—What's next? Bull market? Bear market? Depression? To find out, more and more business and political leaders are turning to electronic seers. Engaged in a young and controversial science known as econometrics, these experts are using computer models of our economy to predict when it will zig and when it will zag. The science has had its share of failures as well as successes, but it has arrived. Without it, for better or worse, Reaganomics would never have existed. To find out how it all works and to get the very best expert projections on the economy, see the May issue of *Omni*.

CORPORATE 007—Beneath a traditional facade, many business executives today are armed with antiespionage and personal-defense gear. Some of the voice scramblers, lie detectors, wiretap sensors, and light guns are small enough to fit inside the skin of an attaché case. Other inventions turn a limousine into an armored fortress. For an inside look at the arsenals that most companies prefer to keep secret, read the May *Omni*.

IF DINOSAURS HAD LIVED—Huge reptilian eyes dominate its greenish face. Like a turtle, it has no teeth. But in other ways the "dinosauroid" is arrestingly humanoid. It walks on two legs, has a rudimentary thumb opposing other fingers, and delivers live offspring. It's one scientists's model of what dinosaurs might have evolved into. This month *Omni* portrays a creature that might have been—and one whose existence would have made human life impossible.

FICTION—A technique for recalling past lives makes possible a play about Joan of Arc, "With the Original Cast." Nancy Kress's story explores the line between reality and illusion. A man who cannot die provides entertainment for the rich in Gregg Keizer's "I Am the Burning Bush."

in 1957 for the murder of Bernice Worden, proprietor of the local general store. At Gein's house her body was found decapitated, dressed out, and hung by the heels to age, like a fresh-shot deer. Gein also confessed that he had killed and dressed out Mary Hogan, who kept the tavern in the town.

Besides murdering people, Gein also went around digging up new graves in the vicinity to liberate the corpses of a dozen middle-aged women. These he butchered into sections and sometimes skinned. Then he put most of them back into the holes they'd come out of, keeping only the sex and internal organs. These seemed like living things, he later explained, and he could not stand the thought of the worms getting to them.

Gein was something of a student of history. He had followed the example of Ilse Koch, the Nazi Bitch of Buchenwald, and used some of the skin to ornament furniture and to make personal articles, such as belts and billfolds. He even preserved a complete breast.

Dr. W. G. Larndt reported, in *Bulletins of the Menninger Clinic*, that Gein had often given his neighbors venison. But Ed told shrinks, "I've never shot a deer."

6. Albert Fish: Dirtiest Old Man

Albert Fish was sixty-six years old in January of 1936, when he was electrocuted at Sing Sing prison. Sixty-six was a record, but few contended that Fish's age should have exempted him from punishment. He was considered then—and still is by crime connoisseurs—the most diversely evil and perverse criminal in U.S. history. He was assuredly the greatest child molester, even though he raised six motherless children of his own after being deserted by a dim-witted wife. Fish, however, devoted most of his energy to abusing the children of others and to allied weirdnesses.

Albert castrated several boys, and cited Abraham's proffered sacrifice of Isaac as his biblical authority. His own kids said he ate raw meat by the light of the moon and made them eat it, too. They did not know if they had consumed human flesh. In *Perverse Crimes in History*, R.E.L. Masters and Eduard Lea cite Albert as an excreta eater; a urine drinker; a molester of both boys and girls; a masochist who wore twenty-nine needles in his body, many of them in the genital-rectal area, and who whipped himself with a paddle studded with nails; a vampire; a cannibal; and, if it needs saying, a sadist. Fish also read the personal ads of his day and answered those seeking marriage with letters so obscene that the prosecution suppressed them at his murder trial. He confessed to killing and cannibalizing six youngsters, but there were dozens more.

As for the electrocution, Fish welcomed it as "the supreme thrill. The only one I haven't tried." He helped set the electrodes and position the straps on the chair, but he was too tough to go the first time they put the juice to him. Witnesses report-

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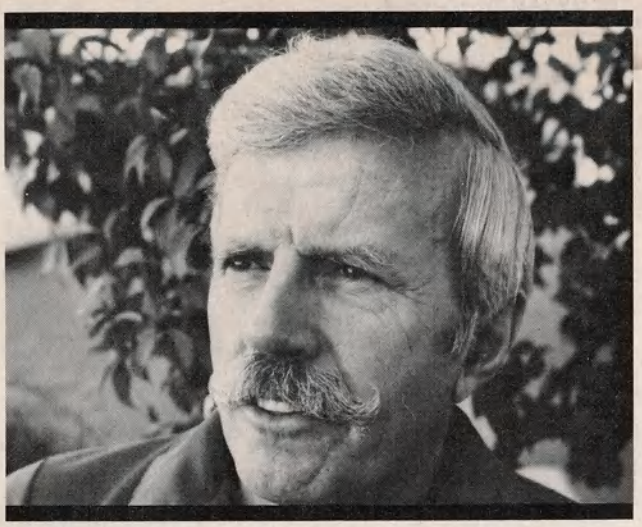

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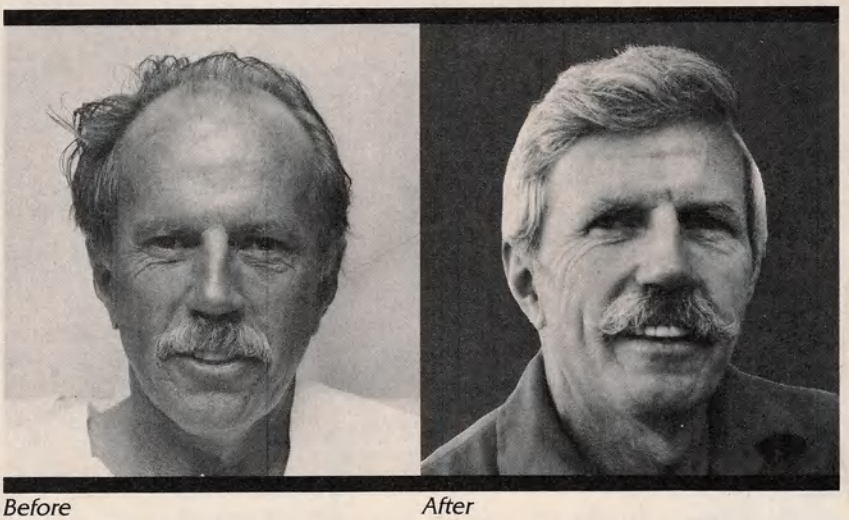

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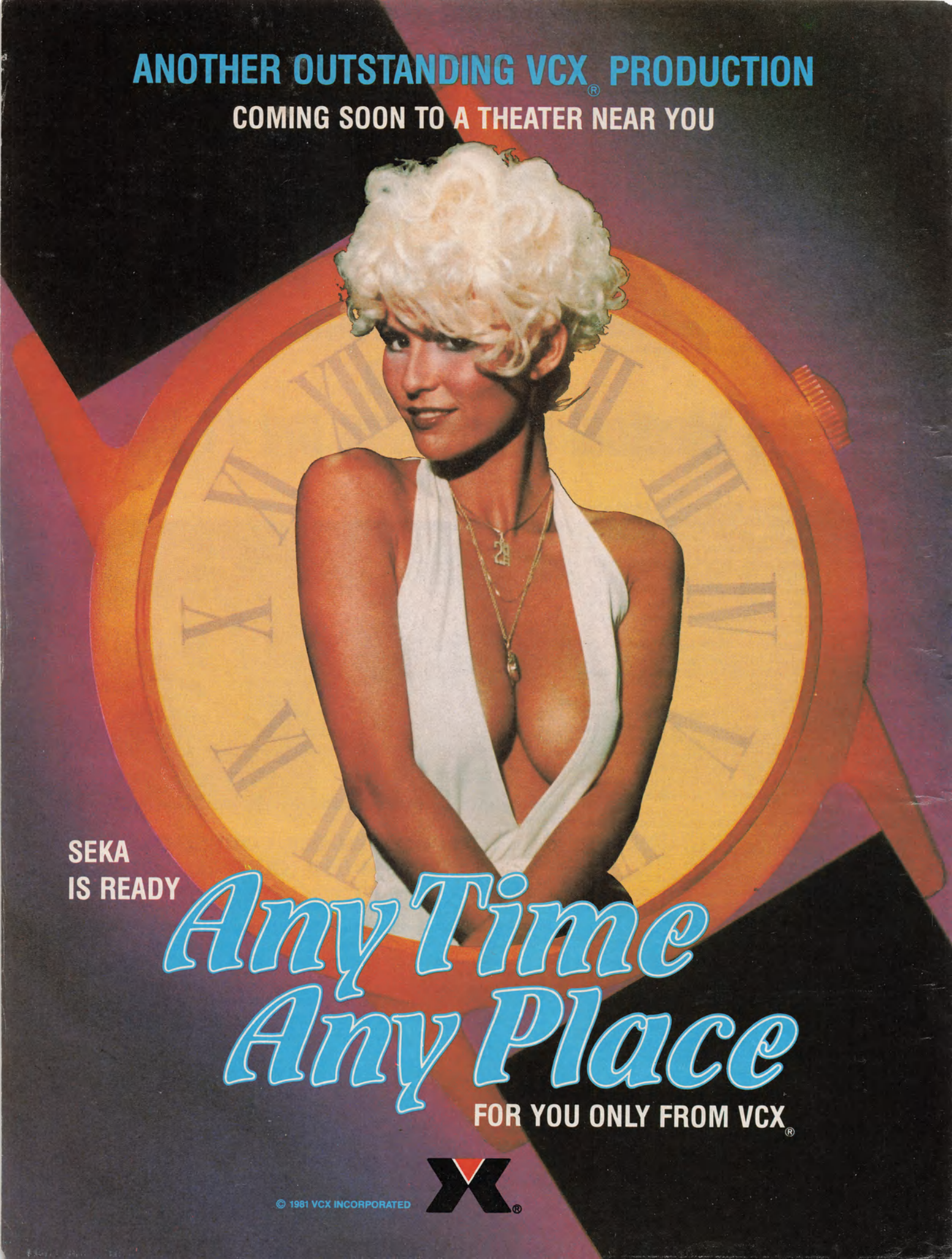

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ed a blue puff of smoke directly above his head. Then the switch was thrown again, and the Moon Maniac, as the tabloids had named him, was extinguished.

A Washingtonian, Albert Fish was born into a distinguished but loony family and raised in an orphanage. "Misery leads to crime," he once wrote. "I saw so many boys whipped that it ruined my mind." He remembered being sexually stimulated from the age of five by his own and others' whippings. As a grown man, he wandered, visiting twenty-three states and getting in trouble in most of them. Fish, however, was intelligent and looked rather distinguished. He hoodwinked at least six psychiatrists into the belief that he was sane and harmless.

At some point in his career of crime, Albert Fish discovered that he was God, always a useful perspective for a mass murderer. He saw his killings as acts of mercy. "I knew this innocent girl would grow up to be outraged and tortured—I decided to sacrifice her in order to save her from future outrages," he said of young Grace Budd of Manhattan, the ten-year-old whose murder sent him to the chair.

Fish worked at his conquests. He insinuated himself into Grace's family because he was interested in an older brother. But then the frail and aging man decided the boy would be too much for him physically. One day Fish took Grace to a children's party. At Wisteria Cottage, his desolate exurban hideaway north of New York City, Fish called Grace inside after he had stripped nude. "She screamed: 'I'll tell Mama,'" he recalled. "I grabbed her by the throat, almost carried her into the room, and laid her on the floor. I didn't think she would put up such a struggle. She was a frail-looking child. She gave me the surprise of my life. As she lost consciousness, I placed my knee on her chest and squeezed the breath out of her to put her out of her misery."

Fish butchered the child and took the pieces of the corpse home with him, but left the head behind. He feasted for nine days, garnishing the remains of little Grace with bacon strips and stewing other pieces with vegetables.

Six years after the murder, Fish twisted the knife of memory by sending obscene letters to Grace's parents. "I didn't fuck with her. She died a virgin," he wrote.

Albert Fish was arrested when the letters were traced to him. He claimed to be glad for the relief to his conscience.

7. Desire Landru: Love and Kisses

Henri Desire Landru killed more than most Frenchmen. Convicted of dispatching ten women and a boy, he was another merchant of death, who specialized in the modest furniture and household goods of his victims. He was in all things careful, a meticulous record keeper—your stock French bourgeois. What truly sets him apart, though, is that he killed with love. His victims were mostly plain women, past the age when they had prospects. Landru drenched them with affection, sugared them with adoration, showered them with presents, just loved 'em to pieces. Then he chopped them into very much smaller pieces and fed them into his furnace. Neighbors of Villa Tric, his run-down house, sometimes complained of the stench from his chimney, but the air-pollution crusaders were scarcely off the ground by 1919, the year of Landru's apprehension.

Desire—the "Henri" was dropped in infancy—was also a swindler. He spent almost half of his adult life in prison. His first kill, a widow Cuchet, was a thirty-year-old servant with a teenage son and several thousand francs in savings. Landru swapped his affection for the savings, won the widow's forgiveness, then exterminated widow and son, all in 1914. Like several of his colleagues, Landru took to the classifieds after his limited personal contacts failed him. A considerate widower, eager to marry, he described himself. It was true as far as it went.

Landru screwed a great many and killed a great many of those he screwed. The most sensational moment in his sensational trial came when the prosecutor, Robert Godefroy, read out the specification that "Landru had relations with 283 women." That was more than sixty a year, a formidable figure in those repressed days.

Some of his lovers were lucky enough not to die at his hands, and they left various testimonials to his charms. Fernande Segret, tall, young, and less than handsome, was living with Landru when he was caught by the law. He kissed her soulfully and sang a few words from a sappily tragic opera, *Manon Lescaut*. She wept for hours before being sent on her way by the police.

Landru had been just as soulfully involved with Annette Buisson, a widow, until he killed her and sold off her household goods. Mademoiselle Lacoste, a sister of Widow Buisson, spied him in a china shop, where he was negotiating the purchase of a gift for a future victim, some nineteen months after the widow's disappearance. The police became actively interested only when they surmised that Widow Buisson's killer might be the fugitive Landru, on the run since 1914 from a sentence of four years in prison and a lifetime of exile on New Caledonia for the offense of fraud. They found a ledger with the names of dead women and a record, accurate to the centime, of money expended on their courtship: "4th April, Invalides cab 3; Tickets, 3,10–4,95, Post-chaise, 2,40. . . ."

So it went.

Almost three years passed before Landru went to the guillotine. As he entered the packed courtroom on the last day of the proceedings, he looked about at the mob, mostly women, and asked: "I wonder if there is any lady present who would care to take my seat?"

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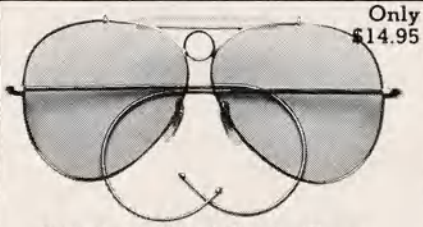

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He declined holy unction, saying he must not keep his executioner waiting, and lost his head to the guillotine in 1922.

8. Albert DeSalvo: A Way With Women

Nothing is stranger than grown men who dislike, fear, and need women strongly enough to eliminate several of them from the face of the earth. Such men, however, tend to be strange in similar ways. They've had rotten childhoods, with plenty of neglect and physical abuse. And nothing is more consistent in their histories than savage beatings received while small. These men often appear foolish and ineffectual but are actually quite handy: murder requires at least a minimum of physical proficiency.

Albert DeSalvo, the Boston Strangler, can represent the lot, and with distinction. He killed twelve women, aged nineteen to seventy-five, strangling most but knifing others. A thirteenth, aged eighty-five, expired of a heart attack while he was warming her up for the kill.

DeSalvo was an all-around sex fiend who arranged the corpses of his victims for maximum dramatic effect: usually, facing the door with their legs spread wide apart and their genitals prominently displayed. He fondled and screwed and was fellated involuntarily by his victims. The pattern differed each time. He came in the face of one, he stabbed another repeatedly and horribly because she resisted him and screamed objections to his advances even after he had bound and gagged her. "She made me feel so unclean, the way she talked to me," he explained later. "Everything I was doing to her, she just didn't like it. No matter what I did she didn't like it. And she wouldn't keep quiet. . . . She kept saying, 'Don't do it. Don't do it. . . .' I was playing with her. She kept yelling or trying to yell—and I stabbed her. Once I did it once, I couldn't stop."

But DeSalvo's weird ways with women did not always include murdering them. Prior to his two-year killing spree, he used to pose as a talent scout, a gag he had seen on television. He talked his way into women's apartments, then unlimbered his tape measure, and thus laid his hands on their lusher body parts.

DeSalvo was expert at slipping locks and did so often to get at women. He was unfailingly, even squishily polite, and so deferential that the cops and shrinks refused to regard him as a suspect long after he confessed. Always one to please, the Strangler supported his confession with vivid, detailed memories of his crimes. It was, of course, his deference, along with a genius for knowing what to say to people who found him in their apartments, that made him such a successful killer.

As with many sex criminals, Albert DeSalvo had a horrid childhood, including a subliterate mother, a brutal and florid father who shamed the family by consorting openly with prostitutes and whipped the children well beyond the point of statutory child abuse. Albert shoplifted and stole from his earliest years, spent time in reform school, and then, thanks to the army, became a good enough worker to earn a decent living as a maintenance hand and construction worker. His reign as the Strangler ran between his release from imprisonment (for his Measuring Man antics) in April 1962 and January 1964, when he claimed his last victim. He was arrested that November and jailed for binding and molesting—but not physically harming—five women.

The police had concluded, on the best professional advice, that there were two killers, one for the old and one for the young. Both of these suspects, psychiatrists thought, were mother haters, lived alone, had respectable backgrounds, were severely inhibited sexually, and killed in sudden rages.

The officials were dead wrong. DeSalvo loved his mother passionately. He had been her favorite of six children, and she had sometimes protected him from his father's drunken rages. He was not inhibited sexually. Albert liked sex four and five times a day. His wife considered him insatiable; he thought her frigid. Nor did he kill in a rage. Albert simply went to neighborhoods where many women lived, knocked on chance doors, and killed women he found alone. He was calm and avoided panic.

> Albert Fish was a molester of both boys and girls; a masochist who wore twenty-nine needles in his body; a vampire; a cannibal; and, if it needs saying, a sadist.

Albert DeSalvo did not know why he did the things he did. "That feeling just came over me," he reminisced. Albert was found dead in his cell at Walpole Prison in 1973. He had been stabbed sixteen times, more times than he had ever stabbed anyone.

9. John Reginald Christie: Gas Expert

Christie was a monster who got his kicks from sex with dead and dying women and a fetishist who saved samples of their pubic hair. In all, eight bodies were cached around his modest London slum house before he was taken by the heels, in 1953. But Christie's responsibility for the most famous of his murders has never been conclusively established. Another man, Timothy Evans, had already been hanged for that crime before Christie's bloody propensities were known; the resultant fuss was largely responsible for the abolition of capital punishment in Britain. And police bungling left Christie free to claim his last four victims.

Christie was a disabled veteran of World War I, having been gassed. By the late 1930s he had accumulated five criminal convictions, including one for assaulting a prostitute lover who wanted him out of her home and life. The assault was with a cricket bat and opened a five-inch head wound. Another conviction was for stealing the car of a priest who had befriended him. Still, Christie managed to become a special constable on the London police force and remained one for most of World War II. Thereafter he became a factory worker and then a clerk for the Post Office Savings Bank.

He killed his first known victim, Ruth Fuerst, in 1943. Ms. Fuerst was an Austrian (and therefore technically an enemy alien) who was working in a munitions plant. He was a cop on her beat, and they were having a modest affair. No motive beyond sexual satisfaction has ever been persuasively presented for Ruth Fuerst's murder. None would seem to have been necessary.

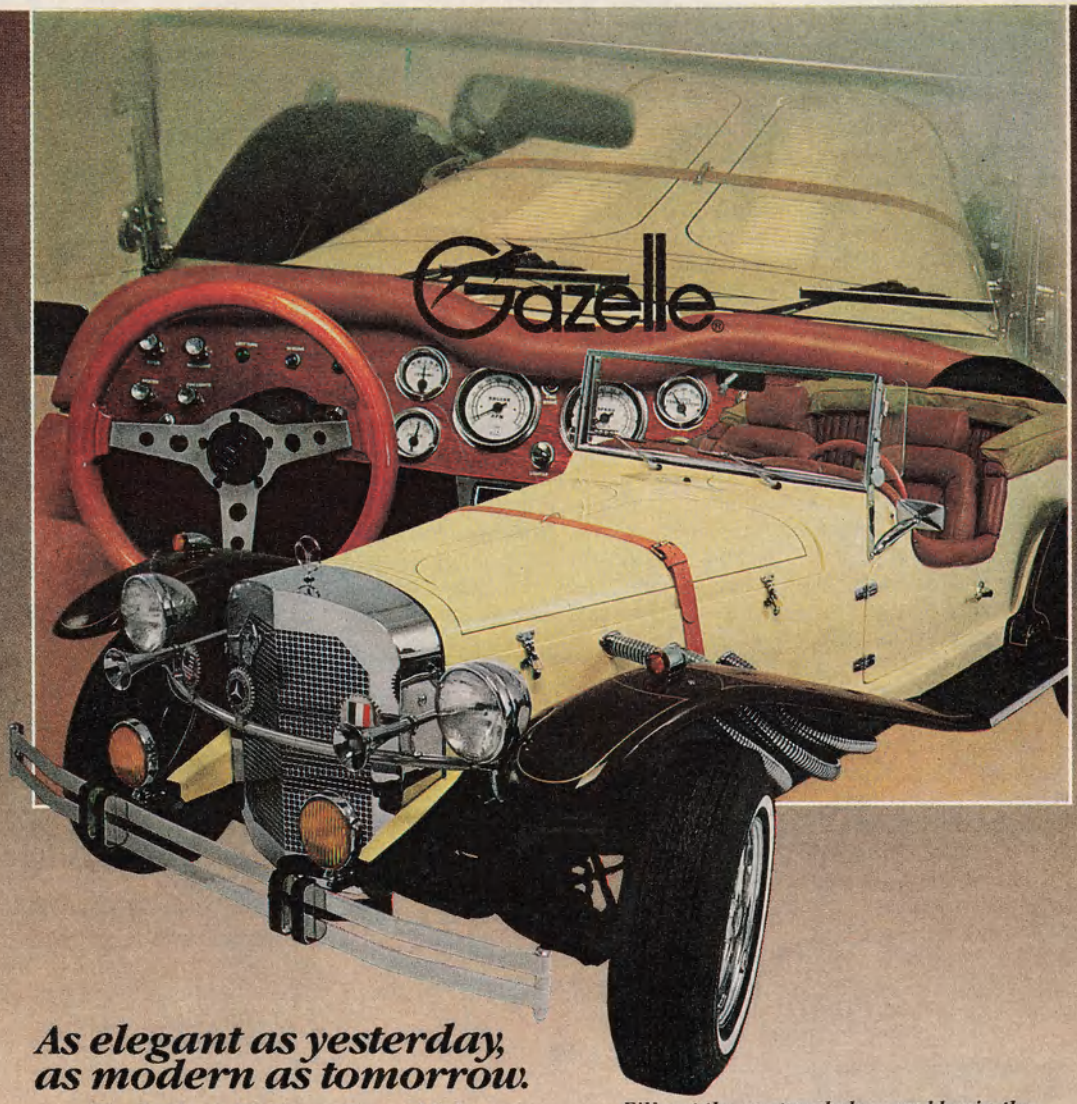
"While I was having intercourse with her, I strangled her with a piece of rope," the killer stated later in his confession, in restrained language that may have been chosen by his accusers. "I remember urine and excreta coming away from her. She was completely naked."

After murdering Ruth Fuerst, Christie tore the floorboards up in his parlor, stowed away the body, tidied up the bedroom, and slept with his wife in the murder bed that night.

The next day, with his wife off at her part-time job in a factory, Christie hid the body in a washhouse and dug a grave in his garden. It was an extremely shallow grave. Months later, he spaded up the head by accident.

The next year, 1944, Mrs. Christie took a vacation with her family. Christie persuaded a friend who was not a lover, Muriel Eady, to try a complicated breathing machine that might ease her chronic respiratory difficulties. Behind her back, he hooked the machine to a gas jet. When his friend was almost unconscious, Christie carried her to bed and pulled off her drawers. "I had intercourse with her at the time I strangled her." Afterward, as he looked at the body: "I experienced that quiet, peaceful thrill. I had no regrets." She, too, went into the garden. From his victims and from other women he got to know well enough he collected pubic hairs, keeping them in old tobacco tins. He knew many women. Christie may have been an abortionist; the police never learned for sure.

In 1945 Timothy and Beryl Evans rented the tiny two-room apartment on the top floor of Christie's house. She was nineteen and attractive, a slob and a lousy housekeeper, but apparently virtuous. The husband, a truck driver, was retarded,



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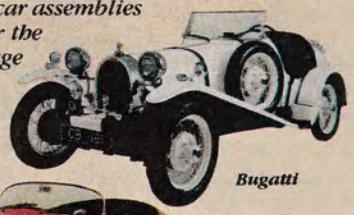

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illiterate, and a heroic, unpersuasive liar.

Beryl died in November of 1949. For years all England was passionately divided on the question of how. Both Christie and Evans offered diverse confessions. The anti-Christie version is that he agreed to give Mrs. Evans an abortion. As a preliminary to the operation, he fed her the gas through the same contraption he had used to disable Muriel Eady. Beryl tried at the last moment to break free. He fell upon her and bit her savagely, then strangled her. Whether Christie screwed the dying woman is not known. He said in one confession that he had and in another than he hadn't.

When Evans came home from work that night, he was told that the abortion had failed tragically. Christie easily persuaded him to help dispose of the corpse. Evans seems to have feared that he, not Christie, would be accused of any crime, and Christie had long known that he could talk Timothy into almost anything.

The body was then kept in the small apartment of another tenant who happened to be in the hospital. Two days later Christie supposedly strangled little Geraldine, the Evans's year-old daughter, having told Evans that some people would look after her. Providentially for Christie, Evans got fired that day. Christie seems to have had no trouble persuading him to sell his furniture, which was not paid for, and his wife's clothes and wedding ring, and to flee to his native Wales. Evans made a fumbling trip back to London before entering a Welsh police station, twenty-two days after the murder, and volunteering a confession.

Evans said he had strangled his wife in a fight. He said her body was in a sewer drain in front of the house and that he, unassisted, had put it there. It wasn't, and the drain cover was far too heavy for him to have lifted unassisted. Confronted with the discrepancy, Evans said he'd been trying to protect Christie and then offered a second confession along the lines already sketched. The police came scrambling but did not notice the thigh bone of Muriel Eady, which had surfaced and was being used by Christie to prop up a garden fence. They were apparently on the premises when Christie's dog dug up Miss Eady's skull. That night Christie slipped the skull under his raincoat and dropped it off in a house bombed during the war. It was discovered, but the police accepted the skull as a war casualty, even though no other bones were with it. Ruth Fuerst's head rested, also undetected, at the bottom of a big trash can. After the bodies of Beryl Evans and her daughter finally were discovered, in the washhouse where Christie had tucked them, Timothy Evans signed still another confession. He said he'd strangled his wife on November 8, because she kept running up debts, and also his daughter on November 10, for no specified reason.

Christie had been twice commended as a special constable. His police connection proved a powerful shield. By January 11, little more than a month after he had stopped off at the police station in Wales, Timothy Evans was on trial for his life for the murder of his wife and daughter. Christie's testimony helped doom him, as did Evans's own. "Can you suggest why he [Christie] would have strangled your wife?" the retarded man was asked on cross-examination. "Well, he was home all day," he answered. The question was repeated: "Can you suggest *why*. . ." "No," Evans responded, "I can't." He was hanged March 9, 1950, insisting on his innocence.

Over the next couple of years Christie came unhinged. In December of 1952 he strangled his own wife in the double bed where Ruth Fuerst and Muriel Eady had perished. "I picked up one of her stockings hanging on the chair near the bed. I placed it round her neck in a noose. I pulled it tight." This was not a sexual crime—Christie was finding his wife a nag and a nuisance and was especially pained by her gibes at his impotence, which had kept them from sex for two years.

> After murdering Ruth Fuerst, Christie tore the floorboards up in his parlor, stowed away the body, and slept with his wife in the murder bed that night.

Christie left his dead wife in bed for a couple of days, then put her under the floorboards of the living room. He had already quit his job, and he sold his furniture, as Evans did.

In January he took home a prostitute, Kathleen Maloney, and strangled her in a chair. He had a new contraption, and she was so drunk that gassing her proved easy. He diapered the corpse, wrapped it in a blanket, and hid it in an alcove behind a cupboard.

Rita Nelson, twenty-four weeks pregnant and no doubt looking for an abortion, took the gas voluntarily. Diapered and blanketed, she joined Kathleen Maloney in the alcove.

Crazily careless and at the end of his own rope by now, Christie killed Hectorina Maclennan, another whore, in March of 1953, even though her boyfriend knew she was at Christie's house. She, too, went into the alcove.

A few days later Christie sublet his part of the little house, illegally, and went away to wander about London, leaving three corpses in the alcove, one under the living-room floor, and two in their shallow graves in the yard. Four days passed before the bodies in the alcove were found. Christie was identified and jailed a week later. He pleaded innocence and claimed insanity, offering confessions about the various murders to bolster the proposition that he was genuinely mad. Christie was convicted of killing his wife, spent his last days in Timothy Evans's old prison cell, then swung.

10. Doctor X: The Great Pretender

Marcia didn't even know Ralph had a psychiatrist. But here was Ralph's shrink, on the phone, and telling her that Ralph was desperate, on the verge of suicide and, well, Marcia just might be part of the problem.

"Me," Marcia thought. "What can I do to help?" she asked, concerned.

"Ralph needs things looser," said the shrink.

"Sure," Marcia agreed. "What can I do?"

"Permission," said the doctor.

"Permission?" asked Marcia.

"Yes, permission," said the doctor. And he told Marcia about group sex, wife-swapping, and all sorts of fun things that she and her husband had never tried.

"Just tell me what you'd like me to do," said Marcia.

The doctor was ready for that one. He told Marcia to look out her living-room window and find a man under the age of thirty. Then she was to bring him into the house and await further instructions.

A young mailman walked by. Marcia went out and got him. The doctor called back a few minutes later and talked to the mailman. He also talked to Marcia. Finally, the mailman and Marcia went to the bedroom and did just as the doctor ordered, which was sex with oral variations. The doctor called again and gave the two people some more orders, which they followed. He also swore Marcia to absolute secrecy.

When Ralph got home that night, his wife was meltingly reassuring. "I did what your doctor said," she told him. Marcia never was that good at keeping secrets.

"What doctor?" asked Ralph.

Ralph and Marcia—their names have been changed to protect the innocent—are one of a dozen couples who told Long Island police that they had been duped by Doctor X, the fake shrink. More than fifty other women—some from as far away as Pennsylvania—reported that they also had been phoned by the smooth-talking pseudo-psychiatrist but had not fallen for his patter. Each of the twelve women who were victimized told a story similar to Marcia's.

"This is incredible," said Rita Gottesman, a Nassau County detective who specializes in sex crimes. "But people have to realize this guy is very good at what he does. . . . He is very smooth . . . very authoritative on the telephone."

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CLASS FROM THE PAST

BY IAN GLASS

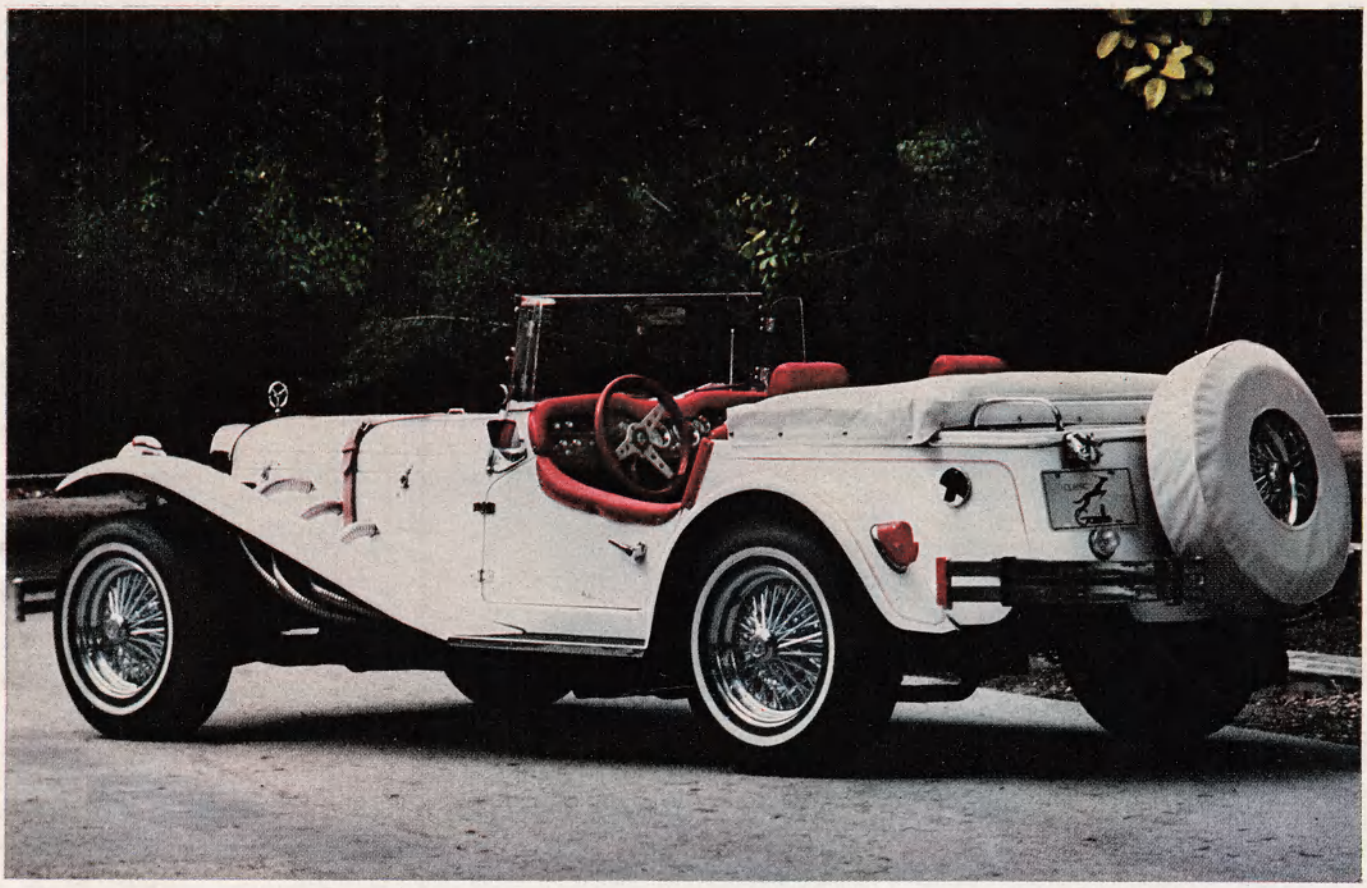
Who hasn't dreamed of reliving those dashing Gatsby days of the thirties, touring around in a Stutz, a Bugatti, or that glittering gem of a bygone era, the Dusenberg? A 1929 Mercedes-Benz SSK perhaps? You're in luck. Meet the replicar. At a fraction of the original's cost, these sleek, flamboyant re-creations could fool anyone but an antique-car aficionado.

When George Levin, chief executive officer of Classic Motor Carriages, tours Miami in his Gazelle—the replicar of the 1929 Mercedes-Benz SSK—he gets attention befitting an F. Scott Fitzgerald. He stops for lights on the highway and women draw up alongside and try to strike up conversations. Recently he parked outside a restaurant, and when he returned from dinner two lissome ladies were lurking in ambush. "They'd been waiting half an hour just to see what I looked like," marvels Levin, who calls the Gazelle his sex symbol, a magnet that turns indifferent women into fascinated admirers. Levin is also modest enough to admit that "when I drive one of my regular cars, nobody gives me a second look."

So that is what Classic Motor Carriages is all about: creating yesterday's romantic dreamworld on a Ford, VW, or Chevrolet chassis and making the reverie froth and bubble like vintage champagne. To suit a variety of whims, CMC produces two late-twenties Bugattis (the elegant roadster that won so many Grand Prix races), an MG-TD replicar of the 1949 classic, and a re-creation of the famous 1955 Porsche Speedster. But it's the Gazelle that remains the lodestar of the Miami, Fla., company that turns out upward of 300 nostalgic dreams a month.

In purchasing a CMC replicar, customers have two choices. They can buy the factory-finished, completed model straight from the production line for less than $25,000. Or they can opt for the do-it-yourself "assemblies" at enormous savings. Time, patience, a suitable assembly site, and some mechanical aptitude are *de rigueur* if you intend to build a replicar by kit: "It was a great experience, building that car," says Robert Blanchette, an aircraft supervisor with Eastern Airlines, who bought two Gazelle kits at $5,995 each. "In fact, that's why I bought the second, which took only about half the time—one hundred fifty hours—to put together."

Whichever way you create your nostalgia, it's bound to command attention. CMC's files overflow with letters from delighted owners posed beside their beloved exotica. A Shriner, Bernard Fitch of Michigan, reports his Gazelle is the star at-



traction of nationwide Shriner parades. "It's sharp," says Fitch's wife, Mary Jane. "It's become our most prized possession. We care for it just as if it were the original antique Mercedes." Even snobbish antiquers tend to be impressed by the authenticity of CMC replicars. One Arkansas woman drove her Gazelle to an Ozarks Antique Car Club show and was stunned by the royal treatment: "Club members insisted on finding us a spot to display the car—quite a compliment, because some of these fellows are rather touchy about anything that isn't pure antique."

Much credit for the dazzle and dependability of a CMC replicar is owed to its forty-one-year-old CEO, George Levin. When Levin took over the company, in 1978, the business was a Ma & Pa–type shop, with one small warehouse and less than a dozen employees. Today, with 200 employees occupying an ultramodern ten-acre facility, CMC boasts its own upholstery, woodworking, and welding shops and a unique division that creates its own fiberglass molds, and there are plans afoot for CMC to set up its own financing. Levin, who calls CMC "the world's largest replicar company," was also the first to place his models on display in airports and the first to launch national advertising. In the replicar field, where customer wariness centers on fly-by-night operations, CMC is clearly in business to stay. Nor has the company's impressive manufacturing capacity done anything to lessen the stress on quality: typical luxury items on most models include chrome wire wheels and grill, running boards, convertible top, side curtains, genuine mahogany dashboard, chrome trumpet horns, and fog lights. And, of course, CMC's replicars offer the latest modern comforts and advanced technology, everything from AM-FM stereo cassettes to automatic transmission and air conditioning.

Step into the high-style world of nostalgia with today's raciest reverie: the replicar.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALCOLM KIRK

Aside from their creature comforts and elegant driving fun, replicars *can* prove a good investment. Their value, naturally, won't appreciate like that of a grand old genuine Dusenberg or a smart and snazzy vintage Stutz. But the more expensive handcrafted replicars—like those that roll out of CMC's factory—will undoubtedly increase their dollar value if kept in proper polish and topflight running condition.

"You can rely on CMC's lasting value," says Levin, "because of the tremendous investment we've put into this business and because of the love and care we put into the product. We also know how many people yearn to relive that golden era of style and class in autos."

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

age, or even more of a younger version of myself. They were so alive and ready to enjoy life! I admire that quality in anyone.

I felt very accepted that day when I first introduced myself to Laura and Genise. I heard one of them whisper, "She's beautiful," and the other agreed.

I very quickly became friend and, sometimes, big sister to the girls. We shared secrets, and I advised them on many things. To them I was the foremost authority on makeup and fashion. After about two months of living next door to these little sweethearts, I felt as though I knew them quite well. Last night I was in my walk-in closet, trying to sort out some junk I'd neglected since I moved in. In the far corner of the closet I saw a mirror hanging on the wall, not full-length but of a good size. This delighted me for two reasons. One is obvious and the other is because I needed a space filler on the wall in the bedroom. I lifted it off its hook and nearly dropped it when I saw what was behind it. It was like an indoor window, and I could see right into the girls' (Laura and Genise's) bedroom. As I thought about this, I remembered that there was a mirror on the wall in their bedroom. I wondered it if could be a one-way mirror, like in stores. Maybe the original owners of the house had a penchant for spying on naked people, which, of course, I guess we all have.

A sudden feeling of horror came over me as Laura appeared two or three feet in front of me. She was wearing only a pair of pink, lacy panties and was brushing her damp hair before the mirror. It was obvious that she couldn't see me. I got very excited as I thought of watching them getting it on with their young boyfriends. Then Genise appeared. She was completely naked and her hair was also wet. Genise slowly came up behind Laura and began to brush Laura's hair. Laura smiled in approval. I stared intently and a bit in disbelief as Genise dropped the brush and began to caress Laura's breasts from behind. My cunt went from dry to dripping in seconds and my knees felt weak. I glued my eyes to the glass as Laura turned around and their lips met. They kissed and embraced so passionately as they rubbed their mounds together. They had such a young and sensuous look about them as they entwined. I touched my own cunt and came immediately. I watched Genise drop to her knees as she peeled the pink lace panties from Laura's pussy. Laura stepped out of them as Genise pushed her face into Laura's mound. Their pretty bodies were so incredibly alike: breasts with puckered, upturned nipples and the most beautiful blond and downy pussies that could ever be imagined.

After about thirty seconds I saw Laura's legs tense up and her face reflect pure ecstasy. She pushed her sister's face deeper as she began to wiggle her bum back and forth rapidly. I could hear her moans through the walls as she came violently. They both collapsed on the floor in a 69 position. I removed all my clothes as I watched them bump and grind and lick and suck each other. By the time Laura had her index finger up Genise's ass hole while licking her clit, I had four fingers up my cunt and was almost crying with frustration. I came about five more times before they finally retired to their bed and fell asleep in each other's arms. I, however, was not so lucky. They had stirred a horniness in my loins that would not easily be satisfied. I was writhing and moaning all night long in front of my own full-length mirror. I came so many times that today my cunt is hot, red, and sore. I even came four or five times from running warm tap water on my clit in the tub. I called in sick this morning because I didn't think that I could make it through the day without my fingers up my cunt. Even as I write this letter I have been lying on my bed naked with a pillow rolled up between my legs. It is now soaked, and I must tell you that it's hard to come and write at the same time. I wanted to get some sleep today but now I'm too excited.

The phone just rang, and it was Laura. She told me that they would like to know if I would come over and drink a few with

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them tonight. I of course said yes, I would love to. Then she said something that made me go wet between my legs again. She said, "Cindy, Genise and I have known you for a long time and we feel that you are even closer to us than our parents. We want to be closer to you and tell you all our secrets. We want to share everything with you. We have a big secret that we would like to let you in on. We both love you very much." All that I could choke out was "I love you both too. I'll be there."

Well, Xaviera, you can certainly expect another letter after tonight. I hope I'm not dreaming, because I'm too high to come down. I think tonight will be the beginning of a beautiful, new experience for me.—M.P.N.

It sounds like you've got an ideal living arrangement with those two beauties next door. I know a "night with the girls" can be great fun. I myself once spent a wild night on a beautiful beach in Monaco with two absolutely gorgeous girls; one was French and the other British. This added a marvelous international flavor to our tryst.

WASH BEFORE YOU EAT

I am a woman in my late twenties, small, and considered pretty. My husband and I are very close and have always communicated effectively, except lately. We had a niece of mine stay with us for a while, and both Tom and I attempted to sort out with Liz her rather confused and limited knowledge of sex with considerable success, as you'll read. Liz is quite a few years younger than myself and it was soon apparent that she was sexually attracted to Tom. So, with no qualms, I gave them the green light to make out together.

Soon after this Tom began having trouble getting erect when we were together alone. Tom told me that he felt he always had to perform to some standard that I had established and that this was the cause of his disinterest. I disagreed and explained that our own special closeness should not suffer because of a new playmate. I figured he was just enthralled with his new toy and that he would eventually realize what was happening. It was a difficult time for me, as I felt left out and uncomfortable in my own home. Tom's sexual encounters with Liz continued for a couple of months after she left and our sex life returned to normal—except in one area.

When we first met, Tom always devoted a great deal of time to eating me, and I loved it. I am not so enthusiastic when it comes to blowjobs. The smell of urine turns me off completely. My husband is a clean man but not as fresh as I would like.

Anyway, when Liz was here Tom would eat her out for a couple of hours at a time, and I can't remember the last time he's gone down on me. This has really deflated my ego and self-confidence. A great deal of anger is building up inside me. I've attempted speaking to him, but he evades the issue. I wash morning, noon, and night. I know I taste good because he used

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to tell me how much he enjoyed eating me.

There is a rift growing between us and it is becoming more difficult to stop myself from saying something I'll surely regret. I desperately need your help.—A.G.

Cleanliness is not really the problem here. Your husband seems to need variety, which, by your generosity, has been provided in the form of your young niece. It has been said that pussies of teenage girls tend to taste like real honeypots (in Europe, however, the hygiene of young girls leaves a lot to be desired). On the other hand, constantly washing, douching, and spraying yourself with colognes and feminine deodorants can also turn a man off simply because it masks that natural flavor and aroma men so often adore.

As for the smell or taste of urine on your husband's cock, well, when I was living in Toronto a very wealthy woman urgently sought my advice. I was at her home with a few friends, and we were just enjoying some drinks when she insisted I play Ping-Pong with her in their basement. She said she had to discuss something concerning her husband. I glanced over at him. He was somewhat grubby-looking, and so I immediately followed her to the basement. Before she could say anything I told her I knew it was about her husband's smelly penis. I could tell by his dirty fingernails and greasy hair.

I told her—and this is what I suggest you do, too—to cook a lovely meal one night, put on his favorite music, light some candles and then, later, run a wonderfully warm bubbly bath. Ask him to join you in the bathroom on the pretense of washing your back. You can take it from there, I think. Gently soap up his penis, balls, and ass and then do what you will.

If this is too elaborate, just bring a warm, wet washcloth to bed. You could also take the direct approach and just tell him to wash before getting into bed. Your young niece probably was not so discriminating, and probably this really attracted him.

LOVE'S LABOURS LOST

I am turning to you for advice on a matter of great importance to me. I am a thirty-one-year-old college grad, married eleven years, and the mother of two small children. For eight of my sexually active years, I've had no orgasms. My wonderful, patient husband and I consulted physicians, counselors, psychologists. Basically, my childhood experiences seem to be much to blame—an overprotective mother who thought sex was dirty, a father whom I feared because he beat my mother, no social contact with boys until college, no dating until nineteen, etc.

Because we moved to another state, I could no longer see my psychologist. Also, financially it was impossible to continue, since my husband's job is seasonal and undependable. For three years now I've been able to climax before intercourse with the aid of a hand-held massager. This is the only way I come, but

never once have the orgasms been satisfying. I've often wondered if they truly are orgasms.

After extensive foreplay, I place the massager over the clitoris and then, shortly after, a heaviness starts in my lower legs and seems to move up toward my genital area. Then this heaviness stops, and a throbbing or a series of contractions starts in the vagina. But that doesn't feel nearly as great as the onset of that flowing heaviness in my legs. Is that an orgasm? From what I've read, it isn't. A complete orgasm should encompass the entire body, shouldn't it? This pleasurable feeling I get lasts about five seconds, and after it I don't feel happy, glowing, tired, or loving. Just frustrated.

Sometimes I keep the massager going and have several more climaxes, but they are never of a greater intensity and there is still no satisfaction.

I enjoy sex and don't feel very inhibited, since I enjoy oral sex. However, I don't seem to have a drive for it. I'm never horny, but I feel this because of my frustration afterward.

I've read of inhibited orgasms and incomplete ones. Is this what I experience? How can I make my orgasms more intense? Can I make them last longer? Could you suggest some books on this problem? This whole situation has been an obsession with me for so many years. I want desperately to experience fully this most profound joy of being a woman.—T.A.

There are a few things you may consider doing to enhance your orgasms. For example, try having sex on top of your husband, leaning on his knees, while you are simultaneously masturbating yourself. This way the orgasm which you are obviously experiencing will become a more emotional and less technical one.

Better yet, try to interest your husband more in oral sex, guiding and teaching him to use his tongue and hands so that eventually you can give up the mechanical toys altogether. You then should be able to rely on getting the extra stimulation you obviously need from the man you love. It is obvious to me that you are hooked on the vibrator and that it is very difficult to give it up.

You're a vibrator addict, and the problem might be your husband. If he's not the right person, I suggest you find a lover who turns you on totally. From what you describe, you do have orgasms, but it seems a very lonely and desperate experience. There are so many types of coming for men *and* women. One can fuck for the sake of fucking, like getting rid of a heavy load (for men, this is mostly the case and the reason they go to hookers). One can masturbate, which can be lonely, or one can actually make love—and that, of course, is the most perfect solution to your problem. Put a bit of loving into your sex life, and it may well do miracles. You may even learn to appreciate your husband.

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STAND ON YOUR HEAD!
DO A CART-WHEEL!
HOW THEY LOVE ME! UNDERSTANDABLY, OF COURSE!
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MICK?
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I AIN'T REMOTELY INTERESTED IN A LOAD OF STRIP CARTOON CHARACTERS! — I'M JUST TRYIN' TO GET HOME!
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IT'S THE MASTER AND MISS CHASTITY— THEY'RE BACK!
HE'S BROUGHT THAT WOMAN BACK HERE?
IF HE THINKS I'M GONNA STAND AROUND WHILE HE PLAYS PUSSYFOOT— UNDER MY OWN ROOF!
WHAT DID I DO?
I'LL TEAR HER EYES OUT!
IT'S WONDERFUL TO BE BACK!
THE BARONESS!
THE BARONESS!
THE BARONESS!
THE BARONESS!
ER.. ELEKTRA! SHE'S WORTH 400 MILLION DOLLARS!
...AND SHE'S A PAYING GUEST!
MY DEAR, SWEET NIECE! WELCOME HOME!
OH, AUNTIE ELEKTRA— IT'S LOVELY TO SEE YOU!
NOTHING! — BUT NOTHING! CAN STOP ME NOW!

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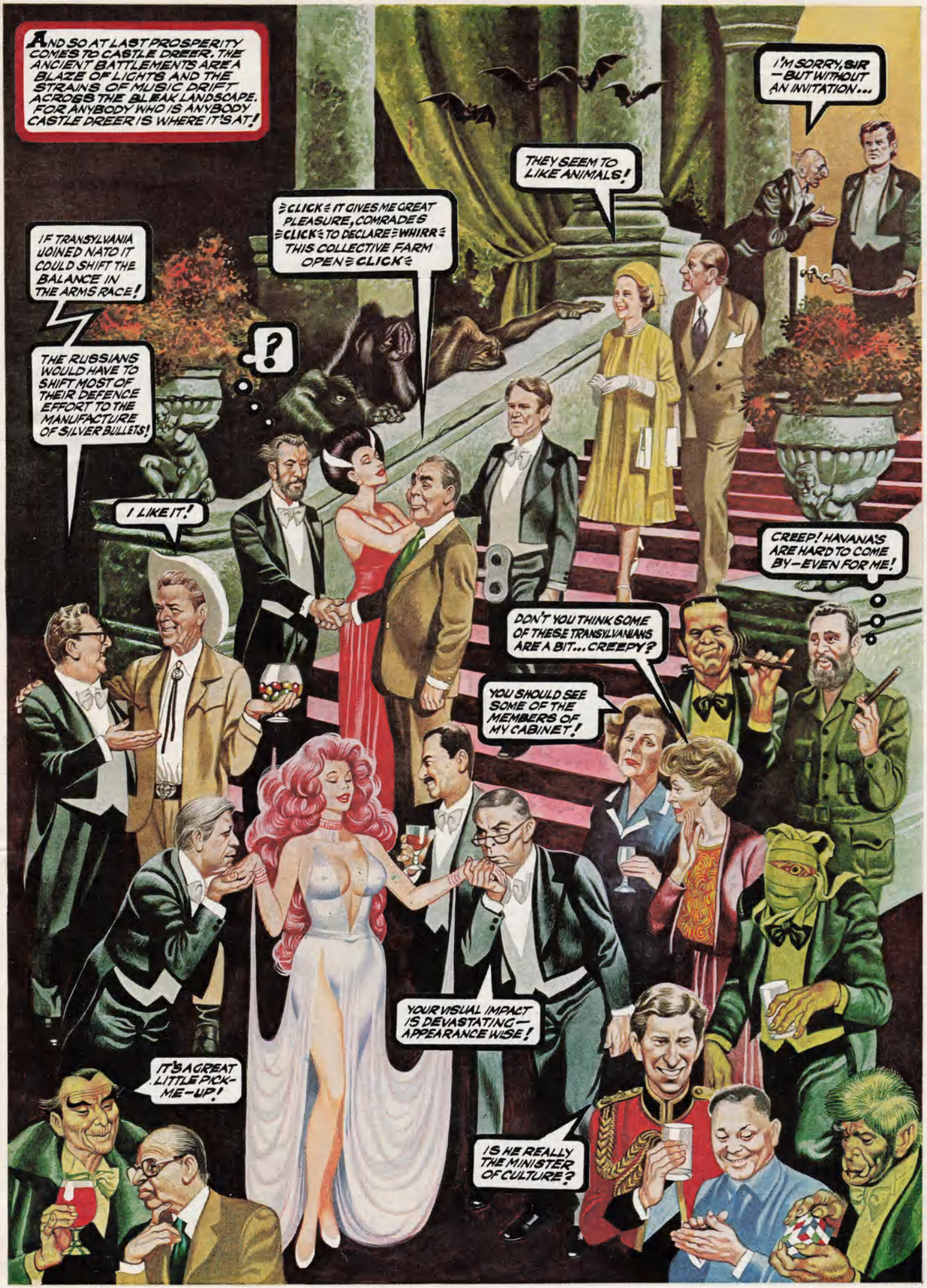
I'M APPLYING FOR THE JOB OF GAMEKEEPER!
YOU HAVE READ D.H. LAWRENCE?
CAN YOU TYPE?
SHORTHAND?
THERE ARE FRINGE BENEFITS WITH THIS JOB—ME!
WELL—IF THOSE ARE THE CREDENTIALS HE'S LOOKING FOR—I'VE GOT 'EM!
.... AND OLD TOOMBS, THAT MOST ANCIENT OF RETAINERS, RESTOCKS THE WINE CELLARS.....
THASSA HIC HEADY LI'L CHAMBOLLE HIC MUSIGNY!
... CHASTITY BUYS HERSELF A FEW TRINKETS, FRIPPERIES AND BAUBLES.....
...AND VINCENT LAYS HIS PLANS FOR THE FUTURE!
THEN I SHALL RE-ESTABLISH THE MONARCHY IN TRANSYLVANIA AND DO AN ARMS DEAL WITH THE AMERICANS OR RUSSIANS!
DO YOU THINK THERE'S A STREAK OF MADNESS IN THIS FAMILY?
READ THE PAPERS—THEN TELL ME WHO IS MAD AND WHO ISN'T!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I'M SORRY, SIR — BUT WITHOUT AN INVITATION...
THEY SEEM TO LIKE ANIMALS!
≥CLICK≤ IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE, COMRADES ≥CLICK≤ TO DECLARE ≥WHIRR≤ THIS COLLECTIVE FARM OPEN ≥CLICK≤
IF TRANSYLVANIA JOINED NATO IT COULD SHIFT THE BALANCE IN THE ARMS RACE!
?
THE RUSSIANS WOULD HAVE TO SHIFT MOST OF THEIR DEFENCE EFFORT TO THE MANUFACTURE OF SILVER BULLETS!
I LIKE IT!
CREEP! HAVANA'S ARE HARD TO COME BY—EVEN FOR ME!
DON'T YOU THINK SOME OF THESE TRANSYLVANIANS ARE A BIT... CREEPY?
YOU SHOULD SEE SOME OF THE MEMBERS OF MY CABINET!
YOUR VISUAL IMPACT IS DEVASTATING— APPEARANCE WISE!
IT'S A GREAT LITTLE PICK-ME-UP!
IS HE REALLY THE MINISTER OF CULTURE?

THE FRANKENSTEINS ARE BACK ON THE SOCIAL REGISTER AFTER A THOUSAND YEARS ABSENCE AND THE 18TH BARON REVIVES MANY OF THE LONG ABANDONED CEREMONIES AND TRADITIONS OF CASTLE DREER.....
I KEEP TRYING TO TELL THEM—LYCANTHROPY IS AN ILLNESS!

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

"Need any help?" He asked. With the top secured, he maneuvered me toward the steps of my deck. His right arm was wrapped around my waist so tightly that I was bumped and brushed against his six-foot-two frame as we went up every step and through the sliding glass doors into my bedroom. My blood went racing. He wasn't so shy after all, I thought. I liked his style and realized that he was going to tantalize me, then screw my head off, and I was going to love every fucking minute of it. Judging by the enormous bulge in the front of his cutoffs, so would he.

He took some rope from his pocket and doubled it under both arms and around the back of my neck and tied me to the bed. He unbuttoned my top and gave a low whistle at the braless pair of thirty-eights that were set right up so firm and sassy. I just smiled. He inched my shorts down the curve of my slender hips, and the shorts fell to my feet. He grabbed one side of my panties and ripped them so that their pink lace circled only my right thigh. I moaned. Then he took my face tenderly in his hands and covered it with kisses. He worked his mouth down near the rope behind my neck. But my hot breath by his ear brought him back to my lips, and we kissed feverishly. He cupped my soft breasts and ran his hand around their fullness. "That's it, pussy tease. Work me over, but good. Come on, manhandle me."

That really got him! He pinched my erect nipples, then sucked away the hurt and continued sucking and tonguing my soft skin all the way down to my pulsating pussy. His fingers spread my pussy petals, and he licked up and down and round and round my clit until it was so big he could nip at it with his lips. Meantime, he began stroking the soft dark fur above with his other hand. Then he buried his tongue into my cunt and lapped up the pussy juice he caused to stream out of me. I went crazy. I really went crazy. As I was coming out of this orgasm, I heard him say, "You're so sweet and natural and soooo fuckable." Just then he rammed me with all his manhood, and I swore I could feel his brick-hard throbbing cock all the way up to my throat. His hands were on my hips and ass to steady me as I writhed and groaned with pleasure. I continued to cry out at the merciless pounding he gave me. To my surprise, he leaned back and pulled out of me. Then he battered me with his bazooka very slowly and deliberately—in and out. BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. The slow, measured pace picked up, and he kept peppering me harder and faster until we both finally exploded.

When I recovered, my pussy tease was stretched out on his back with his arms folded behind his head. I wondered, Doesn't one good turn deserve another? I pulled his arms out straight over his head

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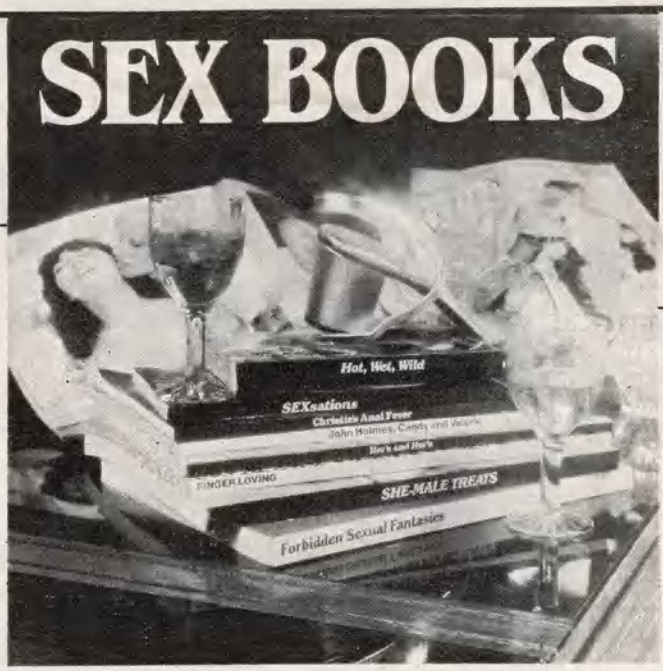

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and tied his wrists together. I knelt before him and eagerly reached for his thighs. Oh, shit, I thought, even his legs are like steel. As I slowly massaged the muscles of his firm buns and inner thighs, he arched up and stiffened. I adoringly picked up his "love mast" and made circles and circles with my tongue as I caressed its head and shaft with soft kisses and sucks. Then I drove my tongue hard down the long length of his cock. I shoved his legs over my shoulders and pushed his ass in the air so I could really go to work on him. With lightning-quick flicks of my tongue, I caressed his ass hole. My mouth inched forward to kiss and suck on his rocks and then continued up along the pulsating veins of his rod to his "come hole." To prolong matters, I pulled my mouth off him and put my lips over my teeth and then pressed them hard around the head of his prick. He broke his bonds and grabbed my hair in desperation. I made another run, this time with a soft, relaxed tongue up and down and around his shaft before I jammed it in my throat. He groaned in agony and began bucking so furiously I had a rough time staying on him. I wanted to drink all his cream. But he kept on pumping out the thickest, richest, most delicious egg nog I ever tasted. So I sucked and swallowed what I could. Then I held his gorgeous cock close to my mouth, shut my eyes, and let him spurt the rest of his jism all over my face.

For the next three days, in between the heavy-duty screwing, we leapt over the rocks on the jetty, zipped through the surf in the catamaran, and left our footprints all mixed up together in the sand. When it was time to finally go, we stood once more at the edge of the dunes. Then I realized as he dragged me under the bayberry bush that despite the beautiful punishment my pussy had taken, his nine-inch thriller wasn't through with me yet. We had one more cunt-splitting, ball-jolting thunderous orgasm before I packed up my Rabbit. As I drove away, I looked in the rearview mirror. There he was, not banging nails, but smelling the lovely scent of pussy drip on his finger.—*Name and address withheld*

Health-food nuts

I own and operate a small health-food restaurant in Colorado. Although I normally lead a rather quiet existence, I received a surprise recently that I thought was worth sharing with your readers.

That day I had been out for a rather lengthy liquid lunch. To say the least I was a little loose. I had returned to the restaurant and, seeing only one customer, decided to close early and send the help home.

I noticed this handsome young man (about twenty-five, I'm twenty-eight) eyeing me as he ate his sandwich. When I went to his table to hurry him along so I could close up, he reached up my skirt and rubbed my ass! Well, being a little bit friendly from all the booze at lunch, I invited him back to the kitchen for a drink. He smiled and gracefully accepted. Hornier than hell, I dropped into one of the kitchen chairs, leaned back, and slowly unbuttoned my skirt, pulling it open to expose my spread legs. I drew my hands up my thigh and began caressing myself through my lace panties, untying the string that holds them on.

His eyes grew wide as I began to gently stroke the curls of hair between my thighs and slid my finger though my thick lips and up my cunt. The sight must have excited him as much as me, because he came to me and knelt before me, greedily reaching for my breasts. Teasingly he manipulated my nipples with his tongue, sucking my boobs like a nursing baby.

My heart beat frantically and I felt myself wanting more. Wetness oozed between my fingers. The sticky warmth coated my thighs as I wiggled helplessly. My cunt was throbbing for him to mount me.

His mouth left my breasts, lightly licking my stomach, moving nearer, cautiously lower. His almost agonizingly slow movements set me afire. I clutched him tightly and wrapped my legs around his neck as he buried my face in my cunt. His tongue whipped me as he thrust it in and out.

Pulling my ass toward him, he pulled me to the floor and to my knees. As I knelt on

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all fours the juice pulsed from my cunt. He was behind me now. He must have reached over to the counter, for the next thing I knew I felt something being rammed up my dripping cunt. It was cold and bumpy—it was a cucumber. I felt a hotness spread over me. I was embarrassed but it felt so fucking good as he rammed it in and out of my pussy.

I felt a warm wetness in my ass as I turned and watched him lube my ass hole with salad oil. He was ready for the mount and I was long overdue. He carefully thrust his cock up my ass, momentarily pausing for me to accept it. Over and over again he humped me, ramming his cock up my ass, and the cucumber up my pussy. He fucked me like a dog fucking a bitch in heat until I screamed and scratched and writhed uncontrollably in his hold. He filled both my holes as I bucked back against him.

Afterward, it was sheer delight as we knelt breathless and sweaty on the kitchen floor. I'm sure I was the tastiest health-food sandwich he ever ate—I know he's my biggest tipper.

Since then we've met twice more with variations, using butter, cream cheese, and sausage. Delish!—*Name and address withheld*

A nozzle approach

I am an eighteen-year-old male freshman at a small college in California. By college standards the sex here is pretty good but nothing so out of the ordinary that I thought I'd be writing to "Forum" at this stage of my life. That all changed one night when Betty invited my friend Tom and me over to her room to study for an upcoming exam in a class we have together. We didn't really know Betty very well, and neither of us really expected to be doing anything but studying that night—despite the fact that Betty wasn't bad-looking, with small, firm tits and a nice little ass. Anyway, the studying was going well when I excused myself to go to the bathroom. The girls' dorms have really nice rooms with their own johns. When I want in, I saw Betty's douche bag hanging in the shower. At the time, I didn't know the purpose of this contraption, since I thought douches were small, hand-held things. When I came back out, I asked what the thing was in the shower. Betty looked a bit surprised at first, but then she said, "Wanna find out?" I said, "Sure."

Tom didn't know what was going on until Betty came back with the douche and some Vaseline. The next few minutes were rather confusing, as I realized what I was in for: the douche was also an enema. Tom was really enjoying my dilemma, egging me on and saying he wouldn't tell anyone. Right. I finally agreed to take one only if Tom would take one first. Betty then said she'd take one too, so we had a deal.

Tom pulled off his pants and got down on his hands and knees while Betty rubbed Vaseline all over the long nozzle. Then she rubbed some on Tom's exposed ass hole and proceeded to push the nozzle all the way up Tom's ass. I couldn't believe I was seeing this, nor could I believe how excited I got at the sight of that nozzle slowly going up Tom's ass. By now I had an incredible hard-on, and just hearing Tom's moans of pleasure, I couldn't wait for my turn.

After all the water was in, Tom literally ran for the bathroom and Betty followed him with the bag. When they came back, I was already down on all fours and ready to go. I'd never had an enema and was scared and anxious at the same time. When I suddenly felt the nozzle being pushed up my ass with a slow, twisting motion, I was amazed at how good it felt when the warm water started flowing in, and even more amazed when Betty grabbed my hard-on and started working me over while Tom slid the nozzle around in my rear. Within seconds I had the most incredible orgasm of my life and barely kept from losing the enema right on the floor. Tom and I gave Betty an enema, and we all took a couple more before the night was over. We have since done this two more times with Betty and look forward to many more nights of enemas.

I only wish more people enjoyed enemas once in a while. While I wouldn't want one every night, they sure feel good

every now and then. On top of all this, Tom came back from Thanksgiving vacation with one of those convenient hand-held jobs. My current fantasy is to be fucking a girl and getting an enema at the same time. Betty has told me that this can be arranged.—*Name and address withheld*

Just punishment

I am a twenty-three-year-old bisexual woman. One of the things that turns me on more than just about anything is having my ass spanked. For the last year I have been going out with a very sexy, green-eyed, blond guy. He excites me like no lover before him has, but until recently our sex life had been kind of conventional (and I'm kind of kinky). For a long time I didn't tell him about my interest in spanking—I survived on great fucking and many fantasies featuring my bare ass under his hand.

Finally I couldn't stand it anymore, so I told him, at the risk of having him think me strange. We were very drunk and he was just about to fall asleep when I whispered that the thought of him spanking my ass drives me wild. He slapped me hard on the ass about ten times, but I was wearing a body suit and stockings, so the full effect wasn't there. He fell asleep and I masturbated for more than two hours before I could calm down enough to do the same. He told me the next morning that spanking me didn't do anything to turn him on. I resigned myself to the fact that there was little chance he would ever order me to take my pants down, pull me over his knee, and spank me until my ass was red and hot. Even so, I was becoming obsessed with the idea. Imagine my surprise and delight when he did just that—and worse.

It was a Sunday night and we were just sitting around my apartment like we always do. For some reason the scissors were on the coffee table, and I decided I wanted a lock of his pubic hair to carry around with me. At first he thought I was crazy, but I think he's getting used to the fact that there are at least a million things that turn me on, so he agreed. He opened his pants and let me cut off a lock of his golden-brown pubes. Then he decided he wanted some of mine and told me to take my pants down. I never disobey an order from him, especially if it might lead to sex. After he cut off some of my hair, he told me he wanted to shave my black, furry bush off. Naturally, I agreed.

First he said he had to go to the store and get some shaving cream and beer. Before he left, he pulled me into his arms and my bare ass ended up in his lap. He slapped me, hard. My pussy immediately got soaked. I decided to try insolence to see where it would get me. I fought him off and talked to him in a fresh tone. In no time, I was over his knee. He gave me a beating better than any I've fantasized. He told me he was going to tie my ass up on the bed and whip me, but we never got off the couch. His slaps were hard and they really hurt my quivering cheeks but for some reason I got so turned on by them. When my ass was redder and hotter than I'd ever imagined it could be, he shoved a finger up my ass hole and told me he was going to take me that way. I couldn't believe the change that was coming over him. I never liked anal sex with lovers before him but the first time he fucked my ass, I was addicted.

He order me to kneel on the floor while he got some Vaseline and greased up his beautiful eight-inch cock. I begged him to let me suck it first but he just slapped my ass and told me to be quiet. He spread my ass cheeks and slowly entered my tight hole. It wasn't long before we were fucking wildly and I knew the heat from my well-spanked ass was turning him on. I bucked my ass back to meet every thrust of his cock. I nearly lost consciousness when I climaxed, and he came pretty damn hard, too.

I thought the fun was over for that night, but I have never been more wrong. He got dressed and went out to the store. Before he left, he ordered me to be in the bedroom when he got back, with a pan of warm water, a razor, the scissors, and a towel. After I admired my red ass in the mirror, I did what he told me.

He was gone for about twenty minutes and I couldn't resist the urge to relive the

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spanking-ass fucking scene in my mind while masturbating. I came three times while I was waiting for him.

When he got back, he told me to lie down on the bed and spread my legs wide. He asked me if I needed to be tied up, but I promised to be a good girl and lie still. He trimmed my hairy bush as close as he could and then lathered me up (not before licking my wet cunt a few times). My fur is pretty thick, so it took a long time. I've never seen him so absorbed in my pussy. He spread my pussy lips and examined my cunt to see where my juice was coming from. Then he told me to put my diaphragm in. Again, there wouldn't be any argument from me.

It took him more than an hour, but when he was finished I looked like a six-year-old. My pussy lips were so swollen they seemed to stick out a mile. He told me he had one more place to shave and made me turn over onto my stomach. With my legs and cheeks spread and my well-fucked ass hole and hard-spanked ass right in his face, I felt totally exposed to him, and felt like I really belonged to him. I loved it. This was the feeling I'd been waiting for for so long.

When the shaving was finished, he let me get up and look in the mirror. Then he told me to come back to bed and he made me lie down on top of him and fuck him. I put some baby oil on my bald pussy and the slipperiness, coupled with the hairlessness, made for some wild fucking. We fucked in every position we could think of that would let him experience the new me. I must have come about another four times that night. Time seemed to be standing still for us as we made love.

Now my pussy hair is starting to grow back and I'm hoping he tells me he wants to shave it again. I want to do everything I can to turn him on. It may take me a while, but as soon as I find another bisexual woman in this straight city we live in, I'm going to surprise him with a threesome. He's going to love it.

I know he's reading this, so I'd like to give him this message: I love you babe, and I can pass any test you want to give me. Every time we make love, you renew your claim on me. I'm all yours.—*Name and address withheld*

She waited so long

Bob came over last night. I had made dinner, and we drank a couple of bottles of wine. After dinner we went into the living room and shared some really excellent pot. I was rocking in my rocking chair, listening to Bob tell me stories of his life in the army. I had wanted him forever, but I could never find the courage to tell him so. I'm sure that he has known for some time, though. I'm somewhat transparent where my feelings are concerned. I've never really been able to hide them.

I got up to change the record on the stereo, and when I came back I sat next to him on the couch. I touched his arm, hesitantly, afraid that he would pull away. He turned and looked into my eyes. Suddenly we were together, kissing wildly, passionately. When we came apart, I looked away, blushing. Bob took my chin so that I would look at him. Then he leaned over and kissed me again, gently. I put my arms around his neck, and one of his hands slid down to my breast and fondled it. Hot waves crashed through me, drenching my pussy. I clung to him as he freed my breasts from my kimono and started kissing, sucking, nipping them. I moaned low and felt his hands tremble. I pushed him back on the couch and let my hands roam over his chest through his shirt. I had only seen his magnificent chest once, last summer I could still remember his manliness, and I had to see it again.

Then I took his shirt off and attacked that wonderful torso. I kissed my way from his neck to his belt buckle, taking time to flick his nipples with my tongue. When I did that, he shivered and moaned. His hands were on my head, pushing me down. I looked up at his face and saw that his brown eyes were closed and his tongue darting out to wet his lips. I went down and undid his belt and jeans and pushed them down around his knees. His cock jumped out at me, hard and throbbing. Seeing that made me come, unaided. I lowered my head and took that gorgeous organ into

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Yes, the first films ever made by the Platinum Princess when she was younger, leaner, hungrier, and more exciting than you have ever seen her. It's true! Each of these explicit, full-color films has been hidden away for years. Seka spells "sex," now. Young Seka makes "sex" a series of 4-letter words that are indescribable!

Carpenter's Coffee Break—Poor Seka is forced to submit to them both. That'll teach her to wear skintight T-shirts and short-short jeans. But she loves it! And they give it to her every which way. **#263 Reg.-8mm, Super-8 #264.**

Look, But Don't Touch—Steaming young Seka wants it bad, so she lures Ken on by talking dirty 'til she gets all she can take and he shows his love. You can see the look of love on Seka's luscious face! **#658 Reg.-8mm, Super-8 #661.**

Blonde Sandwich—Two horny guys are so hot for this blonde bombshell they are all over her in minutes. They sandwich her between them and make Seka prove that 3 is not a crowd. The do it all, everywhere! **#664 Reg.-8mm, Super-8 #667.**

Caught in the Act!—Seka and Rhonda Joe are getting it on together when Seka's husband discovers them. He punishes both by forcing them to swallow pride and commit every sex act at his command. **#269 Reg.-8mm, Super-8 #270.**

Babysitter's Love Lessons—Tina Vermille is a young babysitter who strips down and makes love to herself. Seka and Ken come home early and make her take it all in—every which way. It's a lesson you'll never forget! **#670 Reg.-8mm, Super-8 #673.**

Girl Gang-Bangers—Seka and her girlfriend gang up on one lucky fellow. They use him up again and again until Seka drinks it all from his fountain of joy. **#676 Reg.-8mm, Super-8 #679.**

YOUNG SEKA VIDEO

The entire series of Young Seka's Secret Films, her "virgin" films is now available on video cassette. These are *not* highlights. You get the full length of each film in the series on **VHS (#272)** or **Beta II (#273). $99.95 each**

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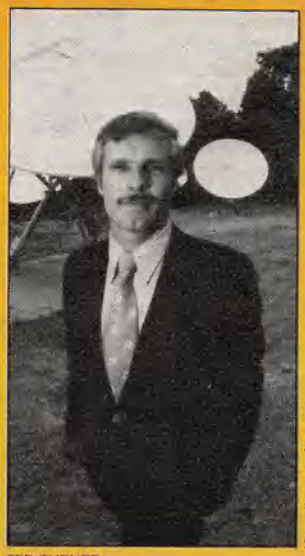

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HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A WOMAN

Earl Miller

REGGIE JACKSON

Antonin Kratochvil

Riding With Reggie— Smashing his way into record books and the hearts of fanatic fans, baseball's Reggie Jackson reigns supreme among today's Kings of Swat. But another of Reggie's obsessions—and talents—demands recognition: his love of cars. Beginning in June, Reggie will bring his vast four-wheel expertise to *Penthouse* as our new Automotive Editor, test-driving the latest hot cars, reporting on off-road driving, luxury appointments, repairs, safety, and investment. To kick off his personal reports, Reggie next month provides an exclusive glimpse of his legendary car collection—at last count forty-seven spectacular motoring fantasies, ranging from a '33 Willys to hot-rod Chevy "Muscle" cars to Reggie's beloved Porsches and Rolls. Tighten your seat belts.

Entrapping the Entrappers— In ever-increasing numbers, government agents are going Hollywood—disguising themselves as rich Arabs, Forty-second Street pornographers, Mafia kingpins, even prostitutes, in order to lure *real* criminals into committing crimes. In fact, writes Harvard law professor Alan Dershowitz, "the scam is quickly becoming a major prosecutional technique on both the national and local level." But often these cops-turned-actors run amok, and government by deception seems to be becoming the rule. Often it's hard to tell just who the real criminal is. Dershowitz's solution to this problem is both simple and effective, protecting the Constitution while putting dangerous predators behind bars.

Wordly Goods— A young refugee from German concentration camps, Paul Foster built a multi-billion-dollar empire. Now, successful, wealthy, and passionately in love with his rival's ex-lover, Paul cannot be satisfied until he completes his master plan for revenge against the people whose greed destroyed his family and left him for dead. *Worldly Goods* (to be published by Random House) is a blockbuster first novel by Michael Korda, best-selling author of *Power!* and *Charmed Lives*.

Interview With Ted Turner— In 1976 Robert Edward Turner III transformed a floundering Atlanta television station into the most-watched non-network channel in America, serving more than 17 million cable subscribers in forty-eight states. He then poured half of his $100-million fortune into launching the nation's first twenty-four-hour-a-day network devoted entirely to news. It currently reaches some 10 million homes and has signed up more than 100 national advertisers.

Flamboyant, egocentric, boorish, funny, fiercely combative, and awesomely voluble, Turner is vociferously anti-establishment. In the June *Penthouse* Harry Waters, a senior writer at *Newsweek*, interviews Turner, eliciting a scathing indictment of the three television networks as well as rare insights into the personal vulnerabilities of the much-ballyhooed "Mouth of the South."

How to Make Love to a Woman— The publishers of *How to Make Love to a Man* are about to even the score. In a *Penthouse* first-look excerpt, ten male prostitutes reveal their secret tips on how to make a woman feel like a woman. Whether it's finding her favorite erogenous zone, playing with her nipples, or keeping it up forever, these pros don't miss a trick. Some men are so good in bed they've made it their business.

my mouth.

My tongue played over it, flicking under the head, slurping up and down the underside, and generally getting into the act. Bob's hands convulsed on my head, and I drew him into my throat. His fingers entwined themselves in my hair, and his hips thrust up as his hands pushed down. I was fucking him with my throat. His moans turned to little cries, "Oh, oh, oh . . ." Then his body tensed to come, and he cried, "I'm coming, I'm coming!" And come he did. It was marvelous! I swallowed every drop of that sweet cream. I kept his cock in my mouth until it was limp. Then I raised my head and kissed him so that he could taste himself in my mouth. His breathing was pretty ragged, but he calmed down after a bit. I was getting kind of uncomfortable on the couch by this time.

Bob then asked me quietly if there was somewhere more comfortable that we could go to. In response I took his hand and led him to my bedroom. After stripping off whatever clothes he had left, he took my clothes off me and laid me back on the bed. "Now it's your turn." He lay on his side next to me and let his hands roam over my body. I reached down to my love box and covered my finger with my juice, and then I licked it all off. He watched every move I made.

I love my taste. Sweet and creamy, like whipped honey. Bob asked if he could have a taste, too, and dove down to my pussy and really did a job on me. When he hit my clit, I went crazy, grinding my mound into his face and coming and coming and coming. My so very obvious pleasure made him hard again. I was watching him now and started screaming at the top of my lungs. "Please, Bob, please fuck me." Those words made him an animal. Up until then he had been relatively gentle, but those words set him off.

He rolled over on me and thrust his cock into me roughly. I loved it! He grabbed my shoulders and thrust hard. I kept saying, "Harder, harder, oh, rip me apart." He tried. We were really picking up our pace now, going faster and faster. As we both teetered on the brink, I begged him to come. "I'm coming, I'm coming." "Yes, yes, come. I can feel it, I'm coming too." We came together, my hips matching his, thrust for thrust. He groaned at his peak, and his hot come filled me. We both collapsed, panting.

After we got cooled off a bit, we lay side by side, just cuddling. There were many more sessions last night. It seemed as though it was one long orgasm. I was making up for all those times when I wanted him but didn't get him. When Bob left this morning, I knew that he'd be back.—*Name and address withheld*

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